NOVEMBER 1986

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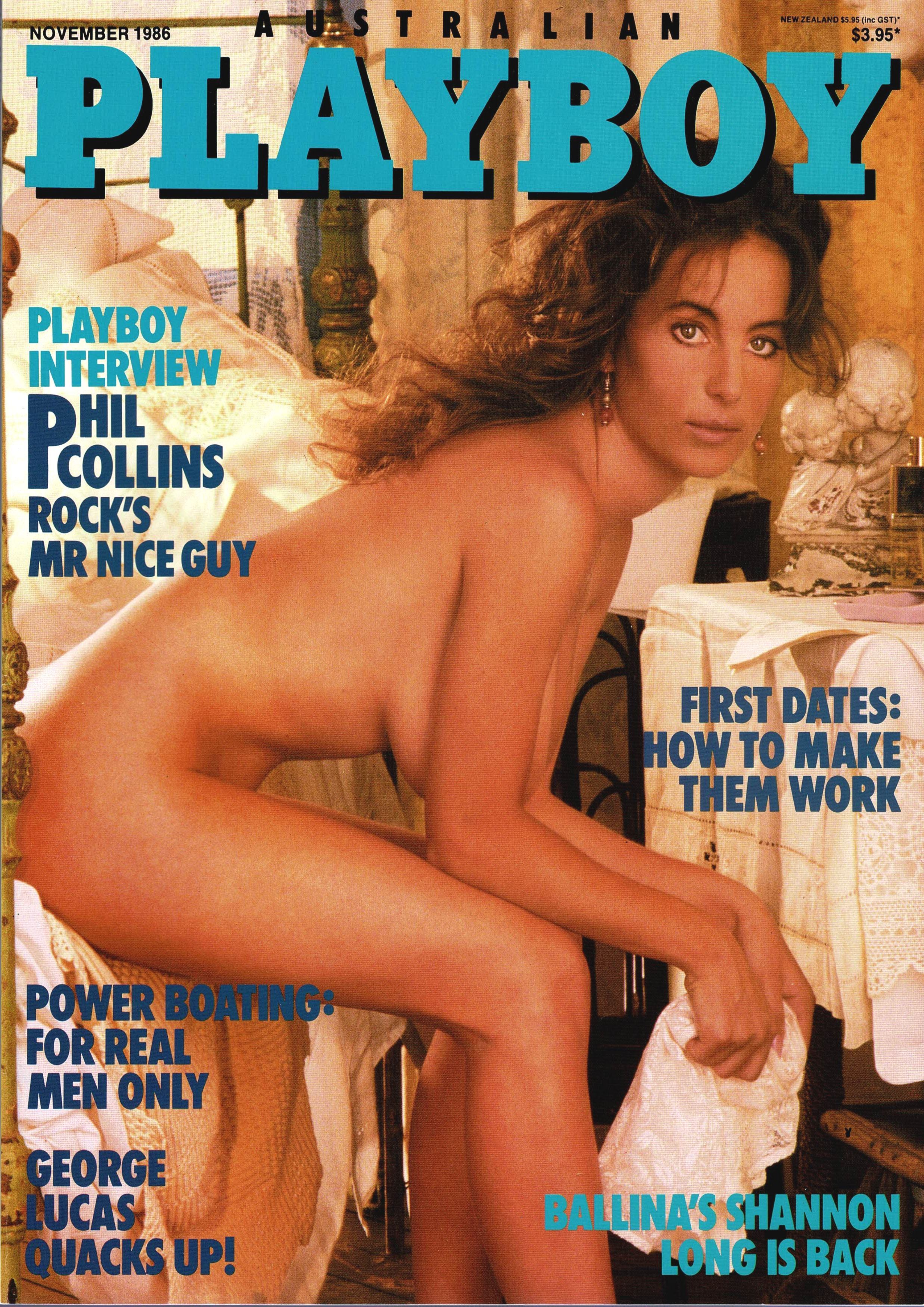
AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY



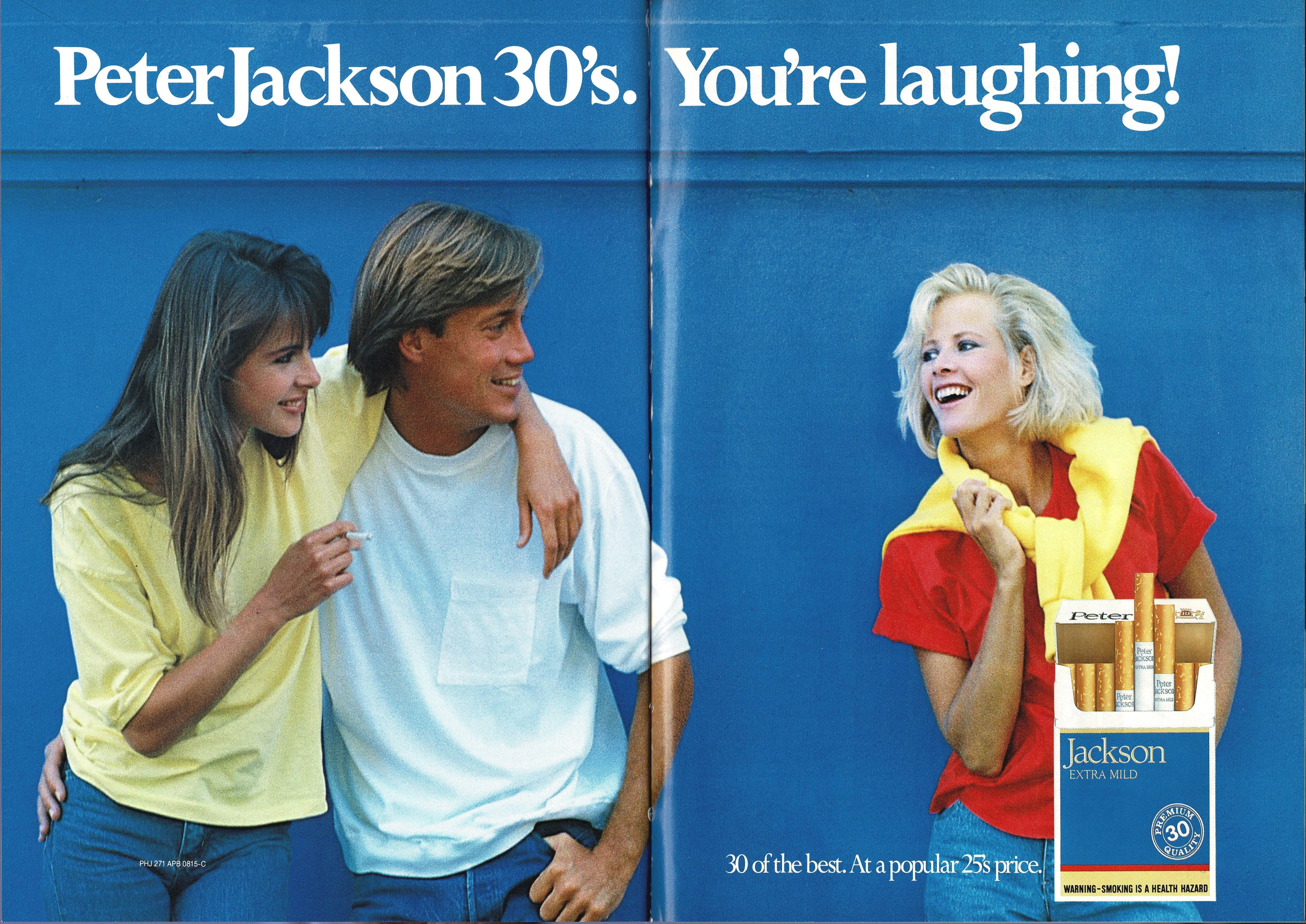
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW PHIL COLLINS ROCK'S MR NICE GUY

FIRST DATES: HOW TO MAKE THEM WORK

POWER BOATING: FOR REAL MEN ONLY

GEORGE LUCAS QUACKS UP!

BALLINA'S SHANNON LONG IS BACK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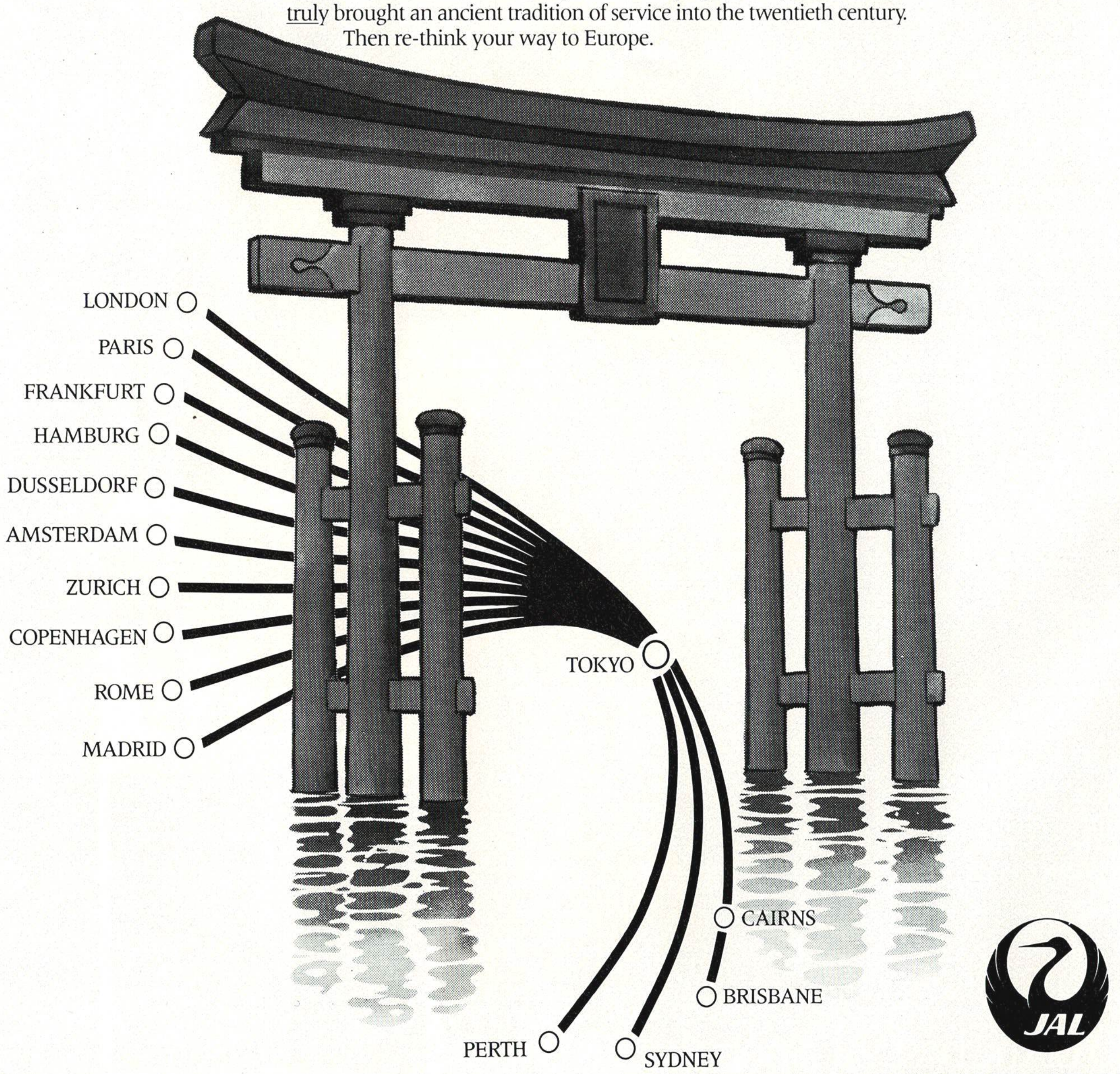

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PLAYBILL

We have ways of making you read. Our methods are simple. By combining racy interviews, action-packed features, satirical columns and informative service pieces, we bring you hours and hours of easy reading. Even our red-hot pictorials have *words*, dammit! Oh, and you're allowed to *look* as well. . . for hours and hours, if you like.

Our Playboy Interview this month is a particularly entertaining read. On the eve of Genesis's Australian tour, **David Sheff** pinned down rock superstar Phil Collins to try and discover if this silver-tongued, mild-mannered songster really is the mister nice guy of rock'n'roll. Collins speaks out on such subjects as celebrity fans, life with and without Genesis, and the emotion behind the music. Sheff's verdict? Nice, real nice.

And, while on the subject of nice, all you readers who wrote in and pestered us to death about our lovely Miss September 1985, Ballina's Shannon Long, will be dizzy with delight, we hope, to find she's back in a fabulous pictorial photographed by **Bob Watson**. We've titled it *Long Time Coming*. Believe us, it was worth the wait. Our other pictorial pages this November are graced by the beautiful forms of Claudia Muller, who's our terrific Playmate Of The Month, and divine Marie Cartland, photographed by **Michael Ancher**.

Now, if any of those fabulous women greeted you at the door on a blind date, you'd be totally speechless, right? Things don't always work out like that. Taking out a woman for the very first time can be tinged with terror. Just ask **Bruce Feirstein**. He's penned *First Dates*, an hilarious account of how things can go wonderfully right or, more often, horribly wrong. The artwork is from **Frants Kantor**.

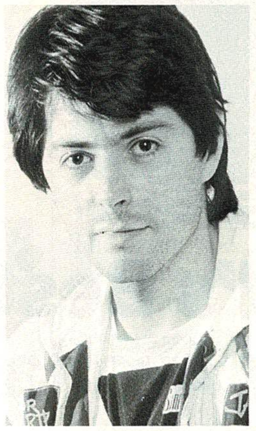
If you figure romance may not be just around the corner, join **Danny A. Rose** for an exciting journey to Tibet. Tibet? Well, yes, we had our doubts, too. But in his *Romance On The Roof Of The World*, Rose presents an entertaining account of how the heights of ecstasy can be reached in one of the world's most remote regions.

Closer to home, **Nick Carroll** has been checking out base-jumping, that daring, dangerous aerial sport that's really taking off Down Under. In *The Fall Guys*, Carroll relates how these fearless jumpers take flying leaps from skyscrapers, signal towers, bridges and cliffs. Carroll didn't exactly strap on a parachute to get *his* story, but motoring editor **Rob Luck** did climb aboard an offshore powerboat to bring you *Power Play*. Powerboating is the Formula One of bluewater racing and is only contested where the waves are *big*. The speed is terrifying and the open sea presents an endless succession of thrills and spills. Luck recommends it to all of you who really want to experience the joy of scaring yourself shitless.

Fashion editor **Vitek** presents *New Faces*. No, not a red-faced talent quest, but a super selection of this season's good-time watches. He's also put together a great array of swimwear from Australia's top manufacturers. And **Gareth Powell** looks into the myths of cigar smoking in *Slow Burn*. He sees it as a calm, contemplative ritual, and claims that the very best cigars are those rolled on the inner thighs of sexy Spanish maidens. Honest!

Richard Beckett's Booze column dips into daiquiris, those trendy fruit-based concoctions that are decorating bar counters across the land. In the Men column, we delve into the puzzling psyche of the buck's night, and on the Women page, **Cynthia Heimel** asks, if we're all as young as we feel, how come the men she fancies are, well, not quite her age. . . yet. And we take a peep at how *Star Wars* creator George Lucas has really quacked up with his latest movie, *Howard The Duck*.

We told you you'd be in for a big read. Try to fit it all in before next month. Come December, we'll be back with more.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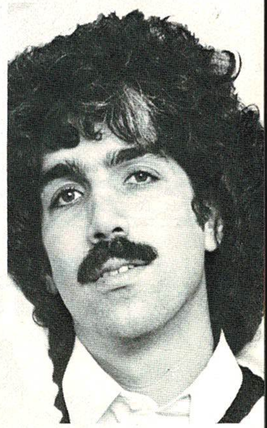
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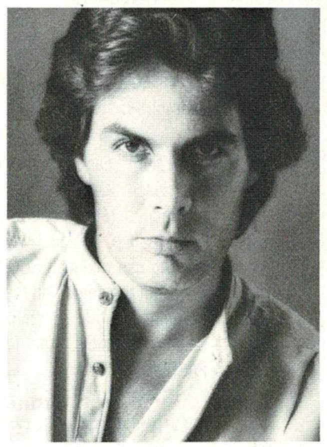
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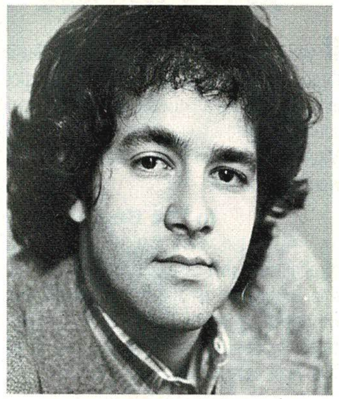
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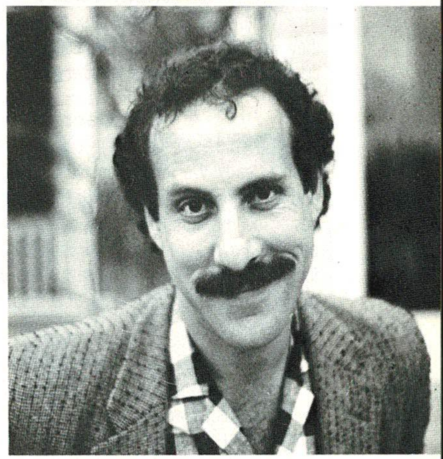
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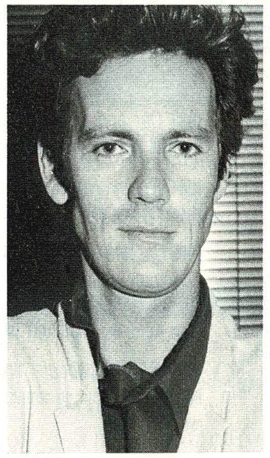
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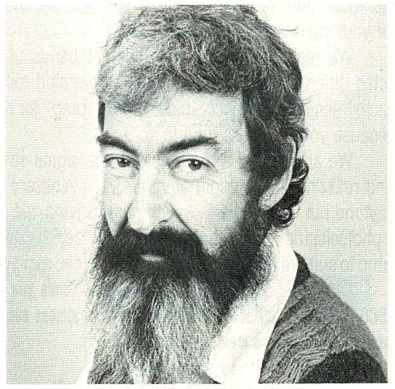
BECKETT

ESCORT
RADAR WARNING RECEIVER
VOLUME
HIGHWAY
CITY
ALERT
PASSPORT
POWER

The World's Best Radar Detectors Are Now Available In Australia!

If you follow motorsports and auto enthusiast magazines throughout the world, you've probably noticed that whenever the American press reviews radar detectors, one source is singled out time and time again: Cincinnati Microwave, makers of the ESCORT and PASSPORT radar warning receivers.

In The Beginning

About ten years ago, we were just a small group of engineers that also happened to be car enthusiasts. After evaluating all the radar detectors on the market, we decided that the only way we could have the best detector possible was to design and build it ourselves. Two years later, we introduced ESCORT.

Report Card

When *Car and Driver* first tested ESCORT in 1979, they were overwhelmed: **"The ESCORT truly stood out from the rest...In no test did any of the other detectors even come close."**

Our Secret

How did a small company come from nowhere to take such a lead? We had extensive background in military and communications electronics, which allowed us to design the first high performance dual band superheterodyne detector circuitry. But what was equally important was the fact that we were car enthusiasts. The detectors on the market at that time told you that radar was there, but nothing else.

All the Right Moves

We knew that a detector should tell you how close the radar was, so we developed a geiger-counter-like audio alert that pulses slowly when the radar is weak, quicker as it strengthens, and is a constant tone as you approach the radar unit. A volume control lets you set the level for your car.

We realized that the two different bands of radar acted differently, so we used different warning tones for each: "beep" for X band, a more urgent "brap" for K band because you have less time to act.

We also added a meter to indicate signal strength. And realizing that a bright alert lamp is necessary in the daytime but would interfere with night driving, we added a photoelectric sensor that automatically adjusts the alert lamp to suit the lighting conditions in your car, night or day.

Car and Driver noticed. They said, **"Once you try the ESCORT, all the rest seem a bit primitive...In almost every way, this is a brilliantly conceived device."**

Momentum Not Enough

Naturally, we were proud that our efforts were recognized, but we knew that there is only one way to stay on top. And that is to never stop working. While others are proliferating models, we just keep working to make our detectors better. When we find an improvement, it goes straight into production. So our products are always state-of-the-art.

Modern Classic

In the years since its introduction, ESCORT has become the classic instrument of radar detection. Our policy of continuous refinement has maintained its leading-edge performance. In fact, when it comes to finding radar, nothing can replace ESCORT.

But the person on the move, switching between cars or using rentals in distant cities, needs the smallest detector possible. And for these people we developed PASSPORT.

Small Wonder

PASSPORT offers ESCORT performance and features in a miniaturized package, about the size of a cassette tape. This miniaturization is possible only with SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics common in satellites but unprecedented in radar detectors. It's no surprise that such a superlative design should be greeted by superlatives by the experts.

Track Record

Our continuous product development has been noted many times over the years, as the following quotes will attest:

1980 *Car and Driver*: **"The ESCORT has become the most coveted high performance road equipment since the turbocharger."**

1981 *BMW Roundel*: **"The ESCORT is the best there is, nothing else even comes close."**

1982 *Car and Driver*: **"The ESCORT is still the best radar detector money can buy."**

1983 *BMW Roundel*: **"The ESCORT simply keeps getting better."**

1983 *Car and Driver*: **"The ESCORT is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance."**

1984 *Rotary Rocket*: **"Countless refinements keep ESCORT at the leading edge of technology."**

1985 *Car and Driver* tests PASSPORT and ESCORT against 12 remote units. The results: **PASSPORT and ESCORT earned over 400 points each, with the next unit receiving only 274 points! "In a word, the PASSPORT is a winner."**

1985 *BMW Roundel*: **"Whether you pick the PASSPORT or ESCORT, you can't go wrong. In this league, made in Cincinnati means the best."**

Rapid Growth

We've grown, but the spirit that started the company remains. We're dedicated to designing and making the world's most advanced radar detectors. In fact, *Car and Driver* said this about us when we introduced PASSPORT: **"Science, as they say, does march on. In this case, it's an aggressive bunch of car enthusiasts and electronic whiz kids in Cincinnati, Ohio, who are calling the cadence, and we'll all have to pick up our feet to keep the pace."** That's probably our favorite quote ever.

New Australian Office

Unlike some other people, we're in this business for the long haul. We're bringing our technology to Australia with detectors designed for Australian drivers. We know that satisfied customers are the best way to assure future sales, so we've set up a full sales and service facility in Sydney. In the U.S., we've got a reputation for fast, efficient service, and we're putting similar systems in place to earn that reputation in Australia.

Our Sydney facility is prepared to serve you in person, or through the mail. Unlike other people that sell radar detectors, we don't sell radios, watches, tyres, or refrigerators. Radar detectors are the only thing we sell. Our staff is trained to answer any questions you may have.

Try at no risk

Take the first 30 days with Escort or Passport as a test. If you're not completely satisfied return it for a full refund. You can't lose. We also back our products with a full one-year limited warranty on parts and labour.

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AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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Shannon Long pictorial: shoes by Raymond Castles, clothing by Retro Shop, lingerie by Fine Lines and bed from Andreas Bedsteads, Sydney.

November 1986 Cover: Shannon Long.
Photographed by Bob Watson.

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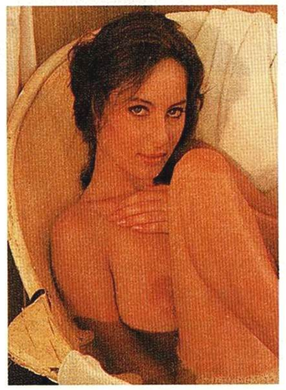

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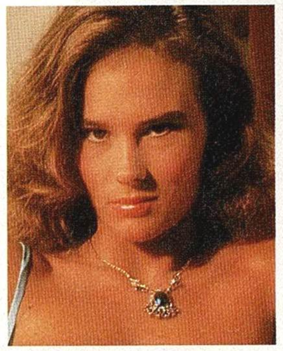

THANK YOU, CLAUDIA!
From a very shy start, our divine Miss November says she's ready to take on the world.

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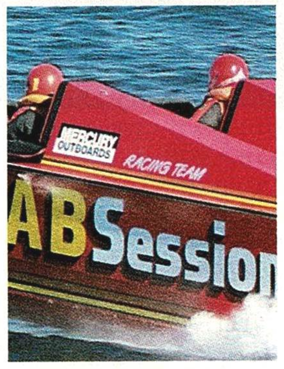

The thrills and spills of powerboating, the Formula One of Australian bluewater racing.

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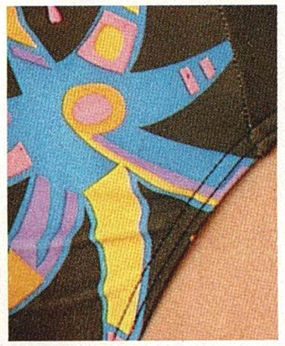

New-season swimwear to make waves in.

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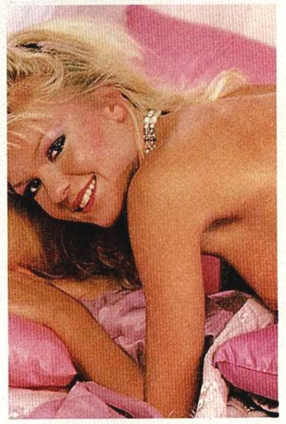

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News and views to keep you in touch.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

GO, HOGES!

As a Gold Coast resident in the hospitality industry, I am constantly in touch with international tourists and many of them are Americans and Japanese. All of them, especially the Yanks, talk incessantly about *Crocodile Dundee*.

In view of our unforgiveable national debt, it may well be that *Crocodile Dundee* will reap more for this wonderfully unique country of ours than our government has been able to spend!

Your Playboy Interview in March Australian PLAYBOY with Paul Hogan drove home the importance of the tourist dollar. All I can say is, "Go, Hoges!" Help us out of this financial quicksand, please!

G. Gaudion,
Surfers Paradise, Qld.

SHANNON'S BACK

I congratulate your choice of Ali Lynwood as Playmate Of The Year (great cover of her on your June issue, too) but my affections lie with Shannon Long who appeared way back in September 1985.

I've probably left it a bit too late, but is there a spare pic of Shannon you could include in Dear Playboy?

Thomas L.,
Wollongong, NSW.

We can go one better than that, Thomas. Hell, we can go eight pages better! Turn to page 44 to view Shannon's return pictorial — Ed.

PHONES RUNNING HOT

I wholeheartedly agree with your choice of Ali Lynwood as Playmate Of The Year but I have some suggestions on how you could arrange the voting for next year's winner.

Your American counterpart had a phone-in vote this year. There was a different phone number for each of the 12 Playmates. You called the number of your choice to register your vote. There was the added incentive of a Playmate answering the phone for her votes at random times.

What do you think of this idea?

Arne Kalamar,
Baulkham Hills, NSW.

As if Telecom doesn't make a big enough profit already, Arne! Seriously, we like the idea. Start saving those 20 cent pieces, guys — Ed.

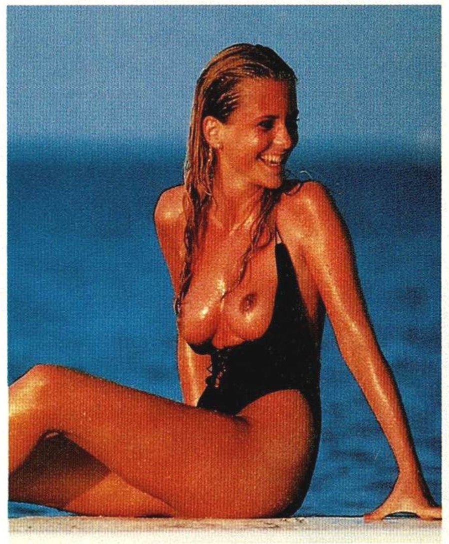
DESERTED

Okay, the magazine is great, the quality is tops, the stories excellent and the girls aren't bad, either! But in your June issue there was this *cool* lady. Marcia was her name. Boy, was she cool. There she was at the beach playing in the water and crawling along the golden sand. Look, guys, out here we don't have any water and golden sand. Red sand, we've got. As for naked sheilas running across the sand. . . yeah, you guessed it.

Could we please have some more golden sand and surf shots? Oh, and you could throw in a couple of those good-looking sheilas you always seem to have around.

Peter Cullen,
Yulara, NT.

Marcia says all you had to do was ask — Ed.



ROMANCE MY STONES

I've just finished reading David Sheff's interview with Kathleen Turner in your June issue. It was an excellent read and she sure is a lovely lady.

She could romance my stones any day! Just like Victoria Sellers. Thanks, Australian PLAYBOY.

C.K.,
Mareeba, Qld.

I loved the Kathleen Turner interview in June Australian PLAYBOY. She's my favorite actress and it was great to get to know her better by reading about her feelings. There's no one better than her at teasing audiences. "Hollywood's Sexiest Star" — your cover line says it all.

S.A.,
Balga, WA.

CRITICS' VOICE

While reading *The Year In Movies* in your June issue I was amazed by the remarks made by Bruce Williamson and Graham Barry in their review of *Into The Night*, particularly: "Director John Landis proves *The Blues Brothers* wasn't all John Belushi's fault."

In the secure little circle known as critics, you have yet to realise that *The Blues Brothers* is probably the number one classic cult film of our times. Landis has been directing box-office blockbusters for years, including *An American Werewolf In London* and *Animal House* which set the trend for film-makers to start making money out of movies people like to go and see.

It seems to me that directors have to be called Fellini or Bergman, otherwise the film loses two points straight away for inaccuracy alone. After the critics had blasted his film to box-office oblivion, the director of *Annie* said his next venture would be a film about critics with all their idiosyncrasies and pitfalls. I hope he also shows their egotistical arrogance.

When was your last box-office success, Graham Barry?

Allan Johansson,
Surry Hills, NSW.

The Blues Brothers was a colossal flop when it was released and only its later cult status recouped some of the losses. Bob Woodward (Death Of A Blues Brother, Australian PLAYBOY, August 1984) says Landis blamed the disaster on Belushi's irresponsibility. I loved Animal House too — GB.

SLIPPED DISCS

Your article on the pros and cons of hi-fi and compact disc players (*CD vs LP*, August) has got me totally baffled. I've been wondering about up-dating my equipment for some time now and I'd almost decided on CD when I realised digital might not be all it's cracked up to be.

Nevertheless, there's a fairly obvious truth on the other side: the number of times you manage to match the perfect LP recording with the perfect stylus and a really good stereo are very rare indeed. Apart from anything else, it would be a dreadful wrench to simply wave farewell to a lifetime's collection of albums whose nostalgia value is beyond price.

One idea I liked was a laser machine which would play your existing LPs, but if digital fails to satisfy the purist completely, perhaps the only answer is to own both and see how they stand the test of time.

J.L.,
Bendigo, Vic.

Write to us! Send your letters to the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12 month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

La Dolce Vita. Alfa 90

The Alfa 90. The car that exemplifies all the style, the luxury and the power that is Alfa Romeo.

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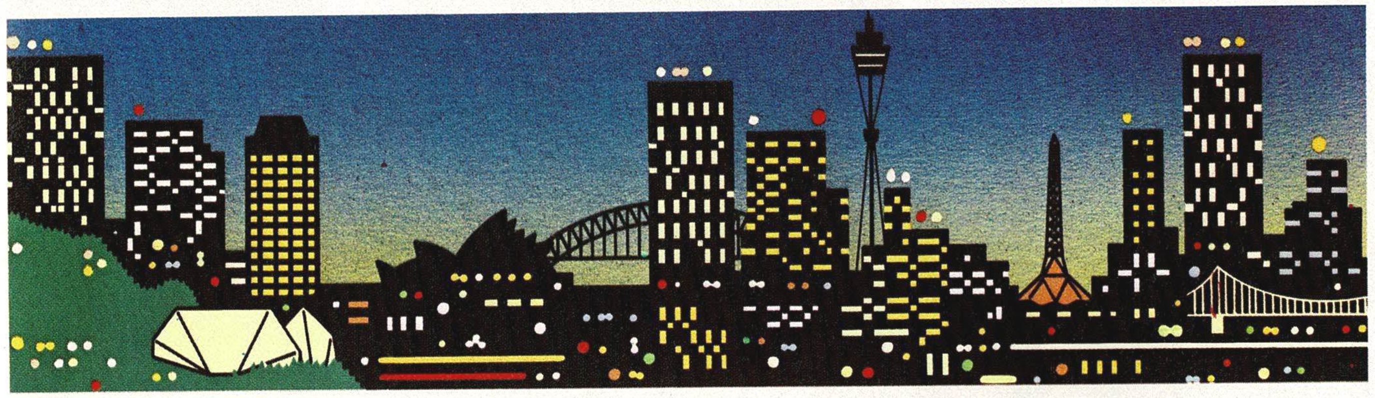
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



THE BEST LAID PLANS

The doctors were completely mystified. They had been prescribing birth control pills to a couple at a family planning clinic for six years. During that time the pair had produced three children, including twins. When the husband was questioned about the apparent ineffectiveness of the family planning program, he admitted *he* was the one who had been taking the contraceptive pills.

"My wife is rather absent-minded," he told the doctors, "and so we both decided it would be best if I took the precautions."

After further counselling, the woman now takes the Pill and the husband has reported to the medicos that there are no signs of any further pregnancies.

STAFF EXPANSIONS

Meanwhile, we heard of another family planning clinic that was forced to close down because of a staff shortage. Seems eight assistants left to have babies and the woman in charge is on extended maternity leave after giving birth to triplets.

MATESHIP

A huge advertising billboard in Melbourne's South Yarra carries the following message: MY WIFE'S RUN OFF WITH MY BEST FRIEND. . . AND I MISS HIM!

Nettlefold Advertising has been receiving some 20 telephone calls a day from people wanting more details about the sign. Seems the billboard was used by Nettlefold employees out of sympathy for a company executive whose wife had left him for his best mate.

A spokesman for Nettlefold commented that they just wanted to convey their sympathy to their colleague. . . and tell his wife just what they thought of her!

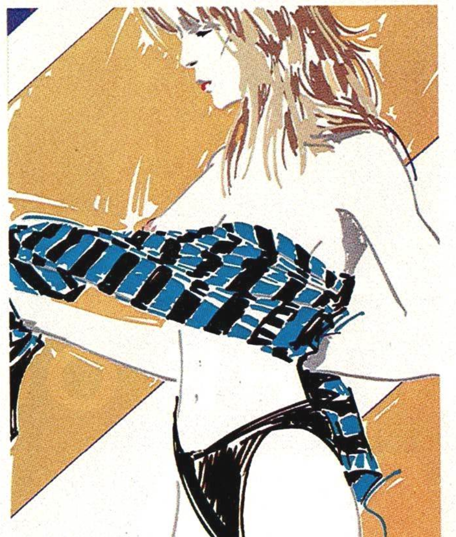
TAKE A LETTER, PC

Computers call us up on the telephone. Cars, elevators and cash registers talk to us. Machines are enjoying such a blabbermouth frenzy that we've begun to wonder if it isn't time we started talking back. Tell the car to go and drive itself, the phone to dial the wife and the cash register to stop paying lip service. With that thought in mind we checked with IBM to find out just how far away we are from computers who are good listeners.

Our day will come, says IBM, but not until we're well into the 21st century. Creating machines that understand human speech is extraordinarily difficult. Earlier this year IBM introduced the first personal computer (PC) that can take slow, word-by-word dictation. This after nearly 30 years of research and development. The "speech recognition" PC understands 5000 words and prints them out with 95 percent accuracy. It can even distinguish between right and write and knows when period means a stretch of time and not a dot at the end of a sentence.

But so far the machine is weak at tracking flowing, conversational speech. Words must be spoken one at a time rather than in a freewheeling stream. It takes 10 to 15 times as long for the machine to decode flowing speech as it does for individual words, which makes it a pretty good conversational match for Clint Eastwood but rather impractical for most of the rest of us.

And there's one more weakness. IBM engineers say the 5000-word vocabulary can convey about 92 percent of our thoughts and that a vocabulary of 20,000 words would raise that figure to 98 percent. When one stops to think that it takes 5000 words to express 92 percent of our thoughts and another 15,000 to express just six percent more, one can only conclude that the second batch must represent the edge that Max Harris has over the rest of us.



Maybe we'd all better start learning that extra 15,000 now so we'll know what to say to our computers in 2020.

GO STRAIGHT TO JAIL

British pilot Robert Grant has been accused of taking a Cessna 172 from its owner in exchange for a money belt containing the agreed-upon price of $12,750.

Where's the rub? The currency happened to be Monopoly money.

VIXEN TRAP

What's more valuable than a prime-quality fox pelt? How about a vial of fresh fox urine? It's selling for about $25 per gallon. Officials estimate that about 25,000 gallons of fox urine are sold in the US every year. It's used by fox hunters to hide their human scent.

Dare we ask *how* they use it? Or where?

IF YOU'LL EXCUSE US

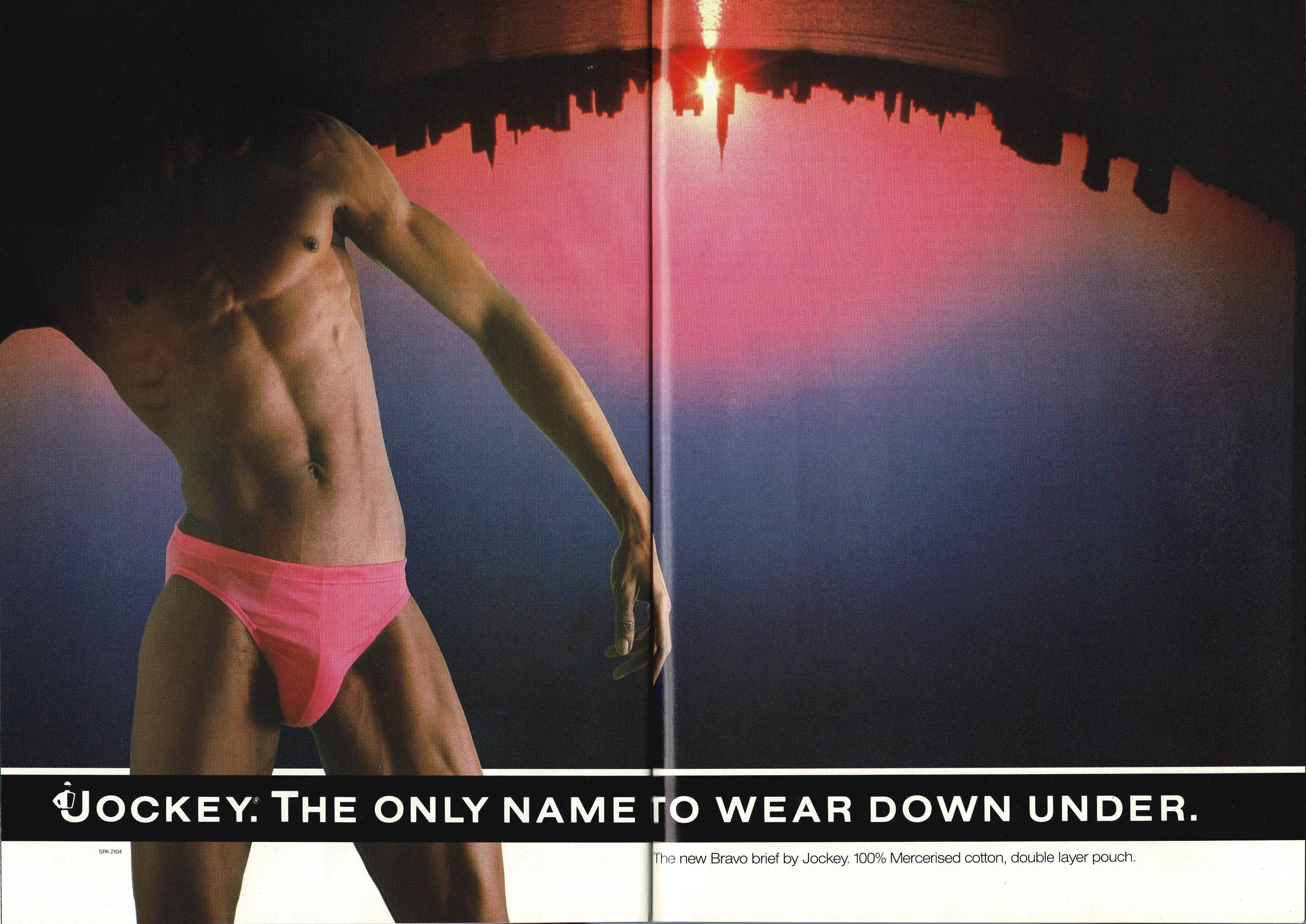
This graffito was spotted in a men's room at San Francisco International Airport: "The meek shall inherit the earth — if that's okay with you."

DOCTORED SIGNS

Some unbelievably silly signs have been spotted by our spies in medical institutions around the globe. In the waiting room of a large New York hospital: "Please do not touch the electrical connections with wet hands until after you have paid our bill."

On the grass in front of a Melbourne hospital: "The fine for walking on the grass is $10 per person. Special reduction for groups."

On staff notice boards at a series of government-run nursing homes: "Staff working after normal hours are advised to travel between floors by elevator to save time. But this can only be done in hospitals which have elevators."



JOCKEY. THE ONLY NAME TO WEAR DOWN UNDER.

SPA 2104

The new Bravo brief by Jockey. 100% Mercerised cotton, double layer pouch.

BOOZE

You don't need a cocktail umbrella and tropical sunset to be in the mood for a fresh fruit daiquiri.

Fresh fruit mixed with alcohol has always had a respectable place in the dessert division of a good dinner. Slices of pineapple in kirsch, that marvellous liqueur made of wild woodland strawberries, for one, and strawberries in cognac for another. But those combinations are eaten rather than drunk.

In the drinking department, outside of the Bloody Mary and that English confection of gin and fresh orange juice, fruity drinks used to be those things one drank on a cruise to the Pacific Islands. You know the sort of thing I mean — a whole pineapple that has been hollowed out, filled with God-knows-what-all rotgut, and with a paper parasol stuck in the top to shade its vicious contents from the eyes of the drinker.

In foreign ports of call this is the sort of idiocy known as a complimentary drink, so you can hack it and thank heavens the management bastards didn't leave two complimentary cocktail coupons in your room. And because you're wearing a funny hat and dark glasses, none of your friends will recognise you anyhow.

But back home it is a different matter. I mean what in hell would you think if you walked into a public bar and ran into a whole heap of blokes holding pineapples? Leaving aside snide remarks about their sexual preferences, you'd have to conclude at the very least there was a serious beer strike in progress, wouldn't you?

The only fruit alcohol that has been sold in this country to any commercial extent has been in the so-called wine division — things such as passionfruit pearl and strawberry wine. They have only a tiny appeal and are bought as curiosities more than anything else.

But now the good old United States of America has come up with a completely new approach to combining spirits with fresh fruit. I must confess that the first I knew about this amazing revolution was when I received a letter from the chief copy editor of this magazine asking me if turnip daiquiris were all the rage in deepest Molong. My immediate thought was that she had gone vegetarian but still wanted to get drunk in the most unpleasant manner possible to make herself feel virtuous.

However, before writing back and stating that if she really wanted to make herself throw up she might consider gin and buttermilk (one of my all-time favorite abominable combinations), I thought I might as well do a little research. I found that the Americans have converted the classic daiquiri into something else and that, outside of those dreadful "cooler" wine and fruit combinations, the mixes definitely seem to be very popular.

Now although the classic daiquiri was *not* invented by Ernest Hemingway (novelist, bullfighting fan and all-time drunk), you'd never know it. It is a Cuban drink, invented in that country's pre-Castro days to get visiting American tourists so pissed that their money could be stolen with ease.

In its pristine form, it is deceptively simple. To make a daiquiri, take a full measure of light rum (the imported Bacardi for my preference), the juice of half a fresh lime, a teaspoon of caster sugar and some crushed ice. Mix all this in a martini jug (it can also be shaken), and pour into a chilled glass. It is said that Hemingway once consumed 25 of these in a single sitting at his favorite bar and was still able to stand.

The new daiquiri variations, although somewhat different, rely on fresh fruit. As the key to the true daiquiri is fresh juice (and it must be lime), canned stuff won't do for its slide-offs.

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT KENNEDY

I suppose if you were really pressed you could go down to your local supermarket and get hold of a can of what is known as pineapple and apricot nectar and swirl it around with rum and ice and the juice of half a lemon and call it a daiquiri variation. For interest's sake I did try it and the taste was very definitely of canned juice.

The following drink recipes call not only for fresh fruit but fresh lime juice. A decade ago fresh limes were virtually unknown in this country. But now the bright green Caribbean variety with lime green flesh can be bought fairly easily in most of our cities, and they're even sold in some supermarkets in large country towns. But if you can't get fresh limes at least get some decent juicy lemons. The flavor is not quite the same (limes tend to be more aromatic and less acidic than lemons) but at least the stuff is fresh. On no account use bottled lime cordial.

To make the fruit pulp, one of those almost defunct blenders (now overwhelmed by food processors) is the best answer because it gets the right consistency. Now to make two servings of a pawpaw daiquiri, peel, seed and dice a medium-sized pawpaw, put it in the blender with half a cup of light rum, the juice of one fresh lime and three tablespoons of caster sugar. Blend until smooth. Then take a large jug of crushed ice, strain the contents of the blender into this and strain into glasses.

Some recipes I have studied put the crushed ice into the blender. But I have found that when you do this the blender virtually blows up and the contents of the fake daiquiri have a habit of hitting the ceiling. That's why I recommend the two-stage approach.

The result of all that messing around is quite fruity, refreshing and pleasantly alcoholic.

Using that standard recipe you can use any number of fruits — fresh peeled and stoned peaches or apricots, mangoes, strawberries, raspberries or blackberries (but you're going to have pips in the last two) and very ripe blood plums which have been skinned and stoned.

Apart from the pawpaw daiquiri, the recipe basically works out at a metric cup and a half of prepared fruit — packed hard into a cup, I might add — to half a cup of rum. After tasting, if half a cup of rum seems on the abstemious side, you can increase its strength. But be cautious here. These drinks, because of the fruit and sugar content, are quite deceptive. You seem to be drinking nothing at all for, say, five or six serves and then suddenly you realise that it is becoming increasingly difficult to stand up.

The other point is that these drinks are not for those who do not possess a sweet tooth. However, they are marvellous for a Sunday brunch starter. After all, every man and his dog has either champagne cocktails or Bloody Marys with his scrambled eggs and caviar beside the swimming pool these days. But a pawpaw daiquiri. . .

And for those of you who are interested, I *did* pass on testing the turnip version. But then I didn't try a bean sprout daiquiri, either. In the interests of research, a man can only go so far.

— RICHARD BECKETT

LIGHT-DRY
CARTA BLANCA
RUM
Ron
BACARDI
Superior
BACARDI & CO. LTD

"Of course they're easy to make. It's just that they taste complicated!"
It was no idle boast. A Bacardi rum daiquiri is simplicity itself. The tricky part is in getting the correct balance of flamboyance and showmanship into the mixing performance.
"So watch closely." My guests, gathered in the kitchen, moved a step forward.
"To 45 ml of light, dry Bacardi rum we add a dash of lemon juice, a teaspoon of sugar, ice . . . er, crushed usually . . . and strawberries. Into the blender." And then I said, pitching my voice above the whirr of the mixer as smiles broke out all around, "Hey Presto! The 18 second, Bacardi rum, strawberry daiquiri."
I took a sip of the foaming, pink, magical daiquiri. Flushed with pride, I saluted the gathering with raised glass as, in unison, they cried, "Encore!"

The BACARDI rum daiquiri.

Try your favourite fruit – bananas, peaches, limes or strawberries.

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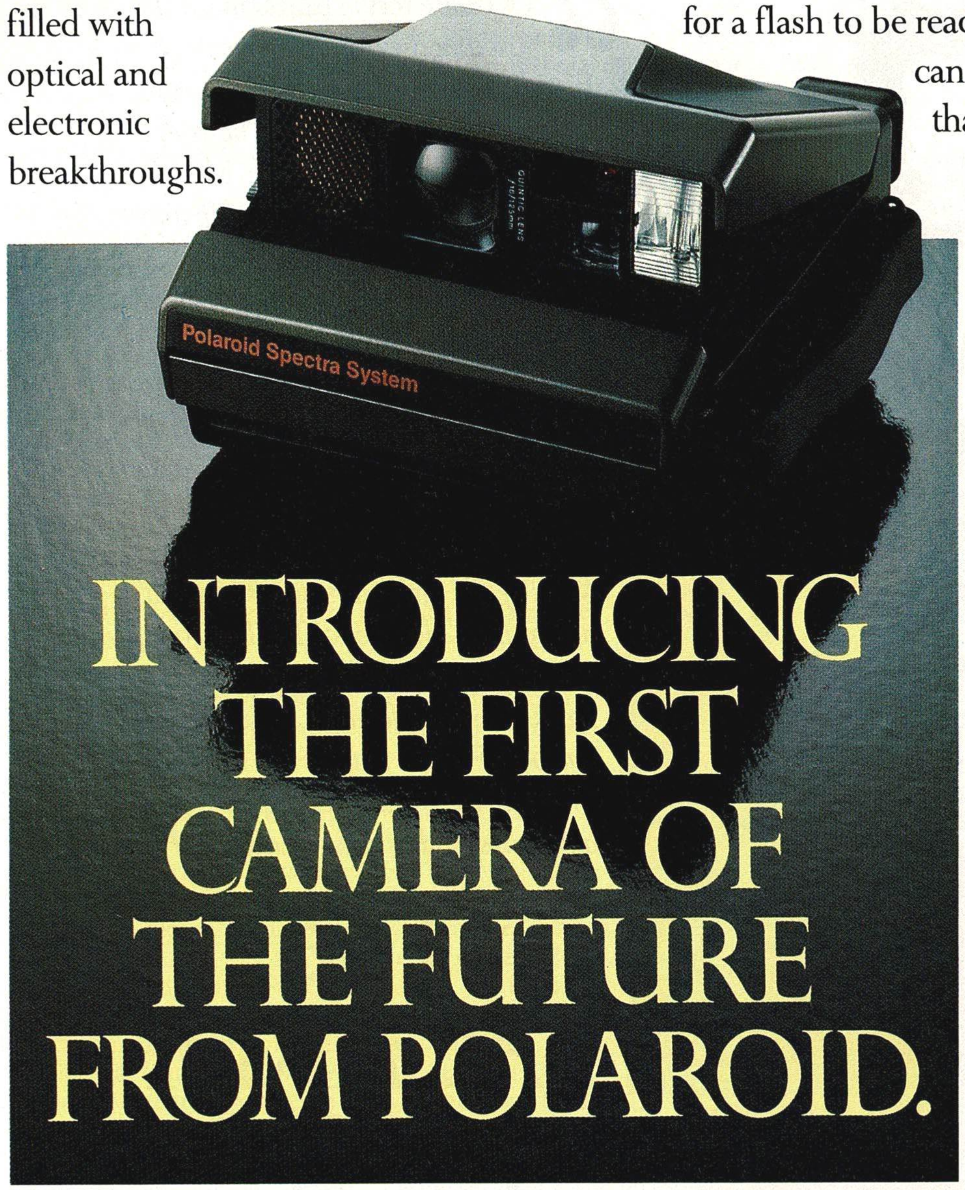
The new Polaroid Spectra System.

THE CAMERA. THE VERY PICTURE OF HIGH TECHNOLOGY.

Continuing a long tradition of Polaroid innovation, the Spectra camera's interior is filled with optical and electronic breakthroughs.



INTRODUCING THE FIRST CAMERA OF THE FUTURE FROM POLAROID.

In all, over 40 advances.

Including advances that help make over 30 complex focusing and exposure decisions within 50-thousandths of a second. So you get beautiful pictures.

Instantly and automatically.

Press the shutter release, and the Spectra autofocus system snaps the exclusive 125mm Quintic lens into precise focus. Its longer focal length makes it ideal for landscapes as well as portrait and group shots.

And the camera's special audio-signalling self-timer lets you not only take those group shots, but be in them as well.

And since life doesn't stand still waiting for a flash to be ready, the Spectra flash can usually recycle in less than one second.

The camera's auto-exposure system, dual silicon photo-diodes, measures light you can't even see.

But you definitely see the results. More evenly exposed pictures and truer skin tones.

Your ears can also help you take better pictures. Because the Spectra audio-signal system chimes in when you're too close to your subject, if the lighting is too low or if you're out of film.

THE FILM. 18 MICRO-THIN LAYERS FOR BRILLIANT PHOTOGRAPHS.

The Spectra film's new larger rectangular format greatly increases your picture-taking options.

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Instant pictures so sharp, so life-like and so full of detail that we guarantee them.

In writing.*

Like all true photographic systems, Spectra has a series of optional accessories that maximize your picture-taking options. But there's more to the Spectra System than just taking great pictures.

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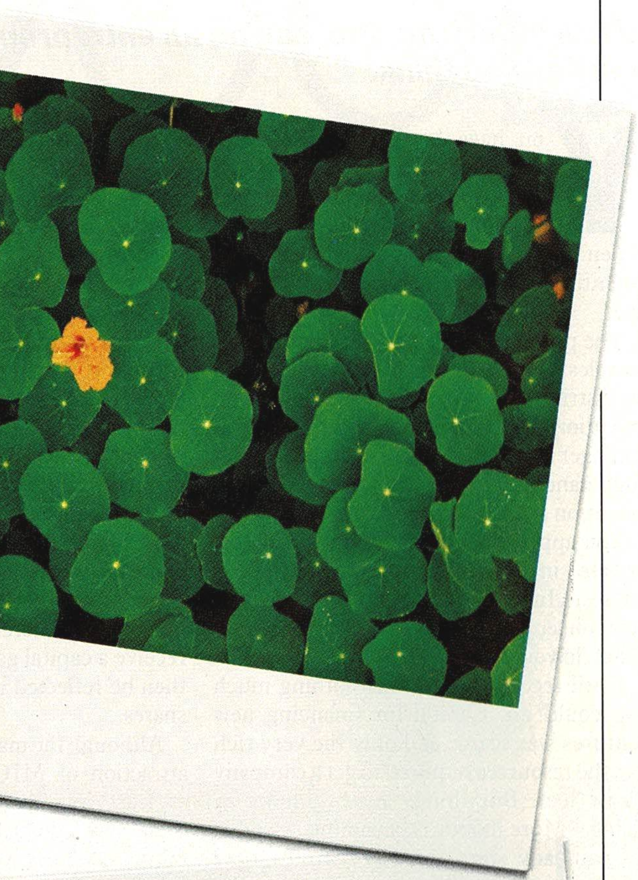
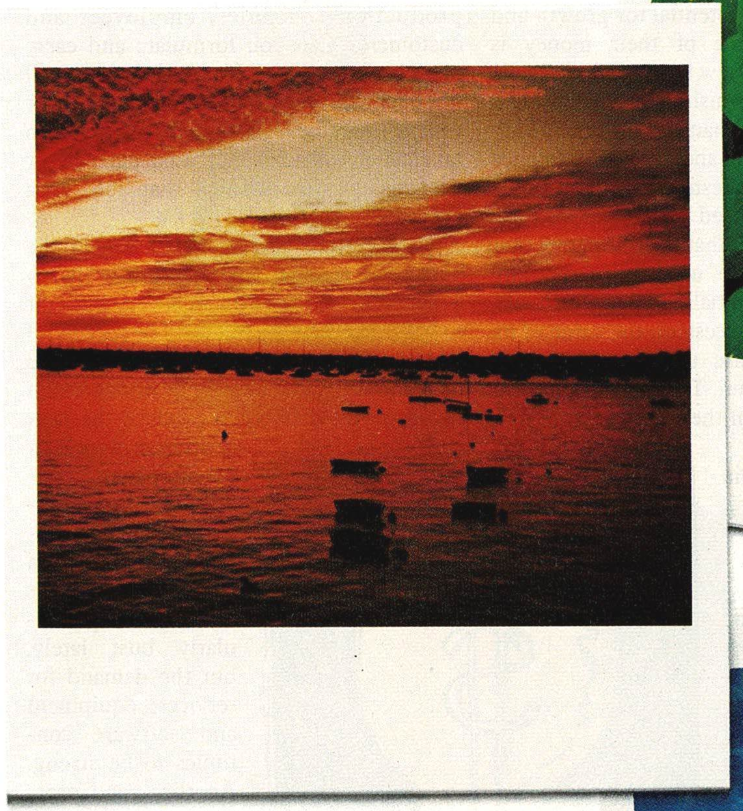
The Polaroid Spectra System.

We call it the first camera of the future.

Rest assured it may be the last camera you ever need to buy.

Produced from actual, unretouched Spectra photographs.





PolaroidSpectraSystem

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Ogilvy MPA 0040

MONEY

Live a little! You, too, can be an entrepreneur. It's not as risky as you think.

You have been slaving away in your basement laboratory for years and have finally succeeded in your task — you have invented a pen refill that lasts for 10 years. Its potential is unlimited. Everyone will want one.

The problem is that you have no factory, no salesmen, no advertising materials and no distribution system. All you have is an invention and you're likely to lose that if you don't get it patented quickly. Unless you get your hands on some serious money, your invention is going nowhere fast.

You approach your local bank and a few private investors but they show little interest. Investors don't like dealing with new concepts; they prefer the tried and true. What do you do?

Until recently, there was nothing much you could do. Capital for financing new ventures was scarce and only the very rich had the resources required to get a company on its feet. But things are beginning to change. More money is becoming available for company start-ups and it's no longer necessary to be a millionaire to get in on the action. Practically anyone can become an entrepreneur.

The reason is a change in the way new businesses are financed. Modern investors don't have to sink large sums of money into untried businesses anymore. Instead, they invest indirectly by buying shares in venture capital companies.

Australia's venture capital supply has traditionally been very small. This has made it very difficult for new businesses to find the backing they need. In an attempt to make more cash available, the government has licensed Management And Investment Companies (or MICs) whose purpose is to provide cash for new ventures. The government has also provided an incentive to anyone who buys shares in MICs. The entire investment is tax deductible. This means a $1000 investment actually costs a taxpayer in the 46 percent bracket $540. The same investment costs a taxpayer in the 60 percent bracket only $400 which is attractive, to say the least.

There is a slight catch, of course. The full deduction only applies if the MIC's shares are held for at least four years. Selling the shares in the first two years will lead to the cancellation of the entire tax deduction. Sales in the third year will reduce the deduction by 50 percent. And those who sell in the fourth year will lose 25 percent of their tax deduction.

(The Taxation Department refers to the recouping of forfeited tax deductions as a "claw-back". I take this to mean that once the money is in the investors' claws, it's difficult to get it back.)

MICs use their shareholders' money to buy an interest in other companies. They concentrate on small businesses that are likely to have the potential for growth and job creation. Some of their money is invested in brand new businesses that own little more than promising concepts, the rest is reserved for companies that are already marketing a product and need extra finance to spur growth. Investments in any single company rarely exceed $500,000.

It should be clear that the companies that MICs invest in are unlikely to pay any dividends, at least initially. However, should the company be successful, the value of its shares will increase and the MIC will receive a capital gain. This capital gain will then be reflected in the price of the MIC's shares.

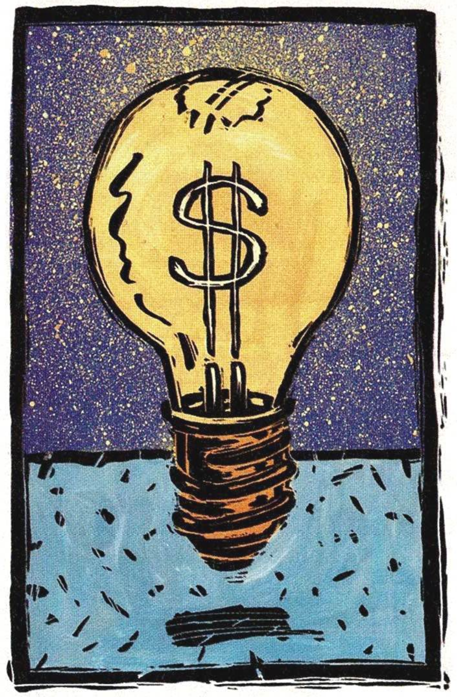


ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT KENNEDY

Although the main attraction of MICs, at least initially, is their tax deductibility, overseas experience shows that the returns paid by venture capital companies can be very good. The assets of one American firm jumped 114 percent in a single year. Naturally, however, there are risks as well: venture capital companies are in the business of taking chances — on new businesses, new technologies and new entrepreneurs.

Quite understandably, the MICs try to minimise these risks by diversifying their investments across a number of different companies and by dividing their investments in a single company into a number of separate instalments. Each instalment is dependent on the company achieving certain levels of performance. Should the company fail to perform, the next instalment can be postponed or even cancelled. In this way, the MIC can cut its losses before they become too great.

Before making an investment, MICs examine prospective companies very carefully. They are particularly concerned to be sure that the company's management is capable of carrying out its ideas. Many new companies have failed despite having excellent concepts because of inefficient or inexperienced management. You may have invented a pen refill that lasts 10 years, but the MIC's money managers will want to know whether you know anything about running a business. Can you deal with production schedules, employees and customers? Can you formulate and carry out a business plan? If not, the MICs will not back you, regardless of how good your product may be. (Or they may ask you to take on a business-orientated partner, or even assign someone to that role as a pre-condition.)

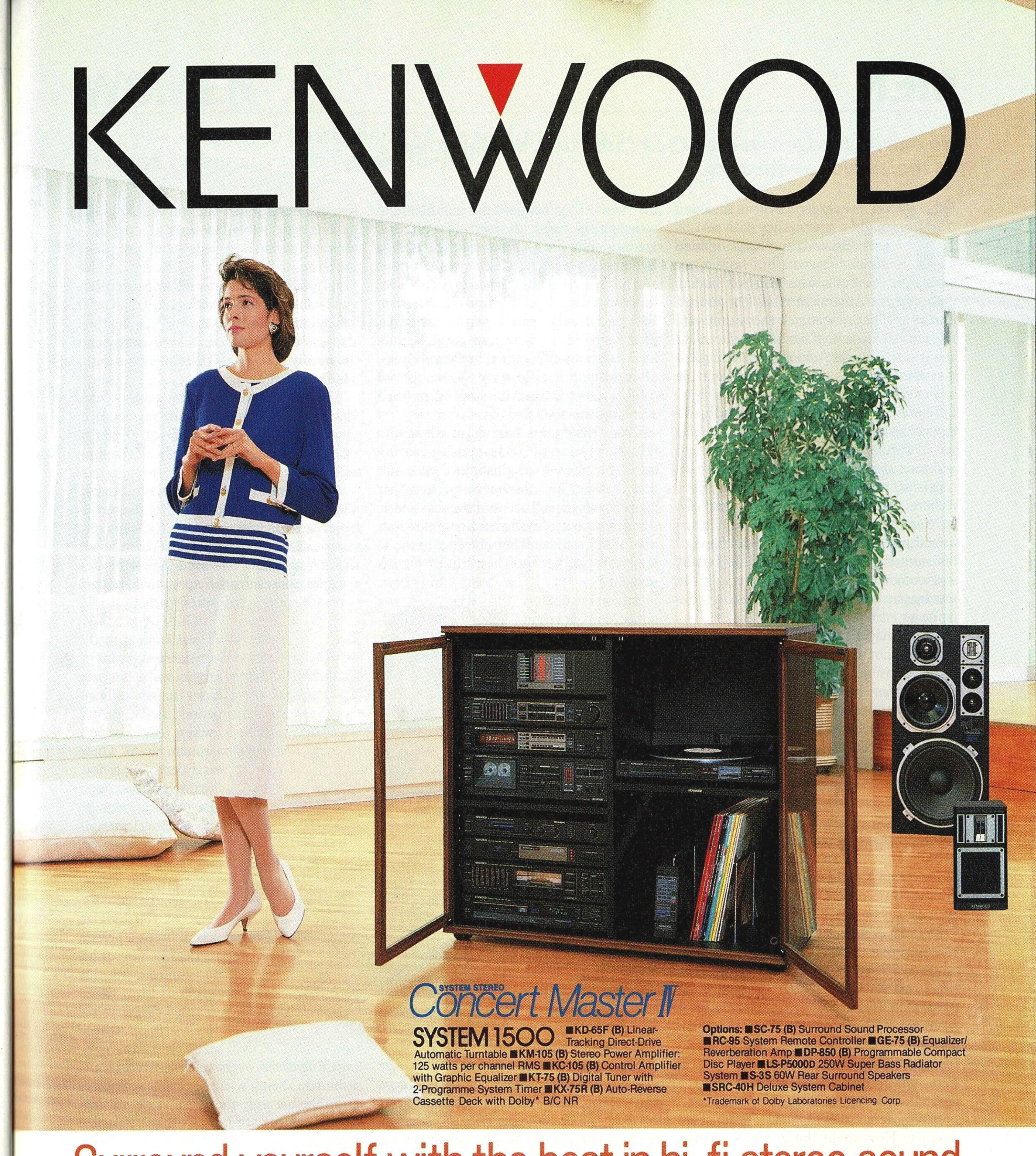
To a certain extent, MICs are in the business of trying to tell the future — always a dangerous thing to do. It is very difficult to guess which companies will be successful and which will not, but there does appear to be some degree of consensus about which fields are most likely to produce the next generation of successful companies.

First on everybody's list is data processing. A number of computer companies have gone spectacularly bust lately, but the demand for services, equipment and software continues to be strong. Another good prospect is the health field which is also growing rapidly and will continue to do so for the foreseeable future. Medical equipment, laboratory tests, drugs and hospitals are all good potentials, as are businesses concerned with things like genetic engineering.

The next decade will continue to see the expansion of Australia's entertainment and tourism industries as well. International hotels are opening their doors almost daily and many more are in the planning stage. MICs will play an important role in the development of Australian industry and the creation of new jobs in each of these areas in the future.

If they choose their investments carefully, the value of the shares issued by MICs will grow in line with those issued by the companies they back. This is obviously a good thing for those who buy shares in MICs, but even more importantly, it is also good for Australia.

— SETH GREGORY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MEN

No one begrudges women their fantasies, so kindly leave us males alone with ours.

You'd never see a woman sneaking out of a newsagency with a Mills and Boon paperback hidden under her coat. But how many blokes do you know who insist on having their copy of Australian PLAYBOY popped into a paper bag, just in case they bump into the mother-in-law? That says quite a bit about our culture. Among other things, it says that women's fantasies are acceptable and men's are not.

The next time you are charged with having an abominable imagination and a sexist attitude because of what you read, go and buy a paperback romance by Barbara Cartland or Georgette Heyer or Nora Roberts or Anne Mather. You'll probably be bored as you read, but you'll learn something: *both* sexes retreat to dreams and fantasies as a means of escaping life's trials, and women depersonalise men every bit as much as men depersonalise women in those fantasies.

There may be differences between the sexes, but not in the intensity of fantasising. Here we are equal. Women make love just as often as men in their fantasies, but since they do it under the cover of so-called respectability, they claim more virtue for themselves. They snuggle down with a steady diet of romance novels, and then, after their excitement has peaked and they have had their fill of the tall, handsome hero of their dreams, they come out of hiding and scold us because of our reading and viewing habits.

It's a wonderful con that could go on for decades if we didn't point out its complete hypocrisy.

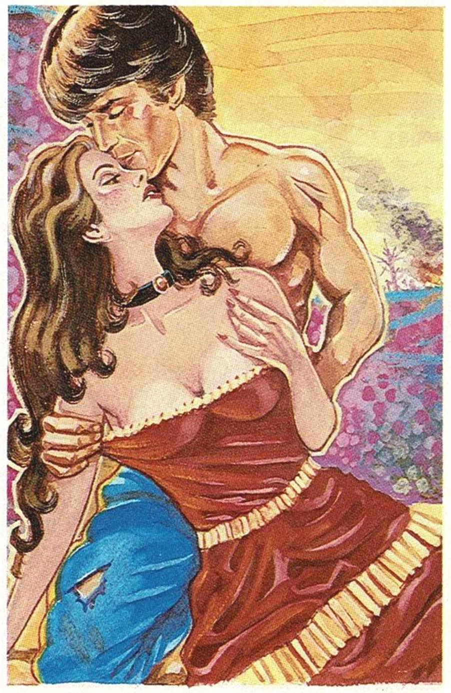
The paperback-romance-novel industry is enormous. Mills and Boon puts out between 75 and 80 percent of the romance titles on the shelves. Last year, it sold 240,000,000 books and had total revenues of more than $230,000,000. Mills and Boon and its sister labels Silhouette and Harlequin turn out 57 titles *per month* in Australia. Some 600 authors are under contract to the firm. Not small potatoes, you must agree.

Just what is it that millions of women are reading? How about this as a typical plot, for example:

Set it in Regency England. The heroine is always a virgin. She is sensitive, attractive but not gorgeous, and she is misunderstood by her family and friends. She is a woman of high energy and high intelligence, but these qualities are usually underestimated by the world around her. She is one hell of a lot smarter than all the men she has ever had to deal with.

Except one. Ah, yes. Call him Cruel Eyes. He's the hero. He sneers a lot. He has had his share of women and has gambled and wenched his way through his careless, inconsiderate life. Jaded, wealthy, titled, a fighter and a lover, he's been in a duel or two and has killed because he had to. Cruel Eyes incurs our virgin's displeasure and wrath at first, because she can't stand the way he has used women to his advantage. Still, he does have a curious effect upon her sensibilities, often leaving her flustered — though, of course, she tries not to show it, or even admit it to herself.

Cruel Eyes gains our virgin's love and respect in two ways: (i) He saves her arse in a crisis (he thwarts a kidnapping, saves her life, gives her his inheritance, becomes her guardian when her parents die at sea — little things like that); (ii) she teaches him to love her for her mind and her presence, and she sees that he accepts her limits on his sexuality.



And so the beast is tamed, and our virgin has done it. Cruel Eyes cleans up his act under the tutelage of our good woman. He remains tall, handsome, grey-eyed, vigorous; but now he is hers, under her control, and the two of them head into the sunset to lead lives of sweet (feminine) fulfilment and contentment.

Two hundred and thirty million dollars' worth of romance novels sold by Mills and Boon in 1985? Ever get the feeling there's something going on and you don't know about it?

Fantasies, of course, can always be mocked when they are outlined in cold type and compressed without rhythm. What I am doing is not fair to the millions of female readers who climb into the shelter of their dreams.

ROMANCES MAY BE A NOVEL ESCAPE reads one recent newspaper headline I noticed. The article goes on to say: "Housewives who read romance novels. . . may do so in part because the books are [an] effective way of screening themselves off from the rest of the family."

The point is not that I would disallow romance novels and feminine fantasies. Women have every right to dream as much as they wish to dream. If they like to imagine that some tall, powerful, good-looking male is about to throw a ladder up to their surburban flat window and carry them off, so be it.

As it happens, I'm not tall or particularly good-looking, and I don't have a ladder of exceptional length (okay, you can laugh at that), so to some degree, their dreams don't do me any good. But what the hell, dreams should be free.

Maybe we should put that another way. If we're to stay healthy, dreams *must* be free. Once you start censoring fantasy, you've taken a giant step toward destruction of the individual.

Male fantasies are usually more directly sexual than female fantasies. But they are as necessary for wish fulfilment, escape and reverie as female fantasies are. We need our dreams as much as we need to breathe. It's time we gave each other space to do both in our own way.

Once upon a time, I was trained in the brutal art of interrogation. I learned how to get information from people when they didn't want to give it. There is a very simple way to do that. You don't have to beat them up or attach electrodes to their bodies or any of the other melodramatic crap you see in the movies. No, all you have to do to break a person is deprive him of his dreaming and his sleep. The KGB learned that first; we picked it up a little later. It is a frightening thing to see, over a relatively short time, a human being's energy and willpower crumble because the dreams he so desperately needs are quite ruthlessly denied him.

We need our fantasies. With no imaginary meadow to romp in, no seduction to enjoy, no triumph to celebrate, no secret lover to fondle or instruct, no breast to kiss or eyes to stare into, we are all of us, male and female, made to stay too much in this incomplete world. And without an escape hatch, we are bound to die.

Don't judge my fantasies or my harmless means to them, and I promise I won't judge or censor yours. That's called living. And letting live.

— ASA BABER

WOMEN

If we're supposed to be as young as we feel, how come the guys I meet are all too young for me?

I found out tonight that a bloke I have my eye on is 45 years old and even though I'm nearly a decade younger I briefly thought, "Am I too old for him? He's adorable and hilarious, he'll probably want someone around 24." I got this idea from another guy I had an affair with several years ago, who is now 50 and has a new girlfriend who is 22. My birthday is coming up next week. I'm getting old! It's a little depressing.

Here's the worst thing: my sex objects are too young for me. I sit on my lounge at night and watch the tennis, oft consumed by dizzying lust. It is just slightly possible that Ivan Lendl is old enough for me, but Boris Becker is out of my league. Pat Cash would probably call me madam and help me across the street if we ever met; I could never get him into bed unless he had some kind of kinky attraction to someone old enough to be his mother (if she got pregnant in Year 10).

Ageing, everybody knows, is the final, irrevocable inequity between the sexes. A man in his late thirties wouldn't have a bit of trouble dating a girl Boris Becker's age. Men in their late thirties are sexy, just reaching their prime, with interesting lines in their faces that make them look rugged.

Women in their late thirties are kind of sexy, maturely titillating if they've kept their bodies up. But women don't have lines in their faces, they have wrinkles. Wrinkles are deemed the beginning of the end.

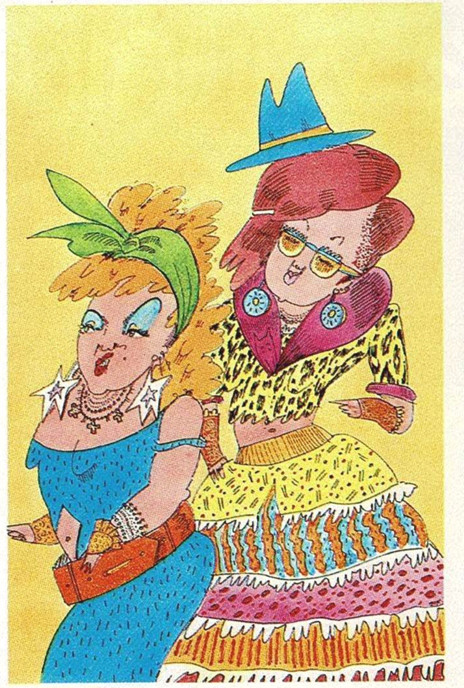
Here's what I've decided: the very minute I get a wrinkle, I'm going to stop wearing make-up. Well, okay, not crow's feet, they've become acceptable. But when I have those vertical lines on my upper lip, and when the creases next to my mouth become fixed, I go *au naturel*. Women wear make-up in an attempt to camouflage those wrinkles, and this is debasing; this makes one feel pathetic and embarrassed by one's own face. I am going to make friends with my wrinkles. I am going to call them lines. I will regard each one as a sign of character, my life showing on my face. I want to be rugged.

The rest of my body is changing, too: it wants to thicken. I used to go on a diet once every three years — it took that long for my weight to creep up to unacceptable. Now every day I strap weights around my ankles and wrists and jump for half an hour on my trampoline. And I don't drink. If I drink, I get puffy. Well, sometimes I drink. Sometimes I inhale a vat of margaritas because I just don't give a flying fuck who the hell cares if I'm old and wide and sagging. If people don't like it they don't have to look at me.

But then I see Boom Boom Becker on TV, or walk down my street where many young men parade by, wearing tank tops. I curse the sexual urge: it makes fools of us all!

I don't blame men for this age inequity. They're helpless. Nature makes sure that humans who can produce children look more sexually riveting than those who cannot, a little trick to continue the race. Even an 80-year-old man can father a child, but a woman over 50 would be hard-pressed.

But nature fucked up! Men are convulsively horny when they are 17. By 25, they start stabilising, by 65 they get it up only if they pray a little.



Not so with women. We get hornier and hornier! Some days I wake up moist, and I know that this is going to be one of those days when I start prowling the streets in tight black clothes and high heels, lust driving me into insane and sometimes hilarious frenzies. A friend who saw me slink around a nightclub one evening phoned me the next morning: "This is the hormone police," he said. "We're getting dangerous readings from your apartment. You are quarantined until further notice."

"Perhaps a house call would be in order," I cooed.

Not that I would actually do it with him. Call it age, call it AIDS, but directly proportional to my tidal wave of sexuality is my absolute conservatism. I want to, oh, I want to, but I won't go to bed with anybody. I remember too well what it all means. I am scarred, I am distrustful, I am gun-shy, I'm afraid, I'm too damned old to be madly impulsive!

At these nightclubs where I prowl, there are many children with smooth, luminous faces who look at me as if I were a schoolteacher as they fall about in each other's arms. I want to say to them, "Be careful! Get it right the first time, or at least the second. Give your innocent heart and soul to someone good for you, someone who likes you, before you get calloused and twisted."

And I remember myself as a teenager in a mini-skirt with fishnet stockings and a purple vinyl trenchcoat and a floppy felt hat, with a waterpistol in my pocket and a boy on each arm, living with a rock'n'roll band, careening through my youth. I remember riding on the back of a motorcycle, holding on for dear life to a boy whose body was better than Michelangelo's David, I swear. I remember falling in love with a series of boys with hair flapping in their eyes and skin like milk.

I remember how hilarious it was to walk in summer storms and get soaked to the skin, with my dress clinging to my body and every part of my being filled with the joy of being a goofy girl. And going back to my first apartment with the beaded curtains. Smoking pot and busking in the park. Meeting my future husband, falling immediately in love and having a baby. It was easy; I could have done it with my hands tied behind my back and loved every minute.

Do you know what? I have spent a full 20 years watching boys play guitars! First it was my rock'n'roll band, every member of which was my boyfriend at one time or another. Then it was my husband, then the fellow I lived with, and of course all my girlfriends' boyfriends. Now my son! "Listen to this, mum," he says, and I realise he's playing the overture to *Tommy*, the rock opera, and I vividly remember sitting at Roger Daltrey's feet in a nearly deserted rock club while he swung his microphone inches from my nose.

I was at a rock club the other night, very hard core, and there were all these girls in bits of clothes, all ripped and transparent and sexy.

A matronly woman was standing next to me. "See those girls?" she asked. "They're me. I know what I look like on the outside, but on the inside I'm actually just like they are."

And I thought: Not me, I've been there, I've had a good run, but enough is enough.

But wait. I've got a 27-year-old with the body of Adonis chasing me around! Perhaps I'm overdramatising. Maybe I'll stick around and see what happens.

— CYNTHIA HEIMEL

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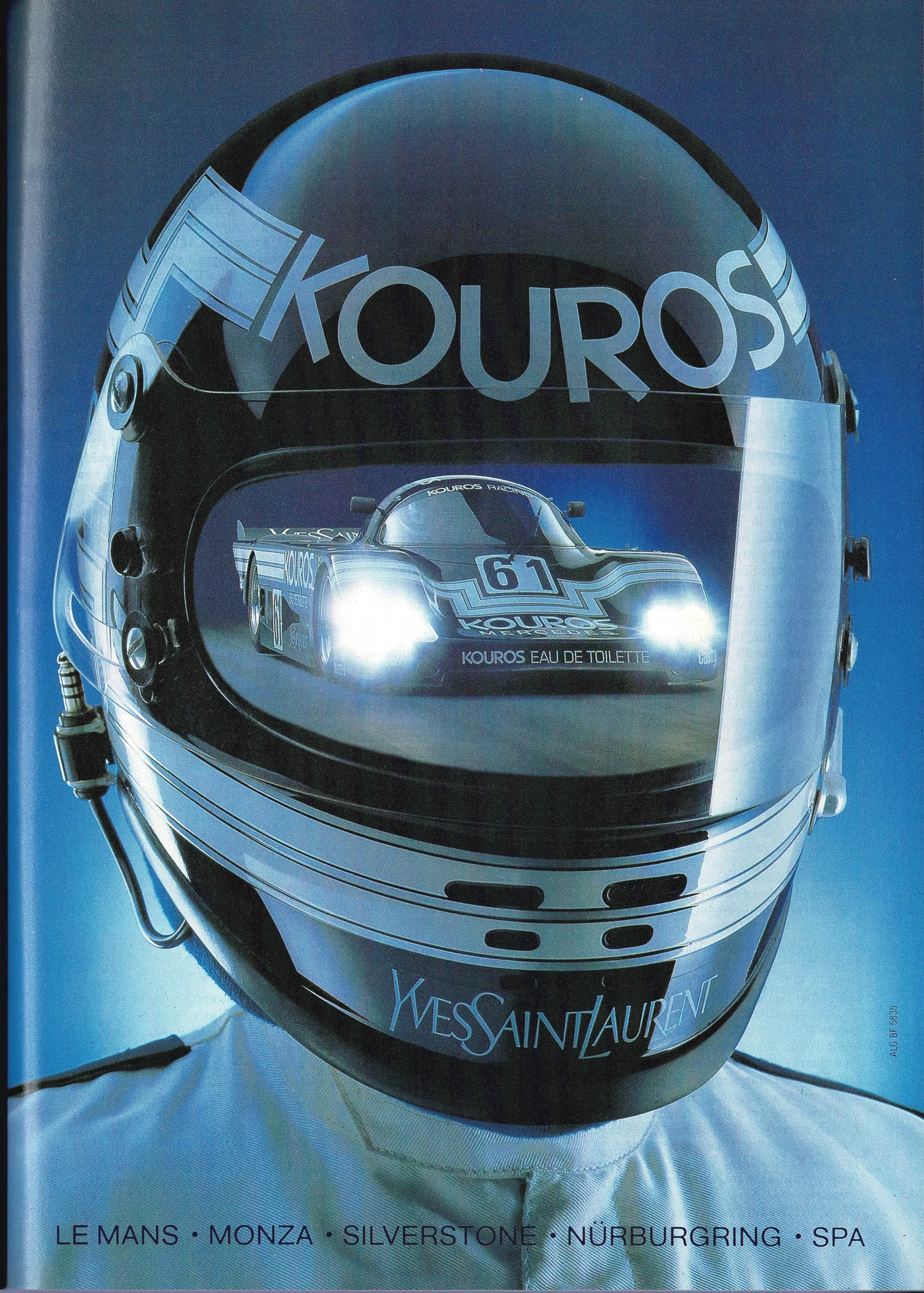
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SHOWBIZ

CD classics at a budget price and Oz film comedy that actually leaves 'em rolling in the aisles.

OZ FILM COMEDY COMES GOOD: Apart from the generally higher standard than usual, the big surprise of the Australian Film Institute Awards screenings this year was the amount of genuinely funny comedy, an area in which Australian film has been notably lacking. As well as the enormously popular *Malcolm* (see listings) there was *Australian Dream* in which a usually more serious **Noni Hazelhurst** never quite recovers from her first sex-aids party (a bit like a tupperware party only different) in which she wins a vibrator in pass-the-parcel and the lucky door-prize of a male stripper. But the craziest comedy of all came from someone rejoicing in the name of **Yahoo Serious** who produced, directed, wrote and starred in the amazing *Young Einstein.* This purports to be about Albert growing up on a farm in Tasmania, inventing a formula, E=MC2, for putting fizz into beer, being cheated by city slickers in Sydney and appearing at the Science Academy Awards in 1906 in time to save the world from an atomic explosion, only to be ejected for inventing the electric guitar 50 years before its time. Great fun. But don't be surprised if **Bruce Beresford**'s thoughtful dissection of a Aboriginal family, *The Fringe Dwellers*, this year's outstanding Australian movie, cops the odd Oscar nomination.

Three Men And A Cradle: Not all their childless friends think baby's as cute as they do.

MUSICAL WALLPAPER: Want the perfect background music to accompany that intimate dinner for two? Well, how about *The Artful Balance Collection.* However, if you're wondering why you suddenly experience a craving for buttered popcorn while you're devouring your duckling in sour cherry sauce, it's because all the artists featured on the album are leading musicians/composers in the film and recording industries and several are Grammy and Oscar winners and nominees: **Vince DiCola** for *Rocky IV* and *Staying Alive,* **Jeremy Lubbock** for *The Color Purple,* **Randy Waldman** for *Ghostbusters, Cocoon, Romancing The Stone* and *Back To The Future,* and **Dreamstreet** for *St Elmo's Fire.*

NEWSBREAKS: **Carl Perkins** is working on the idea of a US tour that would include **George Harrison** and **Ringo Starr** and maybe even **Julian Lennon.** Please come to Oz!...**David Bowie** will be touring the world, beginning most likely in Australia next year...**Cyndi Lauper** has recorded **Marvin Gaye**'s *What's Going On... Motown's Mustang* is the first in a series of mini-movies from that company. The 43-minute video features 11 top hits by **Stevie Wonder, Marvin Gaye, Martha And The Vandellas, The Temptations, The Four Tops** and **The Jackson Five,** all woven into a storyline about the adventures of a 1964 Mustang...**The Bangles** are to tour here in January/February 1987 as special guests of **Hoodoo Gurus,** a return favor for a highly successful nine-week tour of the US together...**AC/DC** also likely to tour after their biggest album and single of the '80s, *Who Made Who?*

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

capsule close-ups of current movies
by graham barry

About Last Night Hilarious proof that men are deadshits. Stars Rob Lowe but James Belushi and Elizabeth Perkins get the best lines. 🐰🐰🐰🐰

Aliens In which Ripley returns to *that* planet to finish what she started in *Alien.* Two hours of terror! 🐰🐰🐰🐰

Desert Hearts Lesbian affair between college professor in Reno for divorce and local girl, with horniest love scene around. 🐰🐰

8 Million Ways To Die Jeff Bridges and Rosanna Arquette as ex-cop and hooker in edge-of-seat thriller. 🐰🐰🐰

Evening Dress Big, butch Gerard Depardieu takes odd couple house-breaking, then falls for male half. 🐰🐰

Ferris Bueller's Day Off 1986's *Back To The Future* with one of *the* great scenes: *Twist And Shout* with a cast of thousands. 🐰🐰🐰🐰

Legal Eagles Robert Redford jousts with Daryl Hannah *and* Debra Winger. Lucky guy! Pure entertainment. 🐰🐰🐰

Malcolm A rare beast, a *funny* Aussie comedy, in which not-so-retarded Colin Friels turns master thief. 🐰🐰🐰

Psycho III Anthony Perkins tries, but Hitchcock's masterpiece should have been left alone. 🐰🐰

Ran Japanese version of *King Lear* turns into magnificent spectacle as rival armies fight for the crown. 🐰🐰🐰

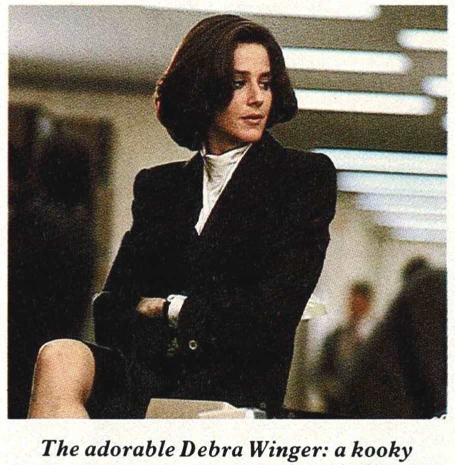
Short Circuit ET returns as US Army robot that does John Travolta imitations. Alas, all a bit stale. 🐰🐰

Three Men And A Cradle French movie so funny they're remaking it for the US market. 🐰🐰🐰

🐰🐰🐰🐰 Don't miss	🐰🐰 Worth a look
🐰🐰🐰 Good show	🐰 Forget it

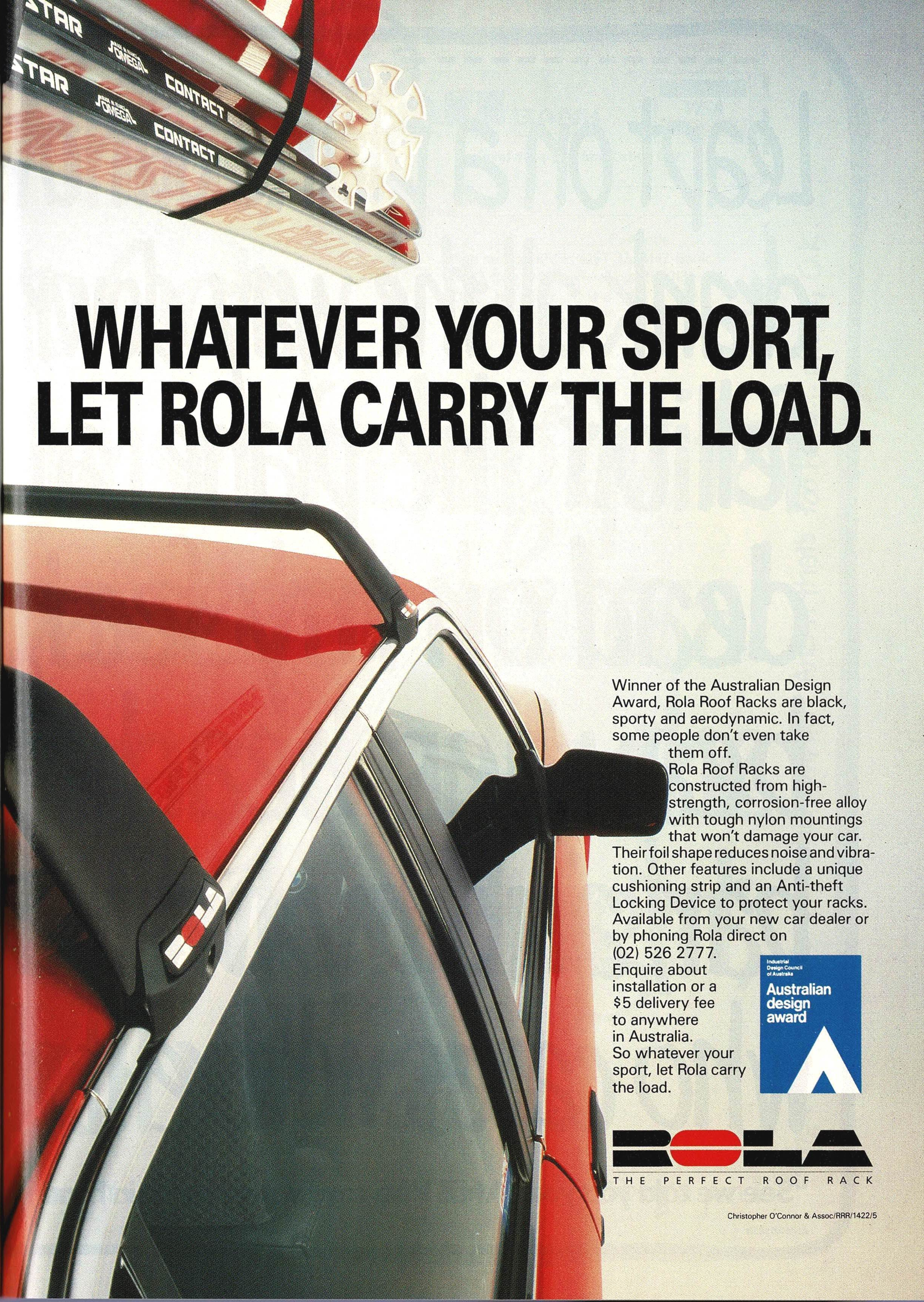
•

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME? Prices of CD players keep falling, but at $27.99 the cost of the compact disc itself remains the real deterrent. However, Virgin Records has now launched a "budget-priced" Classics label which is retailing the UK's Innovative Music Productions catalogue of not-too-high-brow material at $21.99 — hopefully setting a trend for others to follow. Among titles available are **Vivaldi**'s *Four Seasons,* **Handel**'s *Water Music* and *Messiah Highlights*, and **Mussorgsky**'s *Pictures At An Exhibition...*and they're newly recorded in digital as opposed to the usual translations from analog. The Classical Compact Disc Chart compiled in England over last Christmas and New Year showed that IMP had scooped 15 of the top 50 places. The fly in the ointment is that all CDs are made abroad and the sick Aussie dollar doesn't help — prices rose by $2 in July, so it's still an uphill struggle against LPs at $14.



The adorable Debra Winger: a kooky lawyer ready to take on Robert Redford in Legal Eagles.

REELING AND ROCKING: Film rights to **Michelle Phillips**'s book about **The Mamas And The Papas,** *California Dreaming,* have been sold...**Aretha Franklin** has contributed music to **Whoopi Goldberg**'s latest movie, *Jumpin' Jack Flash...*After a 13-year lay-off, **Bob Dylan** is going to make another movie, *Hearts Of Fire,* in which he plays a '60s rock star turned chicken farmer. Director is **Richard** *(Jagged Edge)* **Marquand.** Incidentally, you can at last buy the **D.A. Pennebaker** videotape of Dylan's 1965 English tour, *Don't Look Back.*



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PHIL COLLINS

A candid conversation with the mister nice guy of rock'n'roll about Live Aid, celebrity fans, the feeling behind the music and being back with Genesis.

Though this would get an argument from fans of Sting, Springsteen, Prince or Richie, Phil Collins is arguably the hottest singer in pop music. Besides numerous awards, his three solo albums have sold well over 10,000,000 units, and as a member of the band Genesis, with whom he has recorded a full 16 albums, there have been 5,000,000 or so albums sold. Yet unlike Sting, Springsteen or Prince, Collins seems to have appeared from nowhere, quietly, without flash. As US PLAYBOY *summed up when he was inducted into the Hall Of Fame last year, "His greatest talent is that of being able to speak to the average listener. Collins is among the few genuine adult rock stars, someone whose songs go beyond teen-beat banalities to zero in on the problems of contemporary romance. It's music to live with, not merely listen to, and that's why Phil Collins is one of the major voices of the '80s."*

Although controversy is hardly what you associate with Collins, he had his share of that when his song Against All Odds (Take A Look At Me Now) *was nominated for an Oscar last year. Though he offered to sing the song on the Academy Awards telecast, the Academy sent him a letter, addressed to "Mr Phil Cooper", declining his offer. Still, aside from cracks about his appearance (the occasional snide comment about his height and receding hairline), critics and friends both agree he is a genuinely affable, easy-going man, rarity enough in the music business. There is not much on the rumor mill about Collins. Oh, yes: Robert Plant says that it is tough to get Phil to cough up for a round of drinks.*

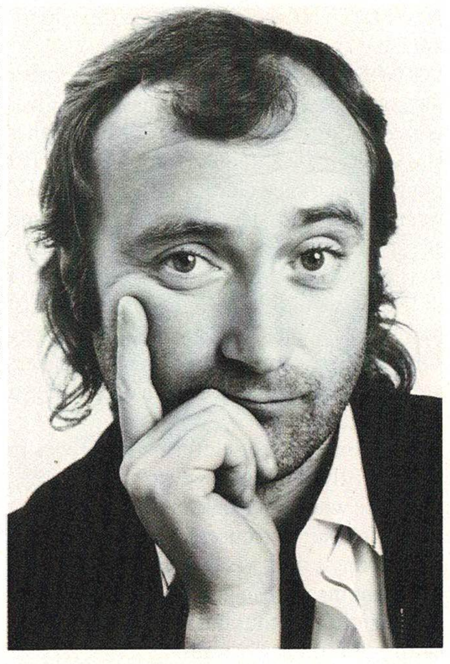
Things went along in the slow lane for Collins until 1970, when he read about an audition for a working band called Genesis, which was looking for a drummer. Genesis slowly began to build a reputation, first in England and then in the States, for "art rock" in the vein of Procol Harum and Traffic. Fronted by flamboyant Peter Gabriel, the band became known for its theatrical live shows, which utilised costumes, pantomime and props. Collins was just the drummer boy. In 1975, Gabriel left to pursue a solo career and Genesis auditioned more than 400 singers before deciding that the man in its own backyard — Phil — had the vocal cords for the job. Collins's soulful voice, until then used on a few tracks and background, redefined Genesis's sound and the band took off. With Collins behind the mike, Genesis is now about to embark on its biggest Australian tour ever and its 16th album, Invisible Touch, *shot into the top 10 three weeks after it was released.*

It wasn't until 1977 that the songwriter in Collins emerged, and some of his songs tell a personal story that he is reticent to discuss (apparently his first wife, Andrea, took up with another man because Collins was too involved with his career).

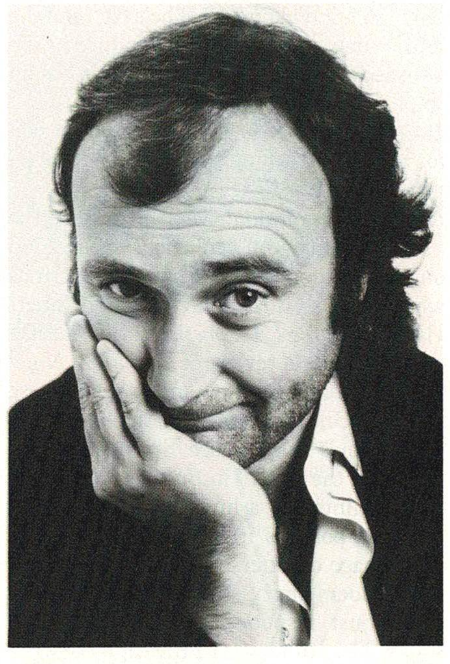
Genesis was coming into its own as well with the release of Abacab, *its first platinum record, and all around Collins things were poised for explosion. On a personal level, he met and soon married Jill Tavelman, a schoolteacher, who, as he sang in* This Must Be Love, *brought him out of the gloom of his debilitating divorce.*

Collins and Jill today live in Guildford, outside London, where he sees his children regularly and a short hop from the

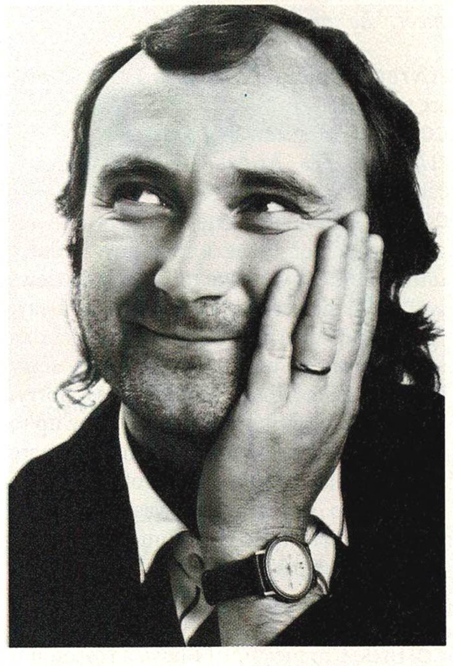
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVIES AND STARR



"Listen, I'm going to clear up a few things here. First I'm not short. People keep saying I'm short. I'm five foot eight which in England is the average height, okay?"



"Finally I went over to Sean Penn and said, 'Hello, I'm Phil Collins.' He said, 'I know who you are, man.' I thought he was going to hit me."



"When McCartney has balls he's great. There was some talk of me producing him. I liked the idea. I thought, just to get some balls in the production. I'm sure he's got it in him."

Genesis recording studio. On a professional level, two solo albums followed: Hello. . . I Must Be Going! and No Jacket Required, each a bigger hit than the last, fielding a total of six top-10 singles, and including the monster hit One More Night. No Jacket Required continues to sell briskly and total sales have now topped seven million.

Adding another string to his bow, Collins also became a highly sought-after record producer. In fact, he was hard at work on his second producing job for guitarist Eric Clapton when contributing editor ***David Sheff*** *caught up with him in the Genesis studio in a tiny village outside London. Sheff, whose previous interviews in the music field have included John Lennon, Billy Joel and Sting, reports as follows:*

"At Fisher Lane Farm, the countryside studio, Phil's assistants were cooking breakfast. It was thoroughly English: sausage, bacon, eggs, mushrooms, grilled tomatoes, baked beans. Phil, meanwhile, was going over tracks recorded the night before with co-producer Tom Dowd (who produced Clapton when he was in Cream). After wolfing down the first meal of the day, he issued instructions to one of the assistants: 'Would you please bring my car in to have the tape deck replaced and, while you're at it, it needs a tank of gas?' The assistant replied 'No.' Phil shrugged, 'Okay. You're fired.' The assistant cheerfully jumped into Collins's BMW and sped off. Later, the same assistant told me how much Phil had done for him. 'Phil is the nicest guy you'll ever meet,' he said. I sighed.

PLAYBOY: Phil, we've all heard the rumors; are they true?

COLLINS: You mean about me —

PLAYBOY: Yes. About your being the so-called nicest person in rock'n'roll.

COLLINS: Well, it's true I always end up apologising for being a nice guy. I don't understand why I have to. I do interviews and then the writers come back and say, "My editor doesn't believe you're like this and he wants more to make the story better." Like what? Sex? Drugs? Sorry. This is me. A writer in England came up to my mum and asked her what my faults are and she said, "I can't think of any of his faults." So the headline was: "Faultless Phil. Mr Perfect, By His Mum." She read it and went berserk. She doesn't need that.

PLAYBOY: Then it's not true? You deny the charges?

COLLINS: I'm nice until I have a reason not to be. I work hard and people sense that. But I'm different things to different people. To the middle-aged housewife I'm someone who looks like a "little boy lost"; to the people who know only *One More Night* and *Against All Odds* I'm probably this sweet and sensitive guy. But there are many other songs, many other sides. I don't like that sickly sweet image.

PLAYBOY: One reviewer remarked that your biggest talent is being able to speak to the average listener. Do you agree?

COLLINS: I don't know about biggest, but it does seem that people relate. There's a tendency for people to be cynical about popular appeal, like you're appealing to the lowest common denominator, which is another word for trash. It's an insulting attitude — insulting to the audience. Sometimes I wish I was David Byrne, with this small, tight group of fans. The critics would like me. Instead, I've been taken less seriously because I've been more popular — I'm cast aside as some sort of Barry Manilow. I find it frustrating.

PLAYBOY: How is a Barry Manilow song different from some of your ballads — *One More Night*, for example?

COLLINS: It has a heartfelt thing in it, it comes from some place deeper and that comes through in the songs, I think.

PLAYBOY: Manilow might argue that people respond to his songs for a similar reason.

COLLINS: He might, but I still believe there is an important difference. People are living with the problems that have to do with their homes, their day-to-day lives, their relationships. There are obviously more substantial problems in the world, but from the feedback I get, I think they find compassion for *their* situation in my songs.

PLAYBOY: We may have caught you being less than nice right at the start. Why the sensitivity over Barry Manilow's sort of music?

COLLINS: Well, it defines a certain area of music to me: soft and spineless. I never met Barry so I don't know what he's like, and the music may be very well-produced, it's polished, smooth and glossy, but it has no spine, no edge, no backbone.

PLAYBOY: Critics have been tough on you for not having enough of an edge. How do you react to bad reviews?

COLLINS: If you don't want to believe the bad ones, then you can't believe the good ones, but I don't have to accept the critics who obviously just don't like me. Robert Hilburn [*of the LA Times*] just doesn't like me. He wrote a review of *One More Night* complaining about how many times I use the line "One more night" in the song. How many times does Bruce Springsteen say "Born in the USA" in *Born In The USA?* Well, Hilburn is a huge Springsteen fan. And the point is irrelevant. There was a whole page of letters in the paper from his own readers angry at him. Anyway, some critics just respond to ballads and love songs. They think it's a little soppy to write about those things. But the stuff that really gets me is the comments about my physical appearance. I guess it's easier to write about than the kind of songs I play. I mean, I was called the ugliest man since George Orwell. What's that got to do with the music? And, by the way, how ugly was George Orwell anyway?

PLAYBOY: Isn't that just a reaction to the stereotypical Mick Jagger image of rock stars?

COLLINS: Yeah, I think a lot of critics saw the fans who show up for my concerts, those screaming girls in the audience, and just didn't understand it. I didn't ask for it, but it ends up with me getting all this "short, slightly bald, overweight, middle-aged pop star" kind of thing. And it does hurt.

PLAYBOY: Another example: *Rolling Stone* called you a "Cabbage Patch kid for the pop audience".

COLLINS: Yes, and after that came out people started to throw Cabbage Patch dolls on the stage. Listen: I'm gonna clear up a few things here. First, I'm not short. People keep saying I am short. I'm five foot eight [*1.73m*] which in England is the average height, okay? In America, okay, so I'm not Abdul Kamal, or whatever his name is, but I'm not short. Two, I'm not bald. They all talk about the balding rock star. I have had this hairline since I was a kid, right? Of course I am losing it gradually but I started off with less than everybody else. Three, I'm only a little bit overweight and that's because I have lived in the studio for the past six months and studio work is tedious. There is a lot of sitting around. I get fit on the road. I lose a lot of excess pounds when I'm on stage. On this tour with Genesis, since I'm playing drums more than when I tour myself, I really burn a lot of calories. So there. That's cleared up. But I understand the point. The traditional pop star is more glamorous. Lifestyle, clothes, a bit of arrogance. I'm not going to apologise for not being like that.

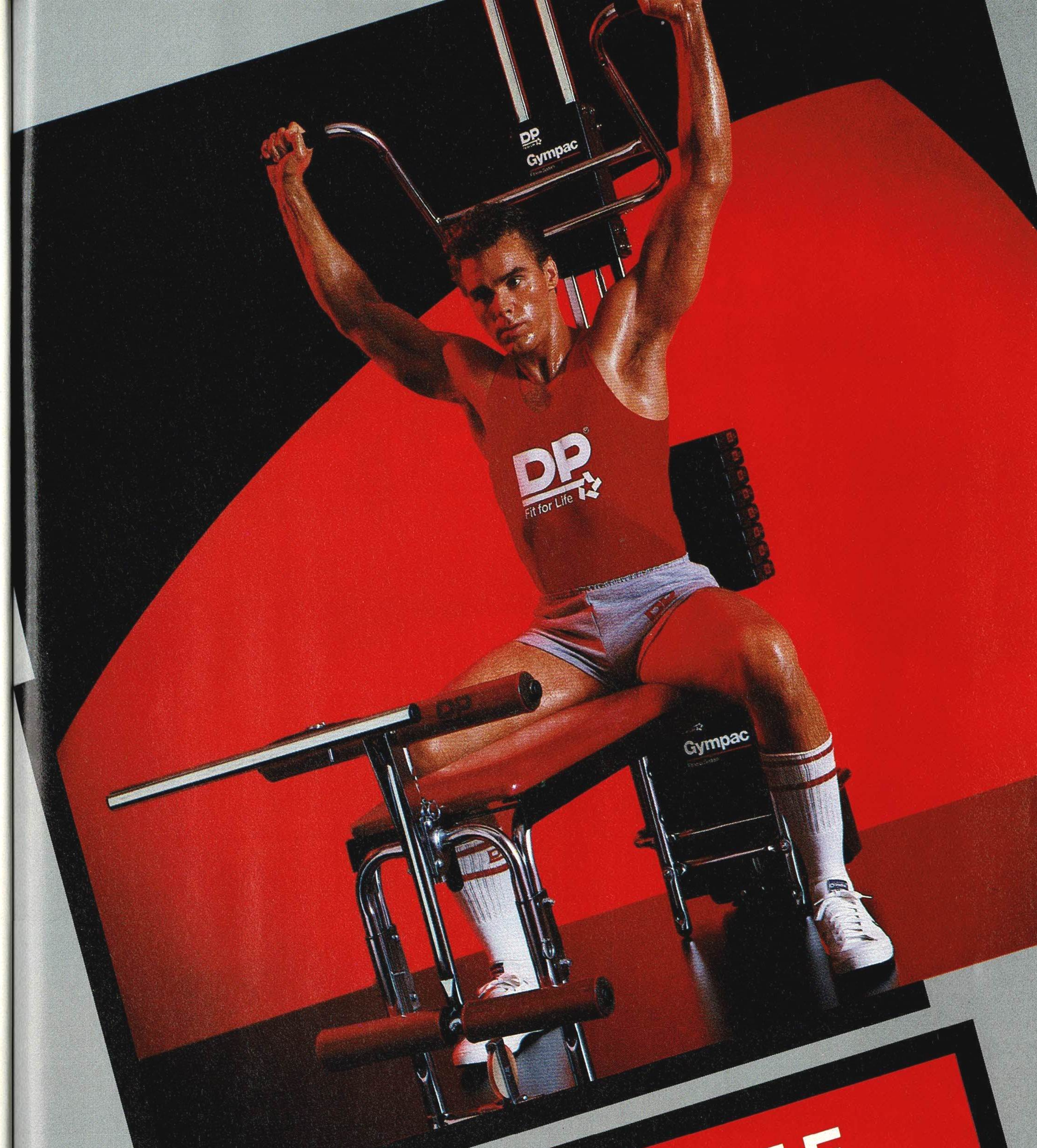
PLAYBOY: You've said, "I'm so unfashionable, it's embarrassing."

COLLINS: Yes, it's true, I suppose. The other day my friend Eric Clapton said he was going to London to buy some stage clothes and asked if I wanted to come. I said, "If I bought some nice clothes the last place I'd wear them is on stage. I just sit there and sweat in them." I don't own a pair of jeans, so it's not that I dress like a slob. And if I did, they wouldn't be tight because I just don't look great in them. So I like baggy suits. They're comfortable to wear. Sneakers are comfortable. They are the only things I can play drums in.

I did buy a lot of clothes when I was in LA recently. I guess it's Eric's influence; I mean, he wouldn't think anything of paying $500 for a pair of trousers. He's a big Visage fan. Armani and Visage. Going shopping with him means I'm going to get stuck with two or three thousand dollars worth of clothes I don't really want.

PLAYBOY: Do you own a tuxedo?

COLLINS: I bought a tuxedo because of being involved with the Prince's Trust [*a charity sponsored by Prince Charles*]. Until then I



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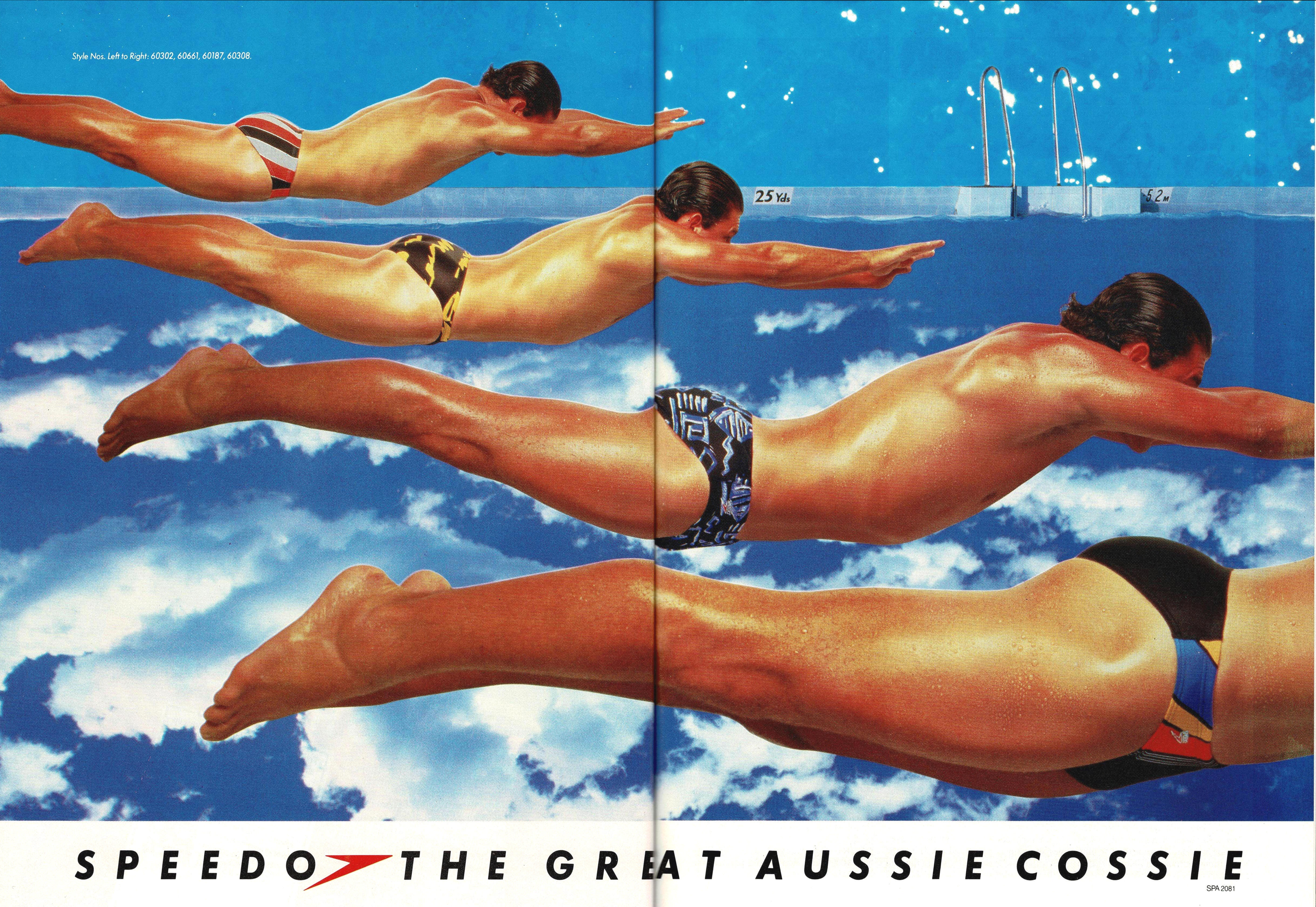
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was just wearing my wedding suit, this black wedding suit, any time I was supposed to get dressed up. I just couldn't keep wearing it. Now when I go to the Grammys and Academy Awards and stuff I've got something to wear. Anyway, all this has meant that I think about what I look like now. I never used to care. At least now I *try* to look a bit smart. It's about time, I suppose. I'm 35.

PLAYBOY: You have a thing about jackets. Your third album is called *No Jacket Required*. Where did the title come from?

COLLINS: I was on tour with Robert Plant and we were staying at the Ambassador in Chicago. We had maybe 30 rooms in the hotel and were paying these exorbitant prices. The second night I was there I went to the bar dressed fairly smart — proper trousers, not jeans, and a nice leather jacket — and I was told, "Sir, you can't come in here without a jacket." I said, "I'm wearing a jacket." So Robert just pushed the guy aside and walked through. I wasn't going to do that, I was going to stand and argue with the guy. He said, "It's not a proper jacket." To cut a long story short, I was livid. I've never been as mad in my life — well, maybe once. I thought of different things to do. Like maybe go down there wearing the right kind of jacket and ordering a drink and just pouring it on to the floor and saying, "Well, I've got a jacket on! You can't do anything to me." Maybe I should smash a few photographs on the wall, a bit of the Robert Plant attitude? I did nothing, of course.

PLAYBOY: We're on a roll here: what was the other time you got that mad?

COLLINS: I'm a nice guy. We've established that, right? [*Laughs*] Okay. We had a party at this Chinese restaurant in New York. I was leaving, walking with our security man, Ron, with my wife and two children coming behind me and, as we left, there was a pack of paparazzi photographers waiting there. This one guy wouldn't get out of the way. The security man said, "Excuse me," and the guy screamed, "Don't push me, man." Ron said something about if the guy talked to him that way he was going to have to do something, but we just sort of kept going. Then from behind I heard my wife saying, "Do you mind! Excuse me. I'm his wife!" I thought, My kids! My wife! This guy is pushing my wife and kids around. I just flipped. I went after him like a rocket through the street. I was held back or I don't know what I would have done. I was running down the street after this guy, swearing at the top of my lungs. They pushed me back and I got into the car and Jill and the kids were looking at me, scared stiff. They had never seen their dad like this. And then I started laughing, I said, "I feel fantastic." It was such a wonderful rush. This is the same photographer that Ryan O'Neal sued for $2.5 million for assault because he had done the same thing to him. It's one thing for him to try and do that to me, but when it was to my wife and kids, I went crazy. Anyway, it was wonderful.

PLAYBOY: You get your share of criticism, but you also get a lot of favorable reactions — including accolades and awards. You've led US PLAYBOY's music poll as top drummer for two years and were inducted into its Music Hall Of Fame —

COLLINS: Yes, I was very surprised and flattered by that. But don't you get anything for it? A badge or plaque or something? I got something the first year I was voted in by PLAYBOY but I don't think I got anything last year. Check it out, won't you?

PLAYBOY: We'll check with the mailroom. Anyway, on the subject of awards, your song *Against All Odds* was nominated for an Oscar in 1985. There was a controversy when you weren't asked to perform the song at the awards ceremony, wasn't there?

COLLINS: Well, it's been blown out of proportion. *Entertainment Tonight* ran a few things about it. In fact, I was a bit peeved, but that's life. That night, I was sitting in my seat and poor old Ann Reinking, who was singing the song, came in. She knew I was there and knew about all the fuss that had gone on about it. And. . . well she may be a dancer but she can't sing. She was awful. I felt sorry for her. Kenny Loggins was sitting behind me and he said, "I can't believe what they did to your song." He wasn't performing his, either, so all I could say was, "You've got yours to come, mate." There was politics behind it.

PLAYBOY: It wasn't your night. You lost to Stevie Wonder.

COLLINS: And then, to make things worse, the next day I talked to a *Rolling Stone* reporter, who asked me about it. I said, "I can't fight Stevie Wonder. He's been around too long. He's black, he's blind and he does a lot for human rights. He gets the sympathy vote anyway — and he's from LA." It's all true but there was a fuss about that, too. Larry Gelbart wrote a scathing letter to *Rolling Stone*, saying that I was a bad loser and blah, blah, blah. . . But after the whole thing, they sent me an application for membership. I thought it was a joke. So now I'm a fully paid-up member of the Academy.

PLAYBOY: And an actor to boot. One of the highest rated *Miami Vice* episodes featured you playing a game show host. How did you make that turn in your career?

COLLINS: Well, I actually started out acting as a kid. But *Miami Vice* was great fun. The script was written for me after the writers saw this bit I did on stage introducing the members of the band. I was a game show host. They tried to write all the English expressions I might say and at one point they wanted me to say, "You must take me for a right wanker." They had heard British people use the word "wanker," but they didn't know it is a word for masturbator.

In another place in the script they wanted me to hang up the phone and say, "I hope he dies impotent." I thought it wasn't the kind of thing I would say, so I told them I should hang up and say, "I hope his goolies fall off." Meaning his balls. When some producer came in from LA he told me I wasn't allowed to say it. Even though wanker was okay.

PLAYBOY: Important question: did you get to keep any of the clothes you wore on the episode?

COLLINS: I got a suit, actually. I was expecting maybe I'd end up with all those hip Don Johnson clothes, but the problem was that I was playing this tasteless cad who had terrible clothes, so apart from the suit, who would want any of the stuff? Anyway, the experience was a real breath of fresh air, to realise there is something else apart from the music that I can do.

PLAYBOY: It's not as if you haven't been asked this question, but why do you still sing with Genesis? Most singers with your solo success have long since left their groups.

COLLINS: We all find it interesting to sustain this chemistry that we have. It is a completely different experience than writing and performing solo. You see, Genesis began with this whole art rock thing, and at one point its success had as much to do with Peter Gabriel's arty stuff — the costumes and other theatrics — as anything else. The other members and I became frustrated that people were talking about what Peter wore rather than the music. It was a little bit of a step back to stop and try to get people to realise that the band was a band, and it was around then that I began singing. I have ever since.

PLAYBOY: But now that three of the band members sing solo, isn't Genesis sort of a stepchild, getting your leftovers?

COLLINS: Genesis fills a specific role. If someone told me I had to choose between Genesis and my solo career, I'd choose my solo career; I'm totally responsible for it. But I don't have to choose. I have a mind to work with Genesis now and we made the album and we'll tour for nine months and then we won't do it for a couple of years. In that time I'll work on my own stuff. It's good fun to have both. I also feel a loyalty to the band. I certainly wouldn't want to be the one to say I don't want to do this any more. But that's not the real reason I'm still in Genesis. It's because of the experience of writing with Tony and Mike, playing with them.

PLAYBOY: So you'll continue with Genesis although your solo career is more successful?

COLLINS: As long as we keep writing songs that we like, we'll keep going.

PLAYBOY: You also produce the records of a number of other singers and have toured with many people in your business. With that experience as a base, and since you're in a candid mood, will you give us some thumbnail assessments of some of your peers?

COLLINS: I'll give it a go.

PLAYBOY: Sting, and his old partners the Police?

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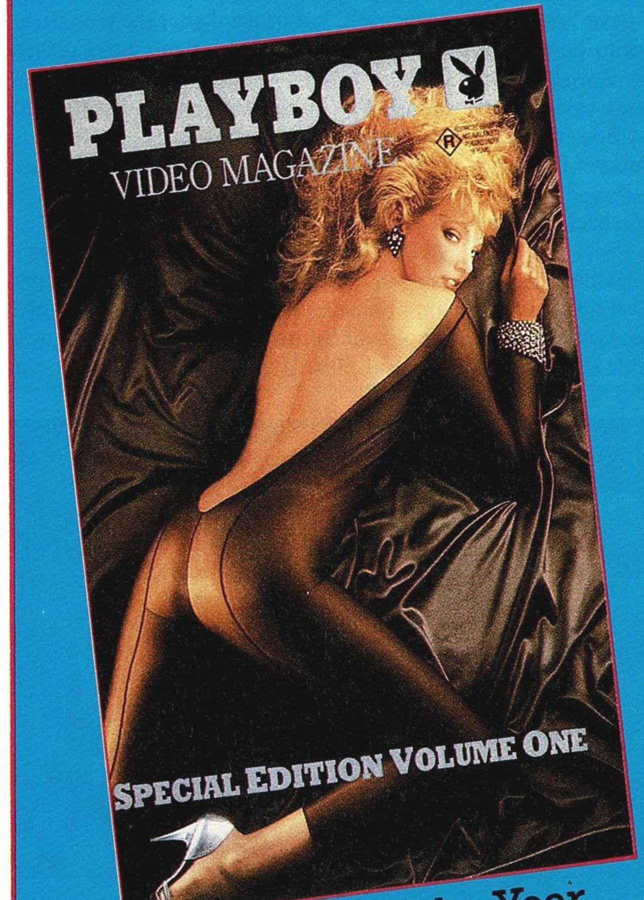

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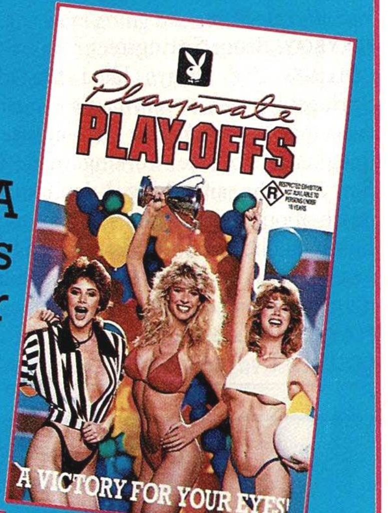

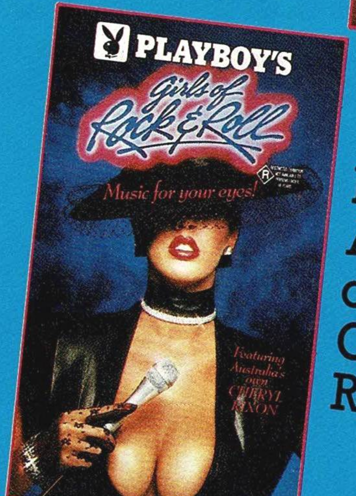

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COLLINS: A great band. That is, I *think* they're still together. They have a love-hate relationship. Depending on who you talk to, one of them is always leaving the band. Stewart Copeland is an amazing drummer. I just wish *he* didn't think he was amazing. Sting is a lovely bloke. We've become friends. I felt honored to be on stage with him at Live Aid.

PLAYBOY: Prince?

COLLINS: I'm a big fan. I just wish he wasn't quite like he is sometimes. I mean, he came to some British awards here and made his way up to the stage to get his awards with a huge bodyguard that stood there while he said, "Thanks a lot." I just think it's funny to pull that kind of thing off in the business. If you're in front of 10,000 kids screaming at you, it's one thing, but inside the business it's strange. Musically, Prince is great, though. I love his attitude. *Little Red Corvette* is a fantastic song. *Take Me With You. Purple Rain.*

PLAYBOY: Bruce Springsteen?

COLLINS: I've always liked the idea of Springsteen — everyman's music for everyman, you know: it captures the imagination of the working man. Chuck Berry did the same thing. I don't know that much about Springsteen's older songs, but I like what he stands for. *Born In The USA* is just fantastic. It has great atmosphere and it's a great song.

PLAYBOY: Madonna?

COLLINS: I've got a soft spot for Madonna. She has a lot of intensity. Maybe it's that little innocent voice and the underwear she wears.

Funny enough, I met them — Sean and Madonna. I went to see John Cougar in Los Angeles when I had my kids out with me. They are fans of his so I took them backstage after the gig and there in the corner was this couple. Simon, my son, said, "Dad, that's Madonna!" I said, "Naaaa." He said, "Da-a-ad, it is, it is, it is. Get her autograph for me! *Please.*" I collect autographs for them — I got Lionel Richie, Michael Jackson. . . Lots of others, but I said no. I was embarrassed. But the kids said, "Come on," and I finally went over to Sean Penn and said, "Hello, I'm Phil Collins." He said, "I know who you are, man." I thought he was going to hit me. I said, "Is it possible, Madonna, if you could give my kids autographs? They won't speak to me if I don't ask." So she, quite nervously, embarrassed, gave me her autograph. She didn't seem to be able to deal with it very well. Now I wish I had gotten Sean's, too, because I came away from that meeting thinking how nice she was and how nice he was, and yet I read all this stuff in the papers.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned Michael Jackson. What about him?

COLLINS: I'm a fan of Michael's. It's extraordinary that he's lived as he has lived, to have been a huge star since he was five or six. We can't have any possible idea of what he thinks like because he's never lived a normal life. I met him. He was very nice, but it was like you didn't want to touch him because he would break, you know. His story is probably a little tragic. Now he's going around with his white surgical mask on. I can't understand that at all. He doesn't want to be recognised so he wears a white surgical mask so everybody says, "There's Michael Jackson wearing a white surgical mask."

PLAYBOY: How about Boy George and Culture Club?

COLLINS: I have a lot of respect for George as an artist. I think he's a lot more than the image; I think he's cleverer than that. They had some very astute songs — *Church Of The Poisoned Mind, Karma Chameleon, Do You Really Want To Hurt Me* — although I haven't liked the last couple of albums much. Bands like that, which rely heavily on image, may be this year's thing and even next year's, but probably not the year after. I think that's what's happening to Culture Club.

PLAYBOY: You're being pretty direct here. Maybe you're not such a nice guy after all.

COLLINS: I'm going to lose a lot of friends after this, aren't I?

PLAYBOY: McCartney?

COLLINS: When McCartney has balls, he's great. There was some talk of me producing him. I liked the idea, I thought, just to get a bit of balls in the production. I'm sure he's got it in him. It's just that someone's not bringing it out. Everyone looks at McCartney and wants the Beatles, which is impossible. The Beatles were probably the best band ever. Now he wants to do what he wants to do and unfortunately that might not be what the public wants to hear.

PLAYBOY: You're just a bit younger than McCartney. Do you have a theory on where music is going today?

COLLINS: Well, we are moving away from the trend of electronic music. There were very few real musicians playing on records for a while. It was all synthesised stuff and machines and computerised sequences. Like everything, a trend comes in, everybody uses it to death and then it fades away and you keep the good stuff.

PLAYBOY: But speaking of synthesised stuff, don't you use drum machines extensively?

COLLINS: I resisted them for a long time, but sometimes their insistence, the fact that they never change, makes them work in a way real drums don't. In a sense it freed me. It changed the way I wrote. Also, the sounds you can create are almost infinite. The atmosphere on *In The Air* is from the drum machine. So, yes, I love drum machines.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the influence of MTV on music?

COLLINS: Well, records that otherwise were very average have been coupled with good visuals and given a lot of exposure, so some mediocre records have sunk in and become hits. I don't like the idea that a video ties up someone's image of what the music is. In the old days you used to buy a record — the old days; I mean a few years ago — and you'd listen to it, maybe look at the sleeve while you were listening. Your own imagination was working. Television takes that away from you. Worse, most of the time the image isn't even the band's idea. But videos are a necessary evil now. If you don't make a video, it cuts into your sales.

PLAYBOY: You made a huge splash on television with your appearance at the Live Aid concert last year when you flew 10,000 kilometres by Concorde to appear in both England and America. How did that happen?

COLLINS: It all happened sort of by accident. When I was asked to do the gig I didn't know what to do. I told them, "Listen, I'll play drums with anybody." Sting rang me up and said he thought we should do something together. Then, somewhere along the line, it was worked out that it was possible for someone to get on the Concorde and perform at both gigs. Originally Duran Duran were going to go on in England and then, since the members are the same, Power Station were going to be on in the States. They all chickened out. By default I was the only one who did it. I didn't just want to go over and play my songs again. I bumped into Robert Plant and he asked me, "Do you think you could get me on the Live Aid thing? Wouldn't it be fun if I got Jimmy Page to do it and you could play drums and we could do the old Led Zeppelin songs?" I told him to call Bill Graham. The answer was yes. They wanted me there early to rehearse the old Zeppelin songs, but I couldn't make it and I told them, "Listen, I know the songs. I know them backwards and forwards. . ." Well, that day the tempos were all over the place and it may have seemed like it was my fault because I was the one who hadn't rehearsed, but I would pledge to my dying day that it wasn't me. In fact it was Tony Thompson who was racing a bit; he was a bit nervous, I guess. It came off because of the magic of being Zeppelin, but I remember in the middle of the thing I actually thought, How do I get out of here?

PLAYBOY: What was the point of the Concorde trip?

COLLINS: It was like threading the two events together which, in retrospect, I think it did. On the plane all these elderly Americans were going back to New York for the weekend going, "What's going on here?" Before we landed, they were all caught up in the thing. Cher was on the plane, wondering what all the fuss was about. She thought it was for her [*laughs*] so she apparently locked herself in the bathroom, put on her wig and tarted herself up [*laughing*] and came out and I went up to her halfway through the journey and said, "How are you doing?" I explained the Live Aid thing and said, "Why don't you come?" She said okay and later that night she was on

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television singing *We Are The World*.

In New York, they got immigration on the plane — something they apparently don't even do for royalty — and I was in a helicopter and arrived in Philadelphia about half an hour before Eric was on, then I was on and then Zeppelin. It was an amazing day. At the end of it I was back in New York and I was thinking, What's been going on today? I was in London this morning and performed with all those people and Eric just introduced me to Dylan and Keith Richard and Ronnie Wood and I performed in America and then I played with Led Zeppelin doing *Stairway To Heaven* and now I'm back in New York and tomorrow I go back home again. It was extraordinary. . .

PLAYBOY: This all started with Bob Geldof's *Do They Know It's Christmas* session in London, the first Band Aid event. How did that one trigger off this new wave of political concerts?

COLLINS: There was a report about famine in Africa that was on British television. It took people by storm here. People were in the middle of eating dinner and suddenly there was this mass starvation on television. Everyone was up in arms about it. Geldof rang up the next day. He said, "It's disgusting. We have to do something. I want to make a record and we need a famous drummer." Two weeks later, I went to the studio for the session. It was phenomenal. There were about 60 bands. I think I was the oldest one there. Youch. . . So we were all just waiting to do our bit. When it came time for the drums it was embarrassing because I had the drum kit set up in the middle of the room and everybody was like standing there watching. It took two takes. At the end of it everyone stood up and applauded and it was all over so quickly. The best moments happen like that, I think. They mixed it that night and the next morning it was on the radio, the next week it was number one and the rest is history, as it were.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about the controversies around Band Aid — the warring factions, the questions about the money getting through. . . ?

COLLINS: The events have had such a high profile that it is obvious that the money is being carefully controlled and dispersed. Unfortunately, the governments in Africa are putting barriers up. The only thing that annoyed me was the difference between the American version of Live Aid and the British one. In England, if you wanted a cup of tea you made it yourself. If you wanted a sandwich, you bought it. In typical American style, at the American concert there were laminated tour passes and champagne and caviar. I don't doubt anyone's moral commitment to the cause, but the caviar just didn't jibe for me.

PLAYBOY: Yet you've never written overtly political songs.

COLLINS: Generally that's true, although a song like *A Long, Long Way To Go* is a political statement. It just doesn't come naturally for me to write like that. I feel that my music is helping in another way — helping people understand more about other people. That's really more what I do best. I'm not politically motivated. I don't even vote. I have pretty strong views of what's right and wrong, though. There's so much to do, but for me that doesn't mean writing political songs. I write personal songs.

PLAYBOY: In *In The Air*, you're essentially confessing that the person you're singing to left you for someone else.

COLLINS: People ask me, "Aren't you embarrassed? You're putting your private life out for all the world to see." It's like I oughtn't to let people see that I was hurt, that I cry, that I do unmanly things. But I'm not embarrassed by it.

PLAYBOY: The lyric goes, "It's all been a pack of lies." Just how autobiographical was that?

COLLINS: I don't want to talk about details. All of that was reflecting on the split-up of my first marriage, but that's all I want to say about it. It's not fair to my ex-wife, who has her own side to all of this and now has a life of her own and is very happy, and it's not fair to my wife, Jill, who has been living with me for six or seven years now. We have our own life now and we're very happy.

PLAYBOY: Okay, but the pain of splitting up, of loss, is a theme in a lot of your music.

COLLINS: There's more to write about, obviously, when you've been through something that affects you deeply. I can say that much. It opens you up, your spectrum becomes wider. It's a big step for me to be able to express it.

In a lot of my most personal songs, I am saying I had no way of getting in touch. They are like letters. A lot of the songs, particularly on *Face Value*, obviously come from that experience of loss, as do some songs from the other albums: *Why Can't It Wait Until Morning, It Don't Matter To Me, I Can't Believe It's True*. The last song is specifically about after the emotional thing has died down, and he has to start dealing with the reality of the situation; he's frantically trying to dig himself out of a hole. *Do You Care* has the same theme, but it was actually written in broad, general terms: "You said you did but you didn't. You said you would but you couldn't. Do you really care or what?" But as for *In The Air*, that was the opposite; it was born of passion. I honestly don't know where it comes from, exactly what it's about.

PLAYBOY: How do you begin a song?

COLLINS: Usually with a rhythm. These days I always use a drum machine, as you point out. The rhythm can set the whole thing up for me, set the whole mood. I just put on the drum machine and start mucking about. For instance, I had a tempo in mind — I was thinking of one of the Jacksons' songs, actually — when I strung a chorus on it. The line *One More Night* just fit what I was playing. The rest of the song was written very quickly.

PLAYBOY: Besides your writing and singing, and the occasional foray into acting, you've made a mark as a producer of other artists' work — from Eric Clapton to Adam Ant. What's the attraction of working behind the scenes when you've had so much limelight?

COLLINS: At heart, I'm still a fan of people. If someone like Eric Clapton or Philip Bailey asks me to produce them, I'm completely flattered. It's like I couldn't say no. I learn a lot, too. There's another aspect, particularly for the lesser known performers. I really liked John Martyn, an English blues musician, who was going to make a record. I sort of felt I understood his music. So I wanted in there basically because I didn't want anyone else in there fucking it up. With Eric Clapton, well, Eric has been one of my best friends for some time and one day he just called me up. I was blown away by it. "My God, Eric Clapton wants me to produce him." Even though we're best mates, he's still Eric Clapton. I used to play Cream songs in my school band. Anyway, the fashion of music keeps changing, and people like Eric sort of get left behind a bit in people's minds, if nothing else. I saw producing his records as an opportunity of making people realise that this guy is still a fantastic guitar player and he's got a great voice. It's not as if he was then and he's not now.

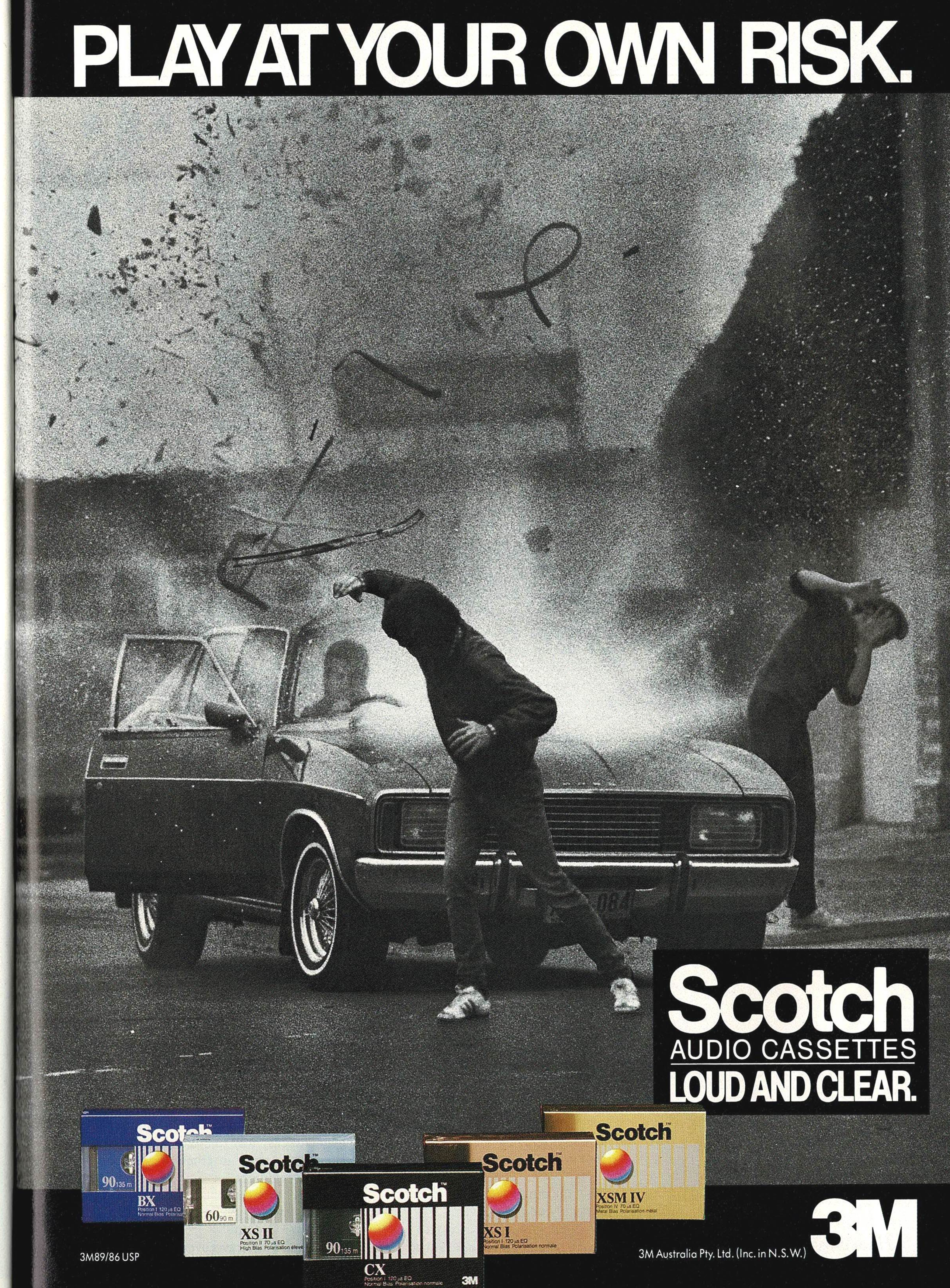
PLAYBOY: You also produced Philip Bailey and co-wrote his hit *Easy Lover*. Interesting that a white Englishman could become a producer for a black musician.

COLLINS: It was a real struggle. Bailey got a lot of flack for being produced by someone who is white. There was this paranoia that the album would not be played by black stations. In this business you find out that there is more racism on the other side of the fence than on the white side. They didn't want to know about me because I'm white. We did it, though, and broke down some of those walls. *Easy Lover* was a black and a pop hit and my song *Sussudio* was a number three record on the black charts as a result of the thing being opened up by *Easy Lover*. The race thing is not great on either side. If you're Prince or Lionel Richie you can get played on MTV, but not many other black artists can. The reason I was on the video for *Easy Lover* was because I knew that it wouldn't be shown if it was just Philip Bailey. Barriers will break down as there is more crossover, but they are slow to break down. Me and Bailey working together, McCartney and Stevie Wonder or Michael Jackson. . .

PLAYBOY: Are there others you would like to produce?

COLLINS: I've been asked to produce Tony Williams and Buddy Rich, each very interesting projects. I'd like to produce Aretha Franklin; I love her voice. And Steve Winwood for the same reason. Julian

(continued on page 84)



FIRST DATES

Oh, the horror, the horror of travelling once more into the heart of Saturday night.

Humor by BRUCE FEIRSTEIN

IT WAS WEDNESDAY and I was still single.

When I was with somebody, I only wanted to be alone. And when I was alone, I only wanted to be with somebody. And now I sat in this apartment, getting lonelier every day.

Getting softer.

Getting weaker.

I needed a purpose.

I needed a date.

•

"Is it true," my mate Jerry asked me over lunch, "you once dated a Colleen Holden and never asked her out again because she used the word 'we' 61 times during your first date? As in, 'We should make plans for Christmas.' Or 'We have to get tickets to see INXS.' Is it not true that at the end of the date you stood up and said, 'I don't know about *we*, but *I* am going home'?"

Yes, it was true. You learn never to trust anybody who uses the word "we" too often — unless it's to say, "We'll jump off that bridge when we come to it." It's the same way you never trust anyone who ever refers to old girlfriends or boyfriends as lovers — as in, "My last lover took me skiing in Switzerland." These are people you don't want to be in the same country with, let alone the same bed.

I faced Jerry. He handed me a chicken leg. His pronouncement was swift and fast.

"I've found you a date, mate," he announced.

Shit.

We all knew what that meant.

Drinks after work. If we liked each other, dinner. I'd told old Jerry I wanted a date and now I had one. The only problem was which night to ask her out. Friday night is the weekend. Too much pressure. Saturday night is worse. Sunday night I do my ironing. Monday everybody's tired. Thursday is too close to Friday.

But. . . shit. Here it was Thursday, and I was still single. It would have to be Friday night. I told Jerry I would do it.

Her name was Katherine.

•

I rang the number Jerry handed me.

Shit. . . A woman answered.

"Let's meet for lunch," she said.

We both knew the game: lunch is less dangerous than dinner. It's got a time limit. You can always cut it short by claiming you have to be back at the office — either to fix a nuclear reactor, recall BMWs, or maybe just have a meeting with Holmes a Court.

"How about dinner?" I countered, trying to make light of it. "I don't know about you, but I can't take a date seriously unless it starts after the sun's gone down."

"Fair enough," she laughed.

For a moment I debated asking where she wanted to eat.

I was going to ask out of courtesy. I was going to ask because these are the '80s, and women should have equal say in how they spend their time.

But somehow these things always get turned around. You come off as weak. And indecisive.

And although nobody's masculinity should rise and fall on things like who chooses the restaurant, or who makes the dinner reservations, I've learned one thing: there are times when a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do.

And this was one of them.

"We'll eat at Eddie's," I told her. It was a small place near the beach. Not too cheap, not too expensive. The last thing you want to do is take somebody to one of those seven-course, expense-account extravaganzas with a fake French maitre d', a menu that features things like "braised ribs of baby baboon pizza *en croute*", and prices that could break a Swiss bank. There's already enough pressure on a first date; putting your life's savings on the table is only going to make the woman feel as though you expect some kind of tangible return on your investment at the end of the night.

"Eddie's is great," she said. "I'll meet you there."

"Negative," I told her. This was another game we both understood: separate cars. Separate destinations when dinner was over. An easy way to avoid those awkward late-night scenes in front of somebody's house at midnight.

"I have a better idea," I told her. "There are only two of us. So why don't we take *three* cars? Or four?"

If a smirk can travel over the phone wires,

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

hers certainly went all the way.

"You win," she said.

"I'll pick you up at 8 o'clock."

And now I stood there, outside her door, ready to ring the bell.

The only problem was that it was only seven. I had to circle the block for another hour.

Shit.

There are times when a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do — and I wished this wasn't one of them.

So I cruised the neighborhood for an hour. I stopped at McDonald's and accidentally spilled a large lemonade on my tie. I parked the car, took the flowers and moved to her door. I rang the bell, and. . .

"Coming!"

Shit.

It was now 8 o'clock on Friday and I was still single.

I'd asked for a date, and I'd got one. And now I was sure I wasn't dressed right.

I wasn't tall enough.

My pants were too short.

My shoes were wrong.

My tie was stained.

And Lord only knew what kind of horror lurked on the other side of that door.

"Coming! I'll be there in a sec!"

I wanted to terminate the date right there and then — with extreme prejudice. But there was no turning back.

"It's nice to meet you," she said, opening the door.

Somehow, she wasn't what I expected. She was tall, with wavy dark hair, baby-powder dimpled cheeks, hazel eyes and the faintest of two beauty marks just in front of her left ear.

She was pretty.

And at the first glimpse of her, my worst suspicions were confirmed: I wasn't dressed right. I wasn't tall enough. My pants were too short. And I was going to burn those damn shoes as soon as I got home.

FRIGHT NIGHT

Why there is nothing more terrifying than a first date:

No catastrophe, natural or man-made, is cumulatively more stressful. Consider the following:

- **You don't have to dress nicely for a hijacking.**
- **You don't have to be on your best behavior during an earthquake.**
- **You don't have to be funny and charming during a plane crash.**
- **You don't have to be punctual for a mugging.**

And let's face it:

- **All of these things happen by surprise; nobody calls you up a week in advance and invites you out to an apocalypse, now do they?**

Exposing my tie, I handed her the flowers.

"These are so sweet," she said.

"Chivalry isn't dead," I joked. "It's just been in a coma."

She laughed and brought me into the living-room with a wave of her hand. "I'll be ready in a minute," she said. "Make yourself at home while I finish up in the bathroom."

Had she noticed my tie? I didn't think so.

Left alone, I began to survey the apartment: no, there were no copies of *Bride* on the coffee table; the bookshelves were filled with real books, not art history books left over from high school, and a Coppertone-stained edition of *Hollywood Wives*. There was even a copy of the *Bulletin* on the coffee table. I took all of this as a good sign. It's always interesting to spend time with someone who expresses a passing interest in the world around them; it gives you something to talk about while you're waiting for the lights to change on the freeways.

"There's a Fourex in the fridge," she called out.

I smiled, trying to avoid looking at my tie in the mirror. I started to contemplate some of the truly great mysteries of 20th century contemporary society:

— Why is it that you can give a woman six weeks' notice for a date, and she'll still only be putting on her make-up when you arrive at the door?

— Why is it that you can give a man a year's notice for a date, and he still won't begin to get dressed until it's six minutes before it's time to leave?

— Why can't I have money for nothing and chicks for free?

The minutes ticked by. I had time to think about why you should always check out a woman's apartment on a first date.

It's called the furniture test. There's almost nothing more important than seeing how somebody lives.

Is the apartment still decorated like a boarding school dormitory? Are there stuffed animals on the beanbags? Is she still sitting on mum's hand-me-down lounge? Are the records still stacked in plastic milk crates, and the bookshelves made from wooden planks on bricks?

If this is the case, get out quickly. If somebody hasn't been able to grow up *without* you, the prognosis for making them grow up *with* you is not good.

And if your own apartment looks like this, keep one thing in mind: middle-aged adolescence is not an attractive sight.

"I'm ready," she said, walking out of the bathroom.

She looked more than beautiful: she was stunning. Katherine took my arm, and we walked into the twilight. The city lights twinkled.

The air was frangipani. As I started the car, I knew we were into the hardest part of the journey.

THE GREATEST LIES OF FIRST DATES

1. "It happened a long time ago, and I'm over her/him."
2. "My apartment never looks like this."
3. "She's your *daughter*! My God! I could have sworn you two were sisters."
4. "It's up to you. I don't care where we eat."
5. "I've never been here before."
6. "I don't usually act like this."
7. "Don't worry. Everybody mispronounces words in a French restaurant."
8. "You're not fat."
9. "No. Really. You look fine."
10. "I've never told this to anybody before."
11. "I never listen to my mother."
12. "Money doesn't mean that much to me."
13. "I'm 29. I skipped two grades in primary school."
14. "Has anybody ever told you that you're beautiful?"
15. "No, you're the first."
16. "I *really do* like sleeping alone."
17. "I'd love to stay over, but I have a meeting in the morning."
18. "I had a great time."
19. "I'll call you."
20. "I never sleep with anybody on a first date."
21. "When I meet somebody, I'll stop smoking."

At 10 o'clock, Katherine and I were finishing our first bottle of wine. We both avoided ordering anything with garlic or onions, although I did stare in disbelief as the waiter announced the day's special was "braised ribs of baby baboon pizza *en croute*". The waiter brought us another bottle of wine, and. . .

"I hate dating."

"No. *I* hate dating."

"I hate dating more than you do."

"Nobody could hate dating more than I do."

"I hate dating more than anything in the *world*."

"I'd rather have a root canal dental treatment than go on a date."

The date was going wonderfully. We'd hit it off. The food was perfect. The wine vintage. Neither of us started making plans to spend Christmas together in Bali; she didn't notice the stain on my tie until I pointed it out to her.

"I'm sorry I sounded so crazy on the phone," she said. "It's just that I've been out on so many dates. . ." she ran her finger around the edge of the wine glass, groping

(continued on page 98)

Long time coming

Our popular Miss September 1985, Shannon Long, is back. And according to reader response, it's not a moment too soon.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

Our local postman didn't care for us much, we suspect, around the last three months of 1985. Not only was he dealing with the usual deluge of Christmas mail, but he had to drag around sacks of letters from Australian PLAYBOY readers who'd been so, well, moved by our Miss September, Shannon Long, that they'd decided to write in and let us know we'd come up with one heck of a Playmate. Mind you, we knew that already. The petite, powerfully attractive Shannon won our hearts, too, and we were delighted when she agreed to pose for a follow-up pictorial.

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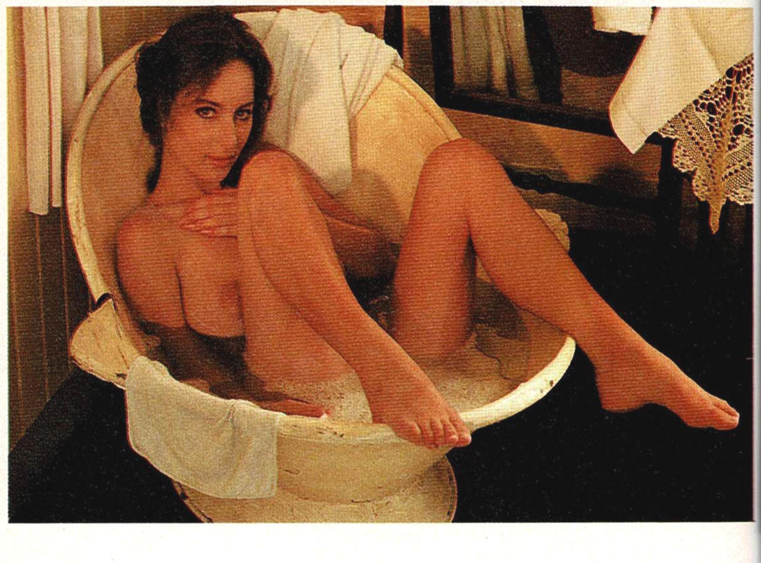
71
BISC

Shannon hails from the NSW country town of Ballina but in the past 12 months she's moved around the east coast doing lots of modelling assignments and photographic work. At the moment she's working on the Gold Coast. "I like the easy lifestyle there," says Shannon. "And the beach is never far away, which is a real bonus as I love swimming and lazing on the sand." Photographer Bob Watson chose a country theme for Shannon's shoot to highlight her natural beauty and soft, feminine aura. "I'm still a homebody," smiles Shannon. "I remember saying that when I was interviewed for my Playmate pictorial. But nothing much has changed. I've met a lot of new people in the past year, I've had lots of exciting work assignments, but basically I'm the same girl. I like the simple things in life the best."



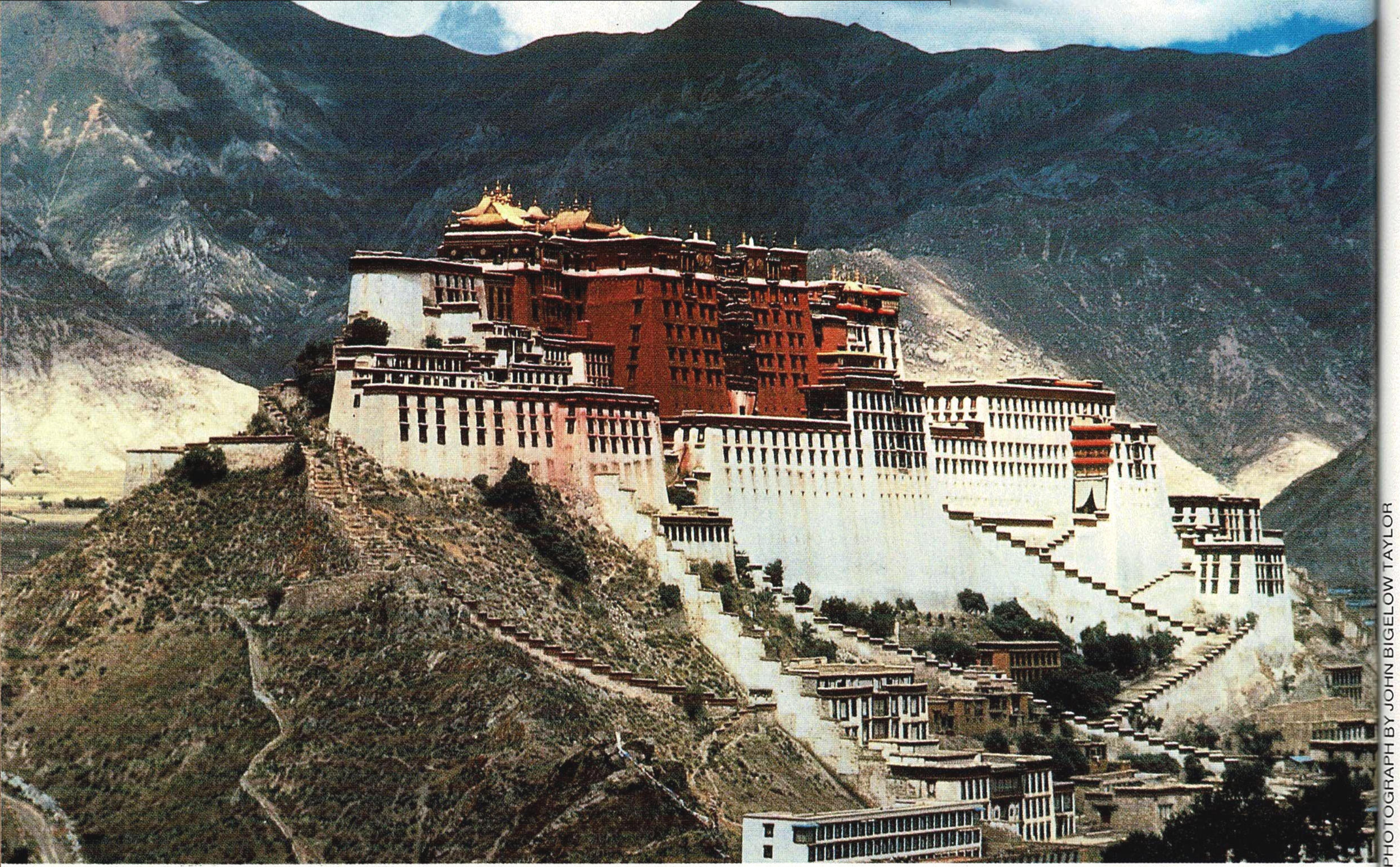
Adventure by **Danny Rose**

Reaching the heights of ecstasy in remote, romantic Tibet.

ROMANCE on the roof of the world

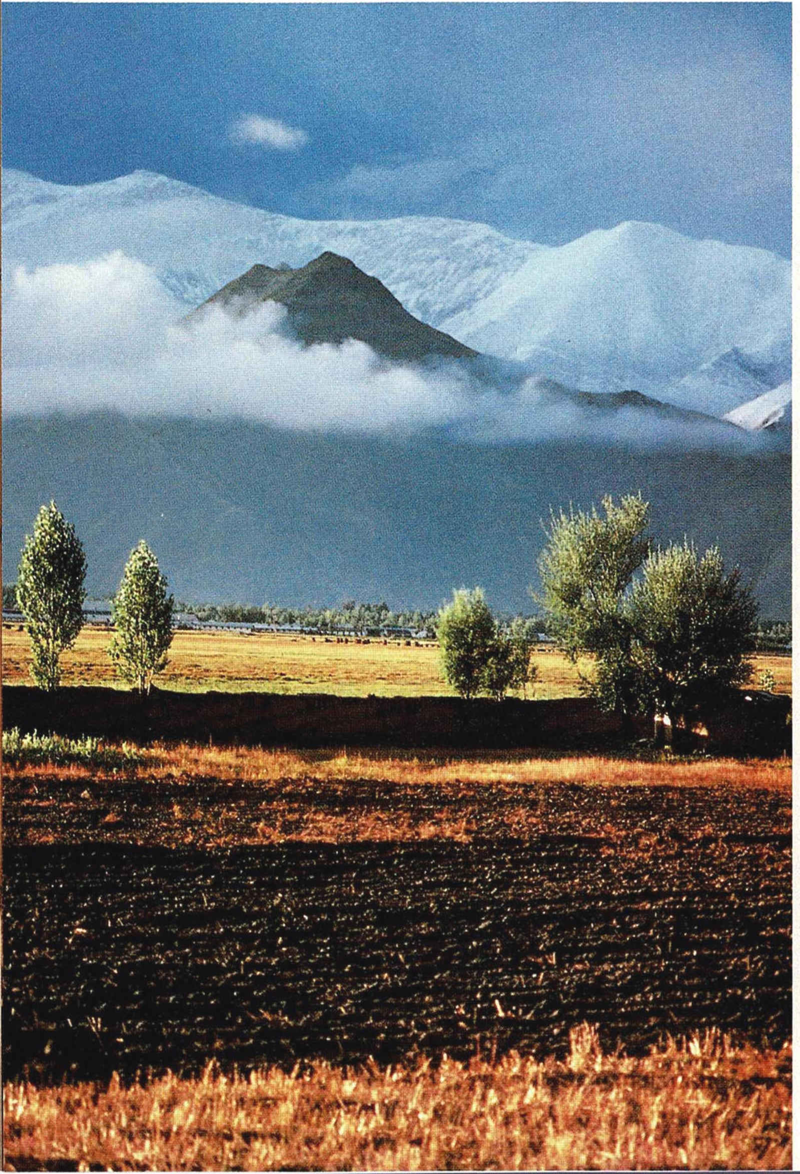
Want to know how far away Tibet is? Tibet is so far away that this is how Tibetans say hello: they stick out their tongues. This is how they say goodbye: for a funeral, they take your carcass to a mountaintop, chop it into bite-size chunks and toss them to the

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN BIGELOW TAYLOR

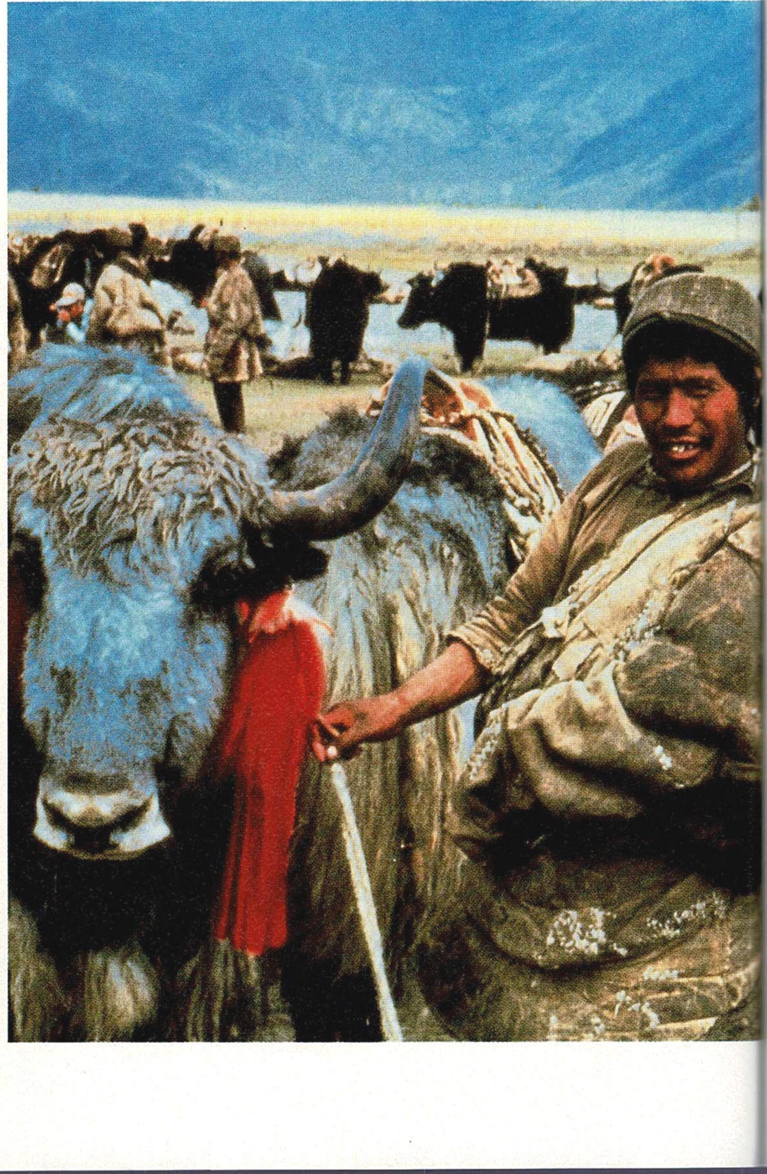


PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN BIGELOW TAYLOR

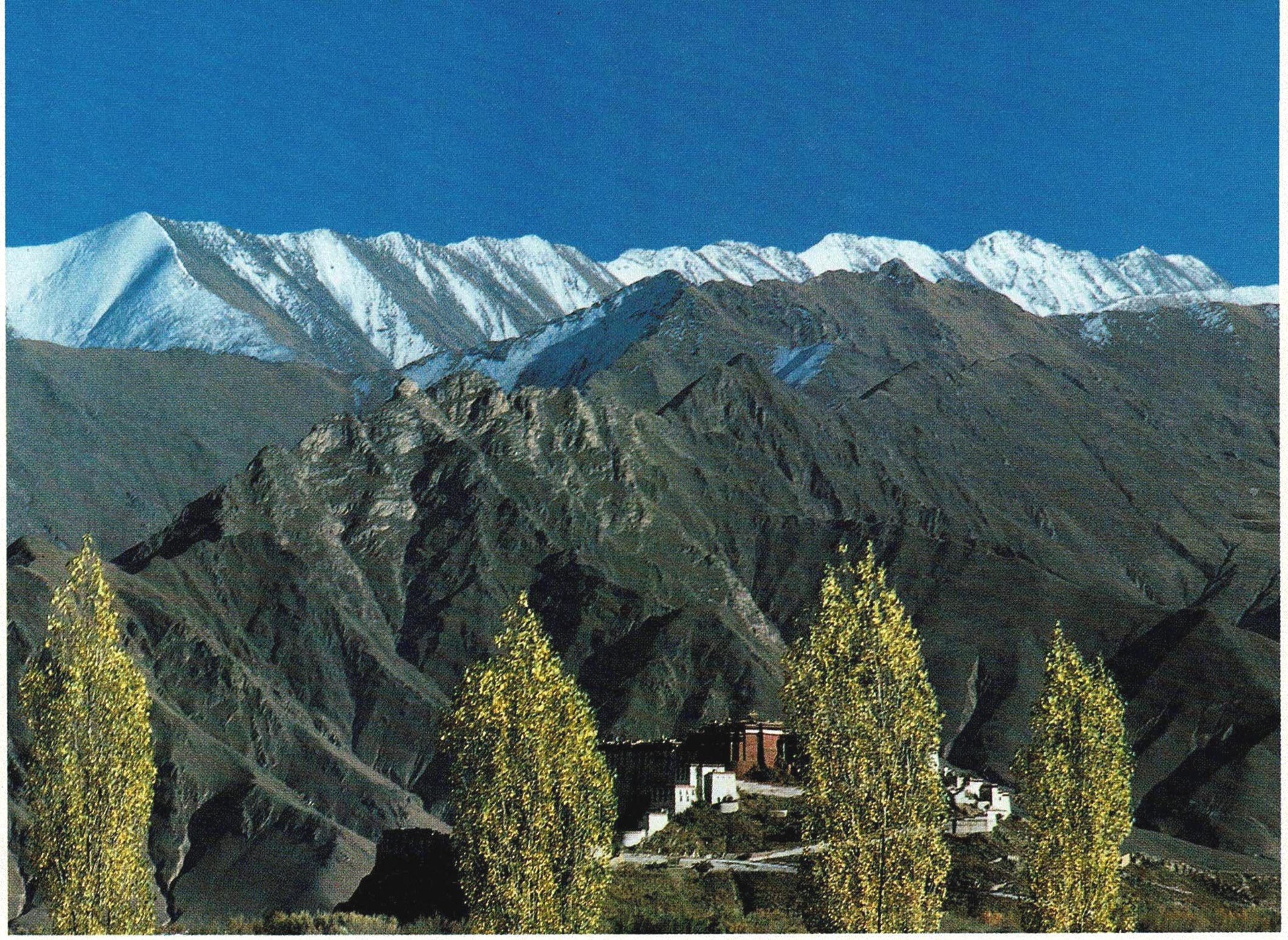
Above: The Potala, the 1000-room palace of the now exiled Dalai Lama, in the forbidden city of Lhasa. Below left: The countryside of Tibet, with snow-capped peaks rising 7000m in the distance. Below right: A typical herdsman with his yak in a field outside Shigatse.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN BIGELOW TAYLOR



COURTESY INTER-PACIFIC TOURS INTERNATIONAL



PHOTOGRAPH BY EVERETT POTTER

The Potala seen through the shimmering green of the poplar trees in the Lhasa Valley.

vultures in a rite known as "celestial burial". They drink beer made solely from barley, for God's sake. They eat yak. But they are also one of the loveliest people on the globe, and being there could be the most romantic time of your life.

Yes, I know. You're not supposed to think romance when it comes to the Never Never Land of Tibet. You're supposed to get a spiritual flush in your cheek, a mystical gleam in your eye reflecting the fact that it's the "roof of the world", five kays atop the Himalayas, that there are few guide books (the Lonely Planet publishing people have just discovered it), and that it's the last frontier for travellers on a sacred quest to spy the former home of the Buddhist god-king Dalai Lama. And I hasten to say that I feel devout and cleansed, too, just *mentioning* the place. But lust is not out of the question, either. After all, it *was* the setting for James Hilton's romance *Lost Horizon*. And after all, the people's saint *is* a chap by the name of Drukpa Kunley who wielded his "Flaming Thunderbolt Of Wisdom" in the 1500s not only to deflower all the native virgins but to spread enlightenment at the same time, initiating all and sundry into "the divine sanity of sexual play". Indeed.

As if that weren't enough, Tibetan men have the most direct gaze in the East, Tibetan women wear taps on their shoes (as Spaniards and Far Easterners know, taps can be a turn-on) and to top it off, Tibet's got the brightest Milky Way to be seen by mortal man. How unholy can it be to talk of love in a place as sacramental as this?

I put it to you directly. If you have a sense of romance that is liberated enough to border just this side of the bizarre, there is little that is finer than holding hands with your new girlfriend on some of the trickier Himalayan passes, then ascending breathless to view ancient erotic statuary by flashlight. . . or the two of you taking shelter from a dust storm in bed under a quilt so snug you'll swear it's an X-ray blanket. . . or bouncing around together on a river the color of jade in a boat made of stretched yak skins under a sky more full of shooting stars than anywhere else on earth. . .

Without further ado, then — especially since some medical scientists are beginning to suspect an increase in human sexuality at high altitudes — here is everything you need to know about travelling with love in your heart to the most remote spot on earth: How To Keep The Spark Alive At 5000m.

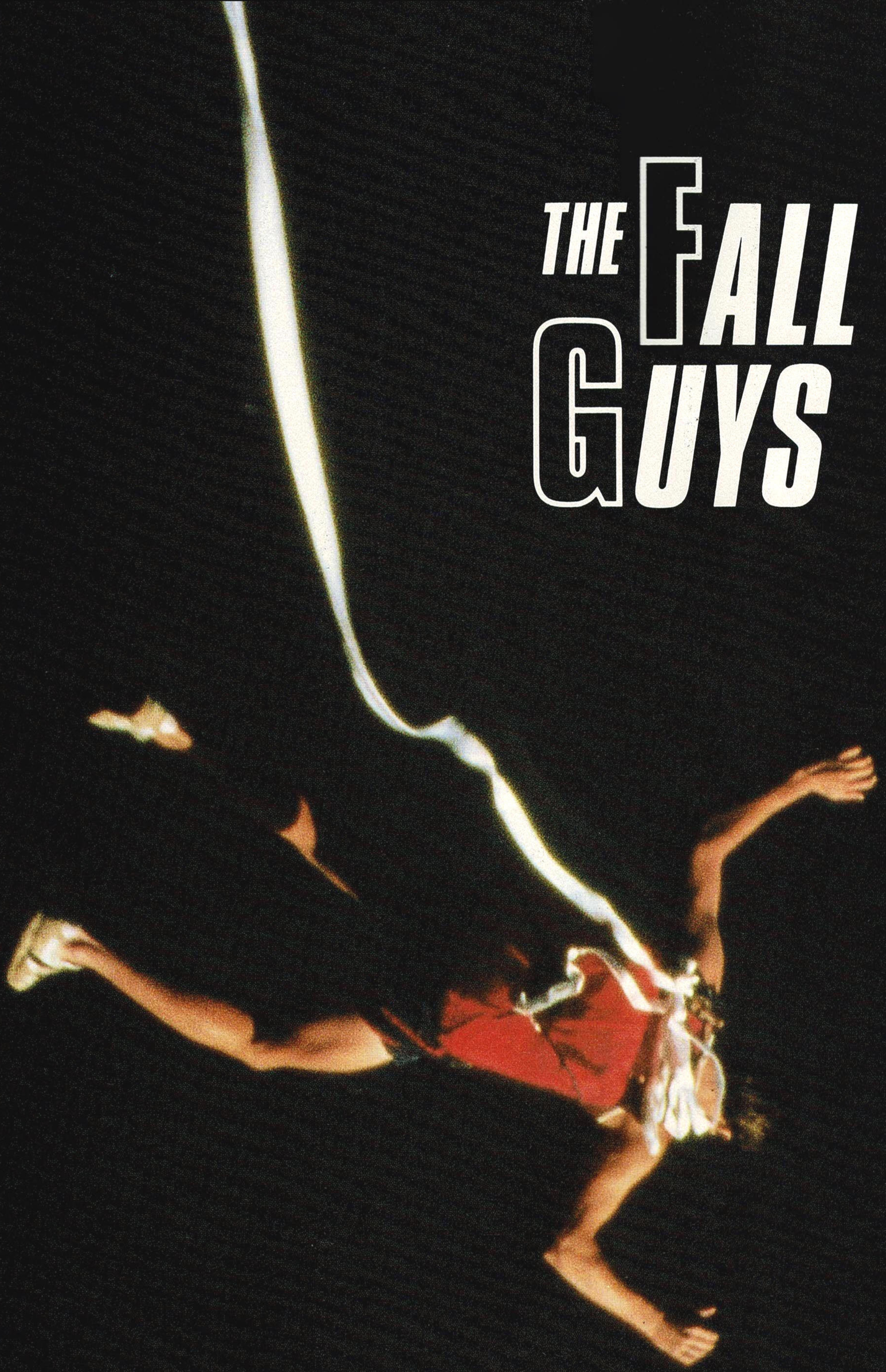
GETTING THERE. International flights to Beijing/Shanghai have come a long way in the past two years. China's national airline, CAAC, now features scented bathrooms, flight attendants adept with the champagne bottle, and passengers who no longer expectorate into their sickness bags. The food isn't bad, either — provided you understand that earth food was never meant to be eaten in the sky, no matter which airline you're flying. Domestic flights are another story, however: flying to the Forbidden City of Lhasa from the nearest Chinese city of Chengdu, all bets are off, unless you're in it for the spectacle. You take off at dawn (assuming the one flight daily hasn't been cancelled due to winds), then ascend at an unheard-of angle for three hours while these *peaks* stick out from the blanket of clouds below. Rumor has it that Lhasa may soon be more accessible by way of Kathmandu, Nepal, which is closer — spitting distance over the Himalayas, or two days as the crow flies, if crows could fly that high.

MOOD ON ARRIVAL. Even if you think you haven't a romantic bone left in your body, after being deposited on the airport tarmac you will not fail to notice almost at once the mysterious Tibetan serenity, particularly as there's no building there to divert your attention. Perhaps it has to do with the aspen leaves shaking silently in the rarefied breathless air, or the thousands of playfully peaceful sparrows, but more likely it's the quality of light which is cleaner than anything you've ever breathed before. Pollution-free. There's also a huge temperature drop when you step in a shadow, and this combination of strong sunlight and soft air adds up, within a very few hours, to nothing less than a reawakening of the sensual powers. No question about it, you're high, afloat on the finest air this planet has to offer.

THE QUESTION OF ALTITUDE. You're high, all right, and when the *valleys* are at 12,000 feet, funny things start happening. You find yourself taking tiny mincing steps through the crispy leaves on the ground to the accompaniment of all those sparrows and

(continued on page 112)

PHOTOGRAPH BY MIKE TIMEWELL



THE FALL GUYS

The freaky sport of base-jumping takes off Down Under.

Adventure by **NICK CARROLL**

WHEN A 39-YEAR-OLD Aussie parachutist Ray Williams had his one truly major parachute accident back in 1971, he needed therapy to help him regain full use of his voice. Now, when he's being serious, the words come slowly, evenly and with great emphasis. And he slams a fist into an open hand, too, to underscore the point.

"I was so scared. . . I knew what I was going to do and how I was going to do it. But my body was telling me other things. I could *not* control the reactions in my body. I was aware of it, I was even amused by my body's reaction. . . it was a very strange experience. Know what I mean? There I was, mentally in control, but my body was *shit-scared*!"

Ray looks around the room, and his mates all nod solemnly, coolly. Being shit-scared is something they all know about; and when Williams, a veteran with 21 years jumping experience, says he's scared, they know he's not kidding.

Because in the freaky, on-edge, just slightly illicit branch of parachuting they inhabit known as base-jumping, there are plenty of opportunities for fear — and, if you come unstuck, the Big Dive itself.

•

The word "base" in base-jumping is really an acronym, formed from the four great challenges of this truly extreme activity — building, aerial, span and earth. The dedicated base-jumper's mission is to take a flying leap from the summit of objects described under the headings, such as skyscrapers, signal towers, bridges and cliffs, and head for the ground, with — if everything goes to plan — parachute firmly attached.

The Book Of Parachuting Folklore records base-jumping's first glorious moment in December 1783 when a man named Sebastian Lenormand jumped from an observatory tower in Montpellier, France. This was perhaps a month after the first officially recognised jump out of a hot-air balloon, and the idea was to demonstrate the use of parachutes as a possible means of escape from burning buildings.

The idea didn't take off, perhaps because in those far-off days the parachutes were even less reliable than the balloons.

Since then the aeroplane has come to pass and modern sport-parachuting (*not* to be confused with base-jumping) has, through exhaustive research and development of ever-newer canopies, fail-safe systems, reserves and jumping techniques, grown to be a remarkably safe sport. Even things such as tandem parachuting and canopy relative work — in which one parachutist plants himself above another until a big drifting stack of brightly colored chutes is formed, cruising along thousands of feet up — are possible now. Just 20 years ago such things would have been laughed off parachute drop zones worldwide.

Parachute federations were formed in different countries, competitions run and most parachutists grooved on new toys such as the Ram-air rectangular wing-type chute, content to keep to freefall from 3000m.

Some, however, were looking for something extra, that little twist that would take the sport some way further down the thrill track. They ended up — and plenty *did*, and do, *literally* end up — base-jumping.

Now base-jumping has its particular dangers, dangers which set it well apart from sport-parachuting. Dangers which have led some of Australia's biggest parachuting guns, not to mention the police, to condemn basing as foolhardy and irresponsible — even a little crazy.

For a start, most base objects are a lot closer to the ground than you'd ever jump out of a plane. This means if you haven't developed special techniques in parachute packing and even jumping, the parachute may not open — which, in many base-jumps, leaves scant time to use a reserve.

You also run the risk of being blown or somehow turned back into the object itself, thus creaming you or the chute or both, any of which could result in tragedy.

Finally, you need a safe place to land, which, near a big city block or some godawful great grey cliff out in the middle of nowhere, can be harder than it sounds.

That is a crude enough summation of the risks involved in base-jumping, given the thousand-and-one little leaks that can spring in even the most experienced baser's act, and the sometimes extraordinary measures he will take to plug 'em all. But the essence of it is, if you do cover everything, if you do plug all the holes, nothing can

MIKE TIMEWELL

possibly go wrong. Can it?

That's how Ray and the boys see it, anyway. Williams and his friends — Shane Sparkes, Mike Weiringa, Simon Wyatt, Dave Lorkin, Mike Timewell and a tight bunch of other keen Victorian base-jumpers — are among the originators of the base-jumping phenomenon in Australia, a loose-knit fraternity of maybe 200 men and women in Sydney, Brisbane and Melbourne. They've had people from Perth and Tasmania interested, too, and some have even come from Alice Springs in order to give a couple of eastern-state jumps a bash.

The spooky side of it is that every now and then the crew find themselves attending the funerals of their friends and fellow jumpers. Some have been to 10 in the past year.

Ray Williams is a classic. He is short and stocky, but he seems taller. His receding hair is trimmed sergeant-major style and he is round-faced and intense. When he is in full flight, talking about his obsession with all matters jumping, he looks a bit like an owl on speed. He laughs a lot, and when he does he *really* laughs, throwing his head back and letting it go. But when he's serious his voice goes back to that deliberate tempo and he marks out the words firmly, underlining each to make sure their meaning is clear.

Williams has been keen on parachuting almost as long as he can remember. At 17 he tried to join the army in the hope of para training; they spotted his age immediately. Next year he finally got to jump: "I hate saying it, but the reason I got into parachuting in the first place was to do just one jump, to prove something to myself. I was a very young 18-year-old, and I thought it would assist me." Now he runs a parachute rigging and design company and has 1150 jumps under his belt, including five basies. Most of the crew have done eight or 10, but Williams is selective.

Always an eager experimenter, Williams was dragging new chutes back to Oz from the States 15 years ago for trial runs, trials that nearly cost him his life on at least one occasion. The chute was an early Ram-air model; it malfunctioned and Williams spun in, crashed, bounced, and somehow got away with a fractured pelvis, compressed vertebrae, smashed coccyx, broken arm, bent ribs and head injuries. Fourteen weeks later he was jumping again, something he describes as "a bad idea, now I look back on it — I should have taken six months off, at least."

For the rest of the crew, all in their twenties, all hovering around the thousand-jump mark, Williams is not so much a leader as a figurehead. As Mike Weiringa puts it: "He's good to have around. Good value."

They are all unmarried, like most base-jumpers, and they share a kind of luminous intensity about their outlandish hobby, eyes agleam with the thrill of it all.

Australia hasn't as many great base-jump locations as some countries. America has the Gorge River canyon bridge, for instance, and Norway has the awesome Trollvegen, the ultimate base-jump site with 1500m of sheer cliff face, where the father of modern base-jumping, Karl Boenisch, met his end. But what the boys have, they use well.

There's the Westgate Bridge in Melbourne, 53.6m from the top of the curve into the Yarra, and site of nearly 70 jumps in the past couple of years. Once they arranged for 15 people to jump off the bridge at once. The first-timers were going off the middle of the arch, the more experienced ones lower down off the sides. The whole thing was planned thoroughly enough to include a 17-man support crew and several pick-up boats standing by to grab the jumpers. Plenty of people are keen to jump Westgate because, although the risk is there, the water provides a greater safety margin. "There's a girl who'd never done any jumps before, she did one jump and it was off Westgate," says Shane Sparkes.

SHANE SPARKES

Page 57 and top: Simon White jumps off Melbourne's Westgate Bridge. Right: Base-jumper leaps from the Melbourne Rialto.

Then there's the big chimney at the SEC facility at Loy Yang, just out of Melbourne, and the Omega aerial tower, 335m high and way out in the country. "It's *alive*," says Weiringa. "The story is, you climb it and if it's going, the rays can be harmful. So as you climb it you check the threading, which is the metal bits on the rigging of your parachute. If they start getting warm, you make a quick dash for about another 30m, then jump off. If you start getting warm, it means you're starting to boil."

Then there's the Melbourne Rialto building. It's been jumped a couple of times, but only once, back in March this year, when it'd been completed. The jump was a bit of a cock-up. Six went off the top; only one did everything right, and one ended up crashing into the side of the huge glass face, smashing a window and sending glass all over the pavement below. Luckily there was someone downstairs warning people out of the way. To this day, no one will fully admit to having done the Rialto jump, though in private they still relive the buzz.

People jump off Sydney's Regent Hotel, off the Harbor Bridge; one celebrated case involved a skydiver jumping from a plane, landing on top of the spiry Sydney Centrepoint Tower, discarding his main and jumping to the ground using his reserve. People jump off cliffs in NSW bushland near Armidale, where 1500-jump parachutist Marilyn Ettema recently died trying for the last item in the base quadrella, the earth. She already had the others.

But perhaps the most audacious base-jump of all in Oz so far was made by Williams, Weiringa, Wyatt, Sparkes and Lorkin, when they walked for two days through forest in the Tasmanian south-west in order to jump off Frenchman's Cap, a weirdly enticing chunk of volcanic rock sticking 400m into the air in the middle of the wilderness.

It was a ridiculously complicated mission, involving preparations against the extreme weather, hiking equipment, a light plane survey just to check if the place was jumpable, and plenty of money — $4000 each, to be precise. They took in everything — food, clothing, parachutes, camera gear, sleeping bags, the whole damned lot — on their backs, and stayed in a hut at the foot of the Cap while they waited for the weather to clear.

They'd brought along the full array of modern base-jumping gear. The parachutes were designed to be released through the use of a rapid-deployment drogue chute held in the hand for optimum speed (most modern chutes use the drogue, but usually it's released through a ripcord-spring mechanism, which is too slow for the base jumper). In case something happened to the main, Sparkes and Williams had brought along tertiary reserve chutes designed for mounting on your chest which are deployed simply by grabbing and throwing. They'd even come prepared for snow, even though it was summer — and, incredibly enough, they had a *blizzard*. And when they finally got to jump, into a swirling mist that cleared for the first time in five days seconds after they'd landed, it was the best thing they'd ever done. As Williams explains: "We came fully prepared, and that was the exciting part. We were stoked when we found the preparation had *paid off*. We were worried about our ability to do it, we planned for it, and we did it!" Williams's eyes are

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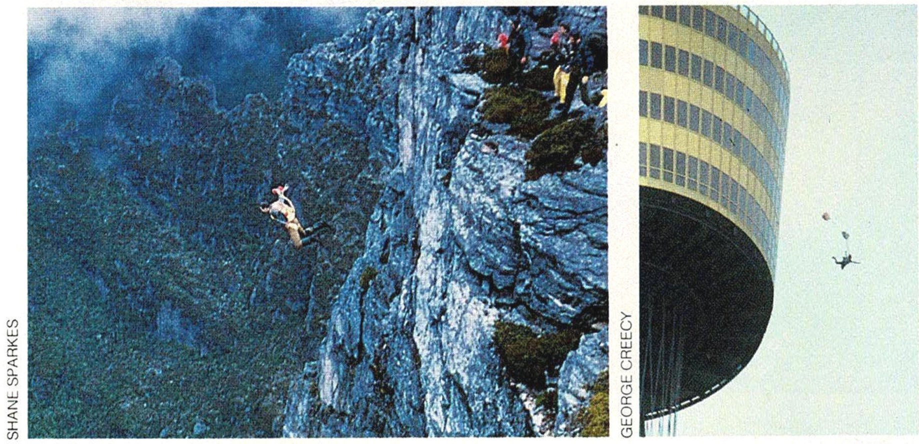
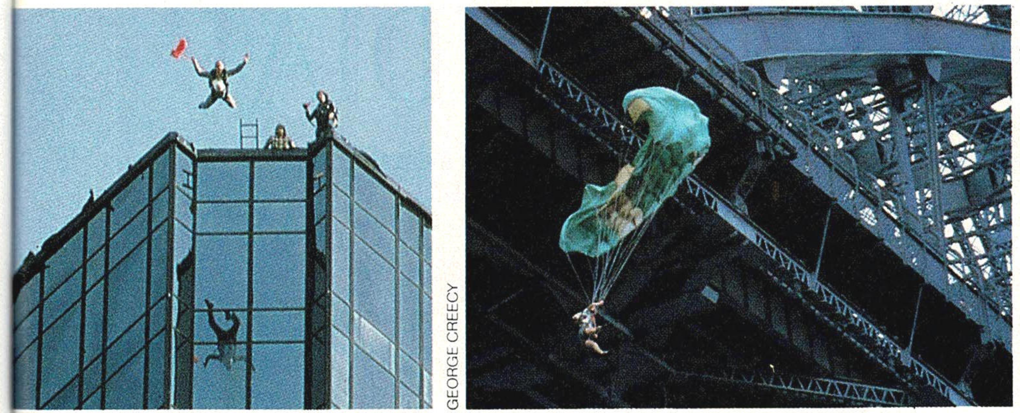


SHANE SPARKES

GEORGE CREECY

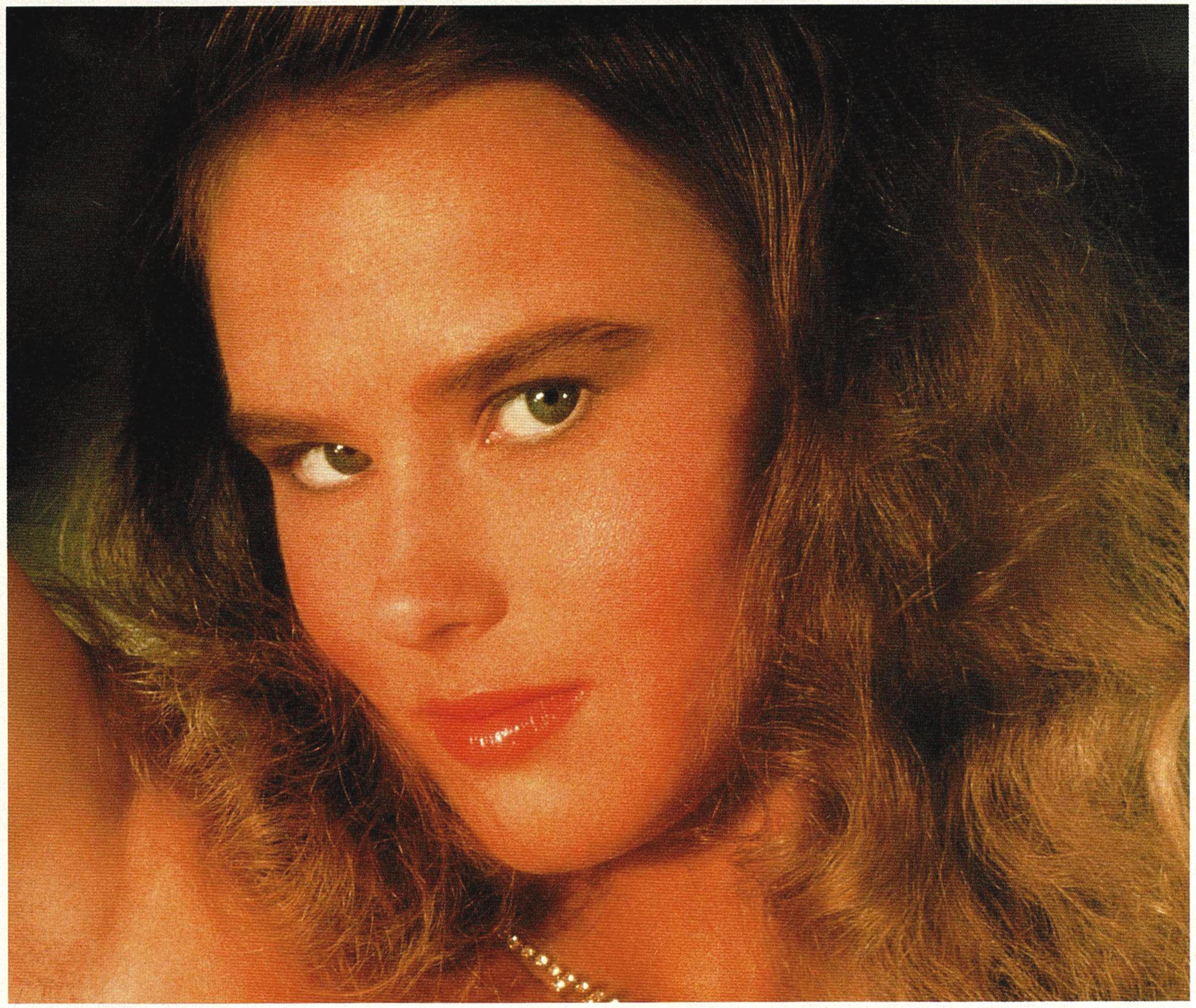
Above left: Simon White jumps off Frenchman's Cap, Tasmania. Above right: Skydiver jumps from Sydney's Centrepoint Tower after landing by plane.



GEORGE CREECY

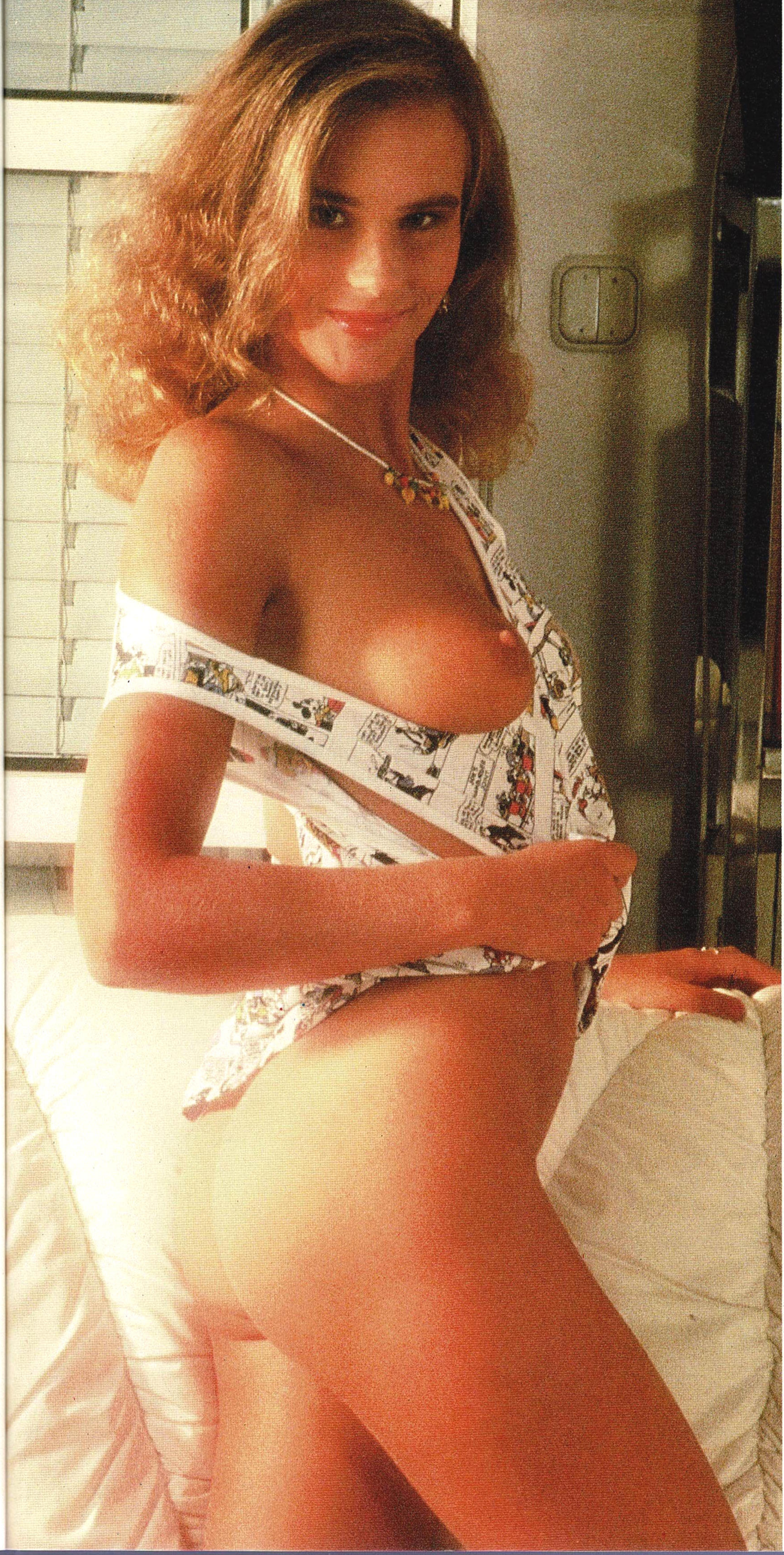
Above left: Jumper goes off the Rialto. Above right: From Sydney Harbor Bridge.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROSIE SCHUCKALL



THANK YOU, CLAUDIA!

From a very nervous start, our stunning Miss November has blossomed into a dazzling star. Good one, Claudia Muller!



Claudia Muller was so nervous about her appearance as a Playmate that she trembled throughout the photographic shoot. “I was so scared that my body wouldn’t be good enough,” she admits. “I have some good points but, well, there are some bad things, too! I was very apprehensive about how I’d look in the magazine. Now I’m delighted.” Claudia, you’re delighted? Imagine how the readers feel! Because, in the long run, as you can see, Claudia’s fears were totally unfounded.

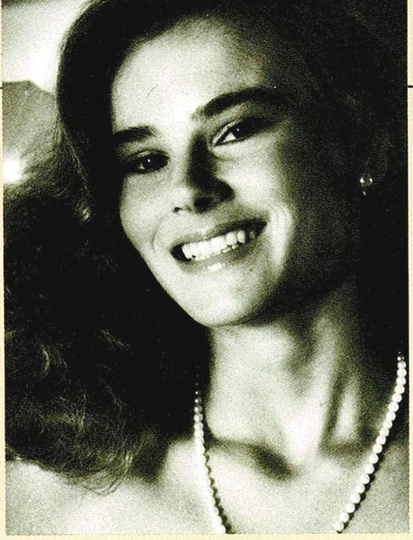
Apart from almost calling off the Playmate shoot, Claudia claims she's usually very confident and level-headed about life. She likes to cook, sew, keep house and, yes, is even happy ironing shirts! As for a career, she has been getting regular assignments as a photographic model and hopes to do a lot of travel in the future.

Claudia is 21 and, although she says she's not ready to settle down yet, she's on the lookout for a special man, a lifetime companion who'll share her love of classical music, swimming, skiing, ice skating and romantic holidays. "I haven't even come close to finding him yet," she laughs. "Sometimes I think I'd be better off settling for the man in the moon." Well, Claudia, we can assure you our down-to-earth Australian PLAYBOY readers will be only too happy to apply for the role. Right, chaps?

MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Claudia Müller



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Claudia Muller

BUST: 88cm (35") WAIST: 58cm (23") HIPS: 88cm (35")

HEIGHT: 170 cm WEIGHT: 57 kg

BIRTH DATE: 10·1·65 SIGN: Capricorn

AMBITIONS: To succeed as a model and to be happily married one day.

TURN-ONS: Spicy food, holidays, my close friends, going to the movies.

TURN-OFFS: Untidy people, wet weather, Monday mornings and boring dinner parties.

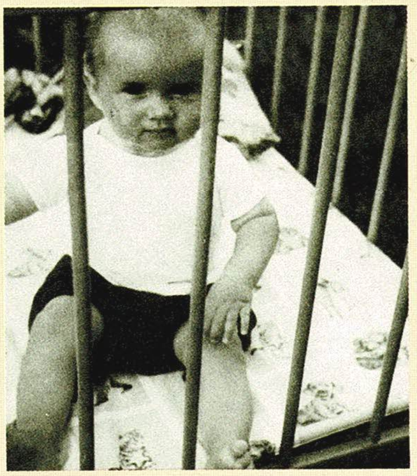
FAVORITE BOOKS: Murder mysteries and, big confession, I sometimes read Mills and Boon!

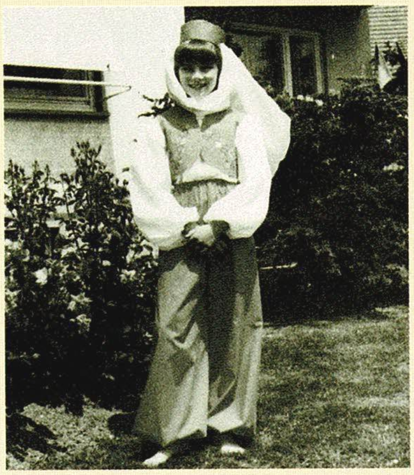
FAVORITE PERFORMERS: MOZART, Beethoven, Luciano Pavarotti, Stevie Wonder, Lionel Richie.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Skiing, swimming and ice skating.

IDEAL MAN: The man in the moon! I believe in setting my sights high.

SECRET FANTASY: I would love to have been alive in the 18th century and known Mozart.





PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Ken was out driving with his girlfriend on a very cold winter's night when suddenly they got a flat tyre. He shouted and cursed before venturing into the freezing night air to change it.

A few moments later he got back in the car and complained that his hands were almost frozen.

"Put them between my legs, sweetheart," his girlfriend purred, "and I'll warm them up for you."

Once his hands were nice and warm, he scurried outside to continue changing the tyre. Minutes later he was back, and again his girlfriend warmed his hands between her legs.

When he returned the third time and prepared to warm his hands, the frustrated female protested, "Ken, don't your *ears* ever get cold?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *frustration* as the first time you can't do it the second time. *Panic* is defined as the second time you can't do it the first time.

A tourist from Hong Kong was having some trouble at the foreign exchange counter of a London bank.

He had just cashed a travellers cheque and had been given 138 pounds sterling.

"But two weeks ago," he protested to the clerk, "I cashed a cheque for the same amount and I got £150! Why's that?"

"Fluctuations," replied the clerk.

"Fuck you Europeans, too!" came the irate reply. "I want my £150!"

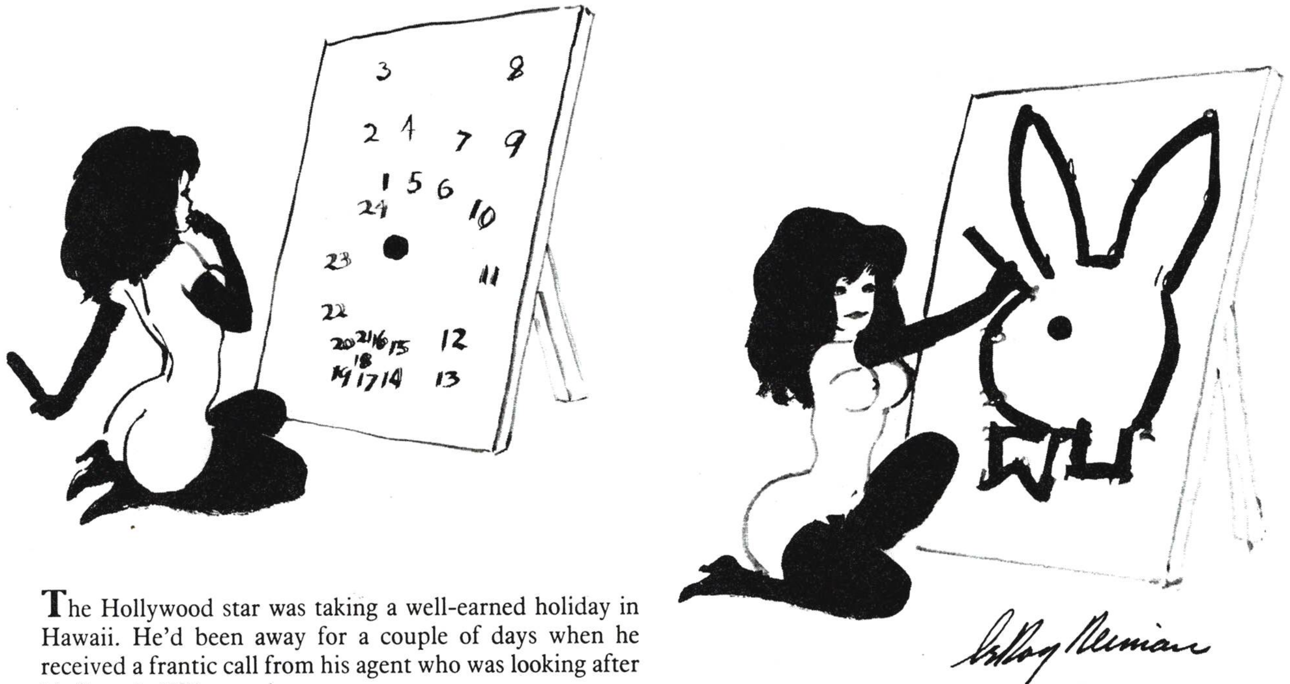
A man bought a couple of drinks for a woman in a bar and, after some great conversation, asked her if she would like to go to his apartment to continue talking.

"Sure," she replied, "but it won't lead to anything."

As they entered his apartment, she reminded him, "Don't waste your time with any fancy moves."

"Hey, what do you think I am, a one-night stand?" he protested. "I want you for my wife."

"Okay, then," she said, peeling off her jacket. "What time will she be home?"



The Hollywood star was taking a well-earned holiday in Hawaii. He'd been away for a couple of days when he received a frantic call from his agent who was looking after his Beverly Hills mansion.

"Harry, Harry, your dog's dead!" exclaimed the agent. "Dead, gone, squashed in the middle of the street. Oh, God, it was awful."

"For Chrissake, Herman," came the reply. "I'm supposed to be having a holiday, you jerk. I'm supposed to be hanging around in a hammock, drinking pina coladas and having a great time. And you ring me up to say my dog's dead. Jesus, Herman."

"Look I'm sorry, Harry," said the agent. "I just thought you'd wanta know."

"What you shoulda done," explained Harry, "is to ring and tell me my dog's on the roof."

"On the roof?"

"Yeah, on the roof. Then a week later you ring again and tell me he's about to jump. Then the next week, the day before I'm due to come home, you call again and tell me he's dead, gone, squashed on the patio. Now, is there anything else you wanna tell me?"

"Er, yes, there is," mumbled Herman. "Your mother's on the roof."

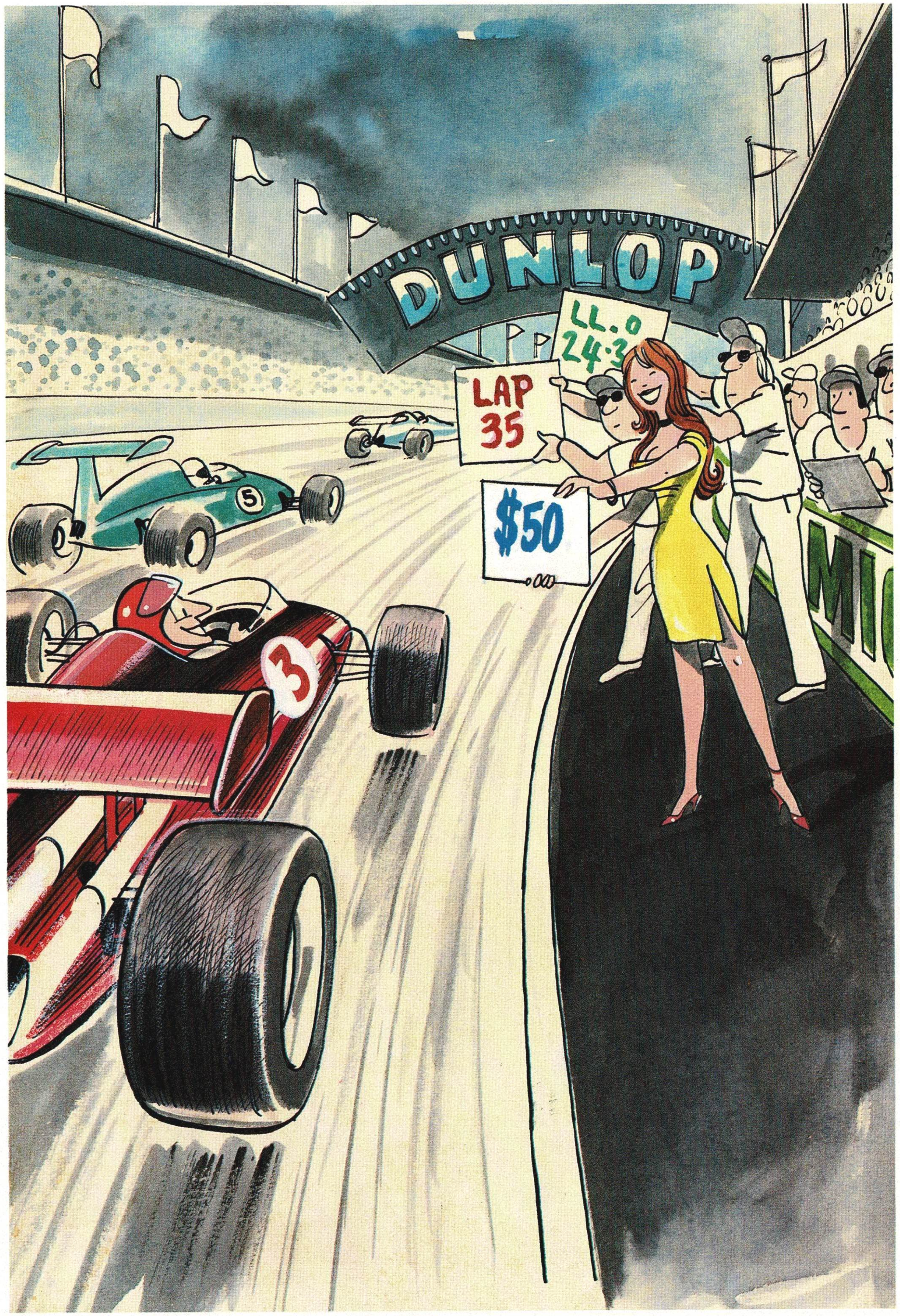
I'm sorry," Saint Peter said to the applicant, "you don't get into heaven for just being good any more. You have to have done something really *great*. Have you done anything in your life that may qualify you?"

After thinking it over for a few minutes, the man said, "I saw a group of really mean bikies harass an old lady, so I kicked over the leader's bike, insulted his girlfriend and spat in his face!"

"That's great!" exclaimed Saint Peter. "When did you do that?"

"Oh. . . about 10 minutes ago."

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROB LUCK

POWER PLAY

Sport by **ROB LUCK**

Only Real Men need apply for a crack at the Formula One of bluewater racing.

MERCURY
OUTBOARDS
MARK LEE

TRY THIS FOR FUN: grab a pile of $100 bills (say about 500 of them). Now stand in front of a firehose and tear them in pieces while someone bashes you constantly with a

RACING TEAM
MERCURY
OUTBOARDS
AB Session
181
ME 238

Crowd puller. Massive craft and thundering quad-Mercury powerplants are guaranteed traffic-jammers at any launch site.

Hold it! Tillerman (right) signals to throttleman (left) by pounding deck, screaming into helmet microphone, or (last resort) bailing out.

baseball bat. Got the feeling? Right, there you have the sport of offshore powerboat racing.

Some macho sports may be a bit sus, but not this one — it is strictly for Real Men. Real crazies, real big-ballers, real big spenders.

Offshore powerboat racing is the Formula One of bluewater racing. It is only ever contested where the waves are biggest — offshore, well clear of the shelter of the shoreline, the harbors, bays and lakes. Yet it is run at terrifying speeds, up to and exceeding the magic ton (100mph-160km/h), which turns towering ocean rollers into concrete ramparts.

The open sea presents an endless succession of giant greenies, every one a different challenge of throttle and tiller, and each an inevitable launching ramp into space — a careering, twisting, tortured leap from wavetop to trough. . . then back up the waveface, up and over. . .

In any given 10 seconds, an offshore powerboat may spend six or seven in the air. At the end of each landing, the throttle-man is presented with a split-second decision on the wave-terrain ahead. If he does it exactly right, he will zoom skywards and float down for a feather-touch landing. If he does it wrong, he could drive head-on into the wave-wall and go straight to the bottom.

Offshore powerboat racing is like water-borne Space Invaders — a real life nautical video game with twin controls (throttle and tiller) with which to avoid the obstacles: minefields of random waves, other competitors, and bomb-bursts in the engine room. Similar skills apply — a cool head, anticipation, nerveless co-ordination, split-second reactions. There is a difference, however: there is no program to memorise. And this game is played for keeps.

Not everyone who competes scores a replay. Two of the world's best players were "eliminated" off Miami Beach last year. They wrong-timed a throttle jab in a trough and dead-centred a three-storey wave. Divers found them on the ocean floor, still upright at the controls.

The local record is no less daunting: a tillerman was drowned under a rolling craft in Melbourne in 1983; Val and Paul Carr, two of the sport's local greats, were killed off Coogee Beach, Sydney, almost 15 years ago; popstar Col Joye was hurt in an accident some years back.

So what brings people back? The answer is simple — the buzz. That's enough for the Australian champion anyway. Mark Lee describes an offshore powerboat race as "an hour and a half of pure adrenalin".

"The start is unbelievable," he says. The way Lee describes it, you have seven or more boats side by side, dumping thousands of horsepower into the sea. You take off rubbing shoulders, sometimes inches apart, engines screaming, choppers whirring overhead, the boats leaping and screwing all over the place.

"Sometimes you will race side by side, neck and neck, for an hour. Back off and the other guy goes past, make a wrong move and you're in the drink."

No stranger to danger, Mark Lee is an expert at treading the fine line between daring and death. His daily credo as an abalone diver forces him to pit his skills against some of nature's most daunting elements. The weekday dawns to a wavedance out through the slop and chop that is Melbourne's unpredictable Port Phillip Bay. Mounted on a 20ft (6m) Shark Cat, Lee races the other abalone divers out through the heads for the best site on the diving leases, up to 30m below the turbulent seas of Bass Strait.

On a good day, he only has to deal with the diver's daily threats — an empty airtank, hungry, poisonous or aggro sea critters, nitrogen narcosis, or the bends.

"The pressure is always on," he says, "and plenty of guys get bent."

On a bad day, he may find himself in a staring match with a white pointer. Lee has been there, done that, and seen the consequences of a panicked dash to the surface. He helped pull one diver on board as a shark took away his lower limbs.

Southbound at Sydney Heads. Absession could rocket from Sydney to Botany Bay in half the time a car takes!

But running an office aboard a 20ft (6m) Shark Cat does have its advantages. For Mark Lee, every day is race-day, and he powers his twin-hull the 60-80km out to sea each day at full tilt — learning as much as possible about ocean terrain.

The exercise has proved its worth. Lee has been competing in the lower formulas of ocean racing for about six years, capturing events like the Bate Classic (1980) and the Mercury Trophy (1984) in his 18ft (5½m) Shark Cat. But this year, he made the big move into Class One — the outright offshore powerboating class populated by the big spenders and the big machines.

This is the class formerly dominated by the "Cigarette" hulls and the mega-dollar competitors. The Cigarettes are ultra-long mono-hulls fitted out with huge inboard engines (now frequently using inboard/outboard drive units). Their ranks have been distinguished by such thrillseekers, speed-freaks and millionaire playboys as Ken Warby (world water-speed record-holder), Jack Murray (adventurer), Keith Whitehead (Australian motor racing champion), Bob Dyer (*Pick-A-Box* TV fame), Arnold Glass (millionaire car salesman) and Dick Smith.

Even today, the Cigarette hull is favored by the country's most flamboyant competitor, Stefan Ackery, the millionaire hairdresser from Queensland. Stefan might call on his black belt karate qualifications to straighten you out if you chose to find anything effeminate about cutting women's hair, but even so he leaves the risky business of steering and powering an offshore racer to expert crew and goes along for the ride in the (third) jump seat of his $250,000 wave-jumper.

Lately the traditional cigar-shaped hulls have been coming under attack from the new breed of wave-bombers — the cats (catamarans, or twin hulls). Debate over single-vs-multi may rage on issues such as stability, safety, rough water ability etc, but one thing has given multis the edge over singles — and that is the powerplants.

Naturally, the multis use outboards (there is nowhere to hide an inboard). This is itself a bit of a breakthrough in the open class of offshore racing, since it was considered that you need bulk power to win. But what the outboards lack in sheer output, they make up for numerically — because of their compact size, a whole bunch of them can be screwed on to the transom of a boat.

Mark Lee's cat uses four 2.4 litre Mercury outboards with a gross power output of more than 1000bhp. That is easily good enough to compete with the hefty grunt of the torque-y inboards, especially when the weight advantage is considered. (No cost advantage, race engines cost $15,000 apiece.) But the biggest advantage is reliability. Since these boats spend most of their time waa-waaing across the wavetops, the props come out of the water and the engines wail. It's easy to over-rev and overcook the engine. And with one donk, when you're outta power you're outta luck. Single-engined mono-hulls which experience a melt-down become useless bobbing flotsam, drifting about in the swell waiting for an escort or tender to tow them home. Even twin-engined singles can only make slow progress with one mill down.

But the multis just fly on home. Mark Lee has been down one engine and still won the event. He's been down two and placed. And down three and still got home under his own steam.

For the single-hull brigade, the irritating thing is the multis do it at half the cost — a cat, engines and tow rig can be established for as little as $100,000.

So this year, for the first time, a quad-engine multi-hull driven by Mark Lee contested a full offshore powerboat racing season. And this year the multi-hull triumphed, rewriting the local record books.

Winning the title earns Lee a shot at The Big One — the World Offshore Racing Championships which will be held in New Zealand in December this year. It is Australia's best ever tilt at the title, since the craft is right up with the specifications of the world's current offshore racing title-holders.

Mark Lee thinks this is really big time — an Australian challenge for the world's toughest water-speed championship. So he figured it was worth offering Australian PLAYBOY a shot in the cockpit before the titles. Being of unsound mind and body I accepted on behalf of the magazine. "But only if it is to be done at racing speeds," I insisted. In double-quick time, Mark Lee had got the massive 28ft (8½ metre) powercraft up from Melbourne to Sydney on a trailer behind the $100,000 towmaster, which is a mobile workshop and crew's quarters.

Next thing, I found myself at Sydney's Rose Bay wharf, juggling for elbow space with tiny tots and giant cruisers on a crisp Sunday morning. Mark had arranged a tender, crewed by his family, which would serve as escort and photographic platform. When he dropped the trailer down the ramp, slid the slinky racer off into the briny and fired up the four racemotors, he cleared the decks.

There was no sense messing about with the tender, so Mark pointed me at a survival kit and led me to a cockpit for briefing. We would drive straight away from the wharf.

The deck of the craft is like a small aircraft carrier — a huge, flat expanse of fibreglass sheet running from front to rear, punctuated by two open cockpits with tapered nacelles behind. Imagine something that is about as long as the width of an average home unit, or the trailer of a semi, and you've got the size of this ocean racer.

The cockpits are like an auger hole drilled down in the middle of each of the catamaran's hulls. There's a small riser in the deck in front of each cabin — a token defence to the elements of wind and water. When you drop into one of the cabins, the hull swallows you up to the shoulders if you sit on the flimsy foam pad they call a seat. Behind is a square-backed tombstone cushion and head-rest nailed to the facing of the streamlined fairing that slopes away to the rear deck.

The rim of the opening is padded and there is a rail across the floor to brace the feet. No cushioned bucket seat like a racecar. And no seatbelt. Instead, a small tie-wire attached to the bulky Mae West survival jacket is hooked to a cord inside the cockpit with a dogleash clip. This, I am told, is for the purpose of cutting the engines if you are thrown out. The idea is, apparently, that if you are still alive, then it's not a good idea to have a 1000 horsepower eggbeater circling round the crash zone.

> *By the time you stretch into the plastic zoot-suit and pull the Mae West over and the full-face helmet on, you feel like Robot Man.*

The tools of the racer's trade are desperately elementary. There's a small round steering wheel, about the size of a go-kart tiller, mounted flat against the bulkhead in each binnacle. In between on the flat deck are a set of throttle slides — two each side. Each throttle slide controls two motors.

Also on the deck are some little electric toggle levers, which control the trim tabs and pump the water ballast from front to rear (middle) tanks to control the attitude of the craft. Inside the cabin are a handful of instruments which look impressive. In practice you have stuff-all time to look at them as you're too busy hanging on for grim death.

By the time you stretch into the plastic zoot-suit and pull the Mae West over and the full-face helmet on, you feel like Robot Man. I always reckon offshore racers look like orange jaffas or little lego men, but the feeling from inside is quite different — comfortable, secure, with plenty of arm and leg movement.

During the on-deck briefing I learn that there are actually two drivers on a Class One offshore racer. One steers, one operates the throttles. Because of the sheer size, weight, bulk and dynamics of the craft and the difficulties of the task, it is difficult, if not impossible, to do both.

Lee decides that I should start on the steering end of the learning curve on the outboard trip, and try the throttles on the return leg. It is about this time that he starts to give me a rundown on hand signals for communication. Hand signals? What about the voice-activated two-way radio in the helmets?

"Oh, ah, we lost those at Surfers Paradise last week. I stabbed a greenie head-on and knocked myself out. Must have swamped the headsets," explains Lee.

Fully developed, the storyline reads: with Mark Lee unconscious and head-lolling for half an hour or so, co-pilot Angelo Rouselous takes over as throttle and tillerman without missing a beat (Rouselous is shorter, sits lower and was under the impact line when the concrete wall of water took his fearless leader out). Lee comes around eventually, grabs the throttles and guns it home in first place again. Just another day at the office.

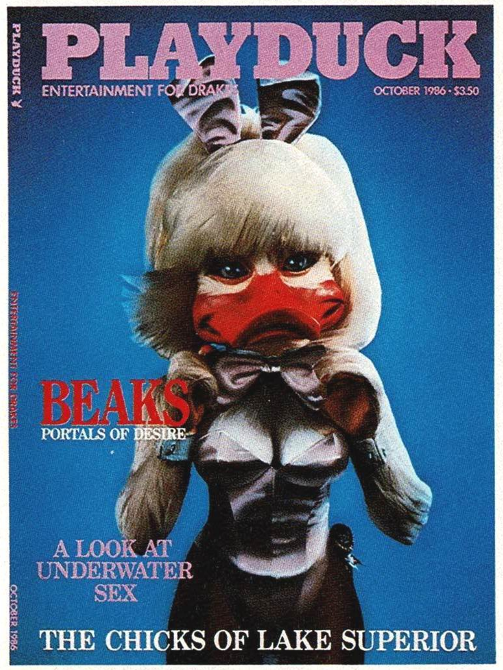
On the other hand, I am beginning to see the crazy side of this mission. This boat, after all, has a less-than-perfect record. Last year, with four motors grafted on the tail for the first time, it performed a spectacular series of barrel rolls in the rollers off Surfers Paradise beach to the delight of a capacity crowd hanging off the highrise. Owner Neville Kay and co-pilot Barry Lawrence were given the Whirlpool treatment in a two-metre surf before they gurgled ashore. Months later, after taking two championship rounds, Kay plunged to his death in a helicopter crash. The question in offshore power boating circles was, is this boat jinxed.

Mark Lee figured he had taken care of that superstition with a name change from *Cedar Lake* (Kay's country club) to *Absession*, a wordplay highlighting Lee's dedication to abalone diving and powerboat racing.

Whatever, *Absession*, with an increasingly apprehensive test-scribe aboard, was ready to tackle the high rollers off Sydney Heads. "Just bang the deck if you want to abort," said Lee as he pulled his visor down and opened the taps on the fuel delivery to those big fat Mercurys hanging out the back. No way was I going to bang that deck. No way.

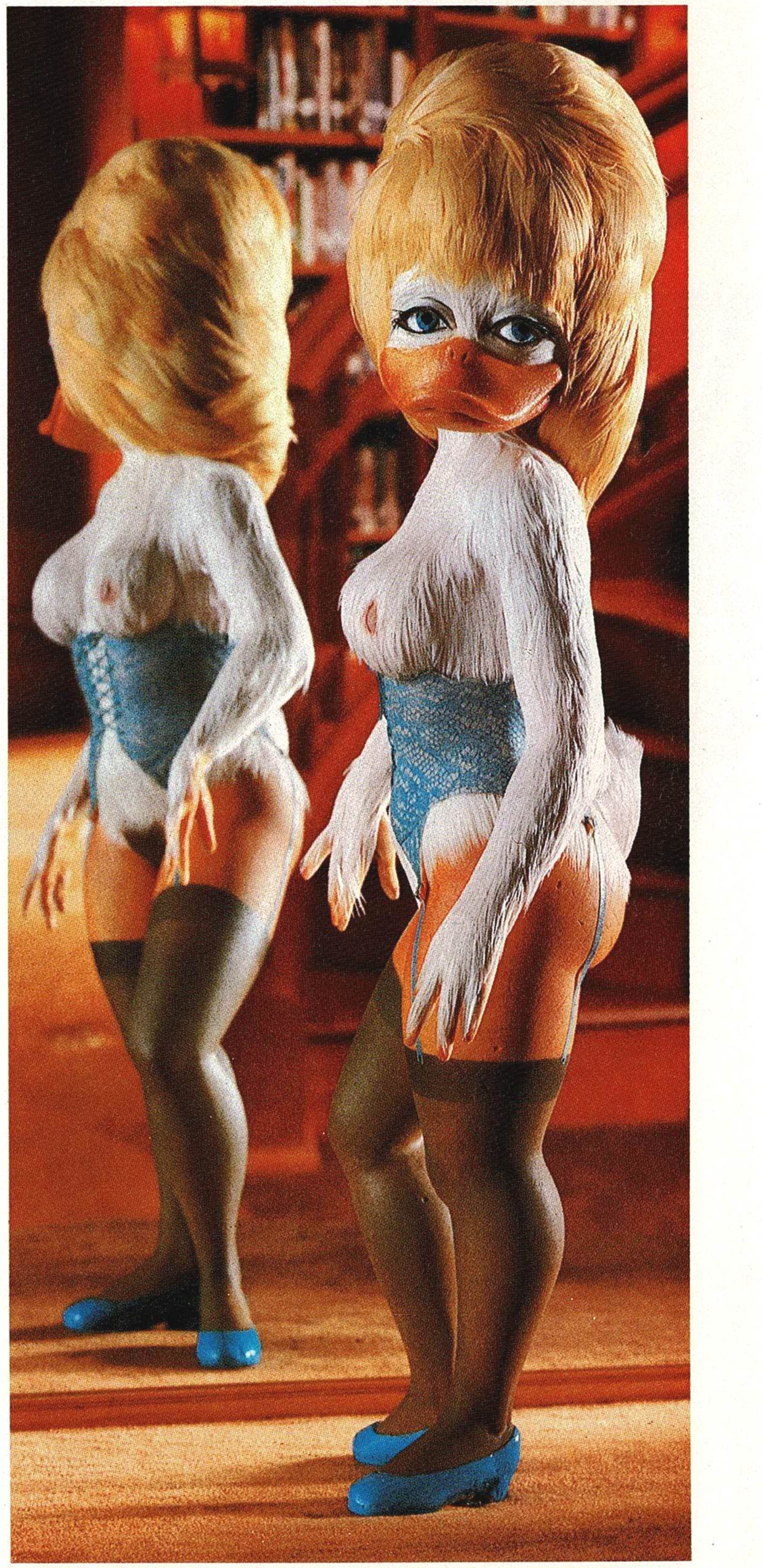
We surged out into Rose Bay and I steered a wide curve into the harbor. From the corner of my eye I saw Lee, showing no mercy, thrust the throttle slides forward. There was this thump in the back and the

(continued on page108)



GETTING DOWN WITH GEORGE LUCAS

Yes, it's true. The creator of Star Wars has a sexy starlet in his new film who looks vaguely familiar to us. Heavens, what next?



WE'D HEARD a rumor that George Lucas's *Howard The Duck* — the new, $30 million comedy/adventure about a cantankerous, cigar-chomping duck who's sucked from his planet far, far away, into an alley in Cleveland — had a featured role for PLAYBOY, but we weren't sure what *kind* of role. So we waddled on over to the set.

The first thing we saw was the star. Surrounded by his entourage — a crack team of engineers whose job it was to protect the creature's webbed feet, style stray feathers and cool his insides with a blow-dryer through the beak — Howard was catering to his ogling fans. Sort of. "What a cute ducky," a teenage girl giggled. "Can I shake your hand?" Staying in character, Howard replied with exactly two words: "Blow me."

Suddenly, Lea Thompson (Michael J. Fox's *Back To The Future* co-star, and now Howard's leading lady) skipped by. We stopped her and asked what attracted her to the duck, who was hovering just behind her.

"I love Howard," she said, "because I've *always* adored crotchety old men. And. . ." But in mid-sentence she let out a yelp. Lea, it turned out, had just been goosed by a duck.

Finally, we found what we'd been looking for. Over in Lucas's Creature Shop, a woman was contemplating a foot-high model of a duck clad in slinky lingerie. The woman, an artist with LucasFilm, was fitting a pre-cut triangle of orange-ish pubic hair to the duck's lower regions. She wasn't sure if she preferred straight or kinky hair, and stared at the model intently. See, in the movie, Howard is the sort of duck who reads PLAYBOY, er PLAYDUCK. And Lucas, it seems, took a feather from Hugh Hefner's cap by sparing no expense to get his Playmate right. From the look of the lady, we give George an A.

Hmm. Wonder what the Geese Commission will say? — DAVID SHEFF

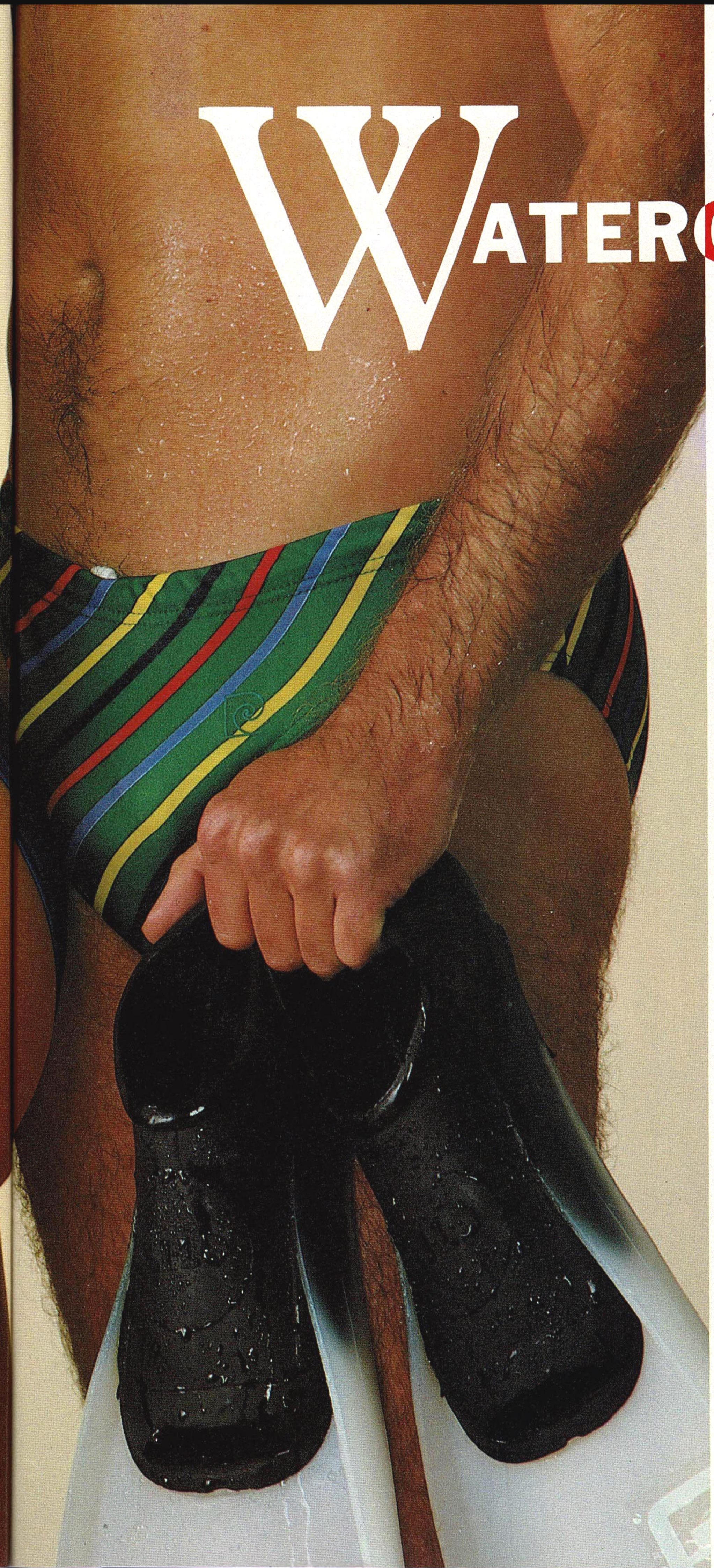
WATERCOLORS

You can make waves in this new-season swimwear without even going near the water.

Fashion by Vitek

On the left, briefs by Sea Folly ($22). On the right, briefs by Pierre Cardin ($26). Her bikini by Speedo ($30).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAMIEN MCGRATH



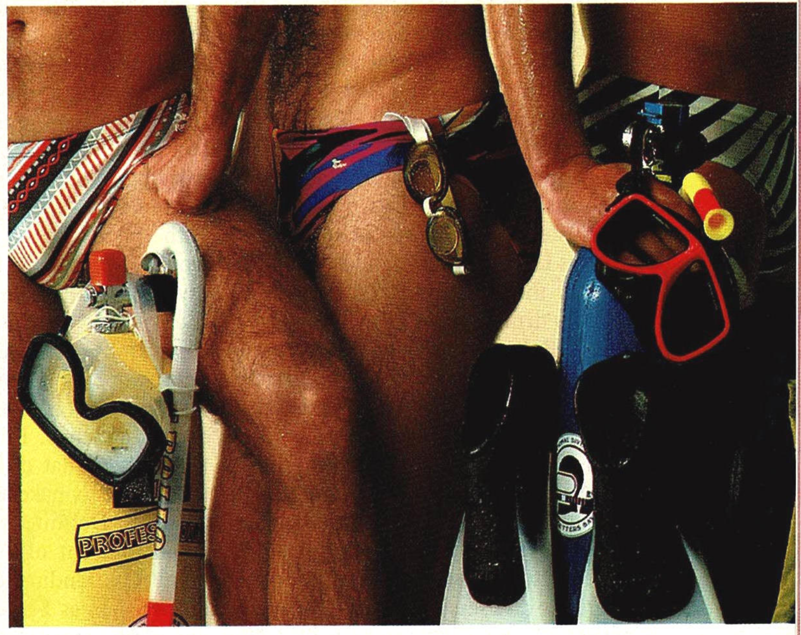
His briefs ($22) and her bikini ($40) by Sea Folly.

All swimwear available from leading boutiques, department stores and surf shops around Australia. All accessories from DiveTrek, Rushcutters Bay, Sydney.

Okanui
by Island Designs

On the left, briefs by Speedo ($18). Centre, half board shorts by Makaha ($30). On the right, Okanui full board shorts ($33). Her one-piece wrap-around by Brian Rochford ($50).

Right, full shorts by Sea Folly ($30). Left, board shorts by Okanui ($33).



On the left, racers by Stubbies ($20). Centre, briefs by Brian Rochford ($20). On the right, briefs by Di Maggio ($20). Goggles ($7) and caps ($1.20) by Speedo.

Left, half board shorts by Ocean Crest ($30). Right, swimming shorts by Stubbies ($30).

COLLINS

(continued from page 38)

I used to stand in front of a mirror with a tennis racquet pretending to be John Lennon. Still do.

Lennon asked and I'm interested in that as well.

PLAYBOY: But your first love —

COLLINS: Is drumming, right.

PLAYBOY: What drummers have influenced you?

COLLINS: Everyone from Charlie Watts to Ringo to Keith Moon to Buddy Rich; Tony Williams, Steve Gadd. All those are influences. Especially Ringo.

PLAYBOY: What about Ringo?

COLLINS: He's very happy just to do whatever's right for the song. Some of the drumming on things like *Strawberry Fields Forever, Ticket To Ride,* the whole *Revolver* album are just great. Right now I'm more interested in the sound of the drums and playing what's right. I listen to some of the old songs that I played drums on and I can't believe some of the stuff I used to do. I'm less interested in playing as fast around the drum kit as I was; I just want to do whatever is right for the song rather than get in as much fancy drumming as I can.

PLAYBOY: But it was Ringo's old Beatle mate, George Harrison, who was indirectly responsible for one of your first breaks, wasn't he?

COLLINS: Yeah. When I was 17 I met him — he was recording *All Things Must Pass.* I got a call one night from the manager of the band I was in at the time, Flaming Youth. He asked me what I was doing and asked me if I wanted to do a session. I said, "I just got out of the bath, man. I'm watching TV." He said, "Well, it's for George Harrison. They need a percussion player at Abbey Road." So I'm screaming at the cab driver who wants to give me a tour of North London, "Get me to the bloody studio." I get there and Ringo's chauffeur let me in. I was totally star-struck. Ringo was playing drums, Harrison, guitar, Klaus Voorman, bass, Billy Preston, piano, Badfinger playing guitars, Maurice Gibb, keyboards and Phil Spector was producing. Mal Evans, the old Beatles road manager, was sitting in the corner. This was like a dream, you know.

PLAYBOY: So you're on the album *All Things Must Pass?*

COLLINS: Well, Phil Spector kept saying, "Just the drums and the guitar," and "Just the drums and piano." Everytime he said "drums" I thought he was talking about me. I'm not a conga player; my hands were getting red and blistered. I'm thrashing away about an hour later, after having gone through all the combinations of instrument and he says, "Okay, let's have the percussion playing this time as well." My hands at this point were completely shot and they didn't even have a mike on. Ringo caught what was going on and he turned around and sort of smiled. Anyway, they didn't even use that version on the album.

PLAYBOY: You go back in British rock'n'roll history, don't you?

COLLINS: Yeah, I was born at a very early age. [*Laughs*] Sorry. I'm from Chiswick, which is in London. It's a commuter town. The stations are always full every morning with people going to the city.

PLAYBOY: What did your parents do?

COLLINS: At that time, my mother managed a toy shop. My father was manager of an insurance company. He's the only one in the family that has ever had a real job. Even now my sister is a theatrical agent and my brother a cartoonist, and he actually contributes to PLAYBOY. We were lower working class, I guess, but I have good memories — Sunday afternoon lunches with friends of the family. After lunch I would always go upstairs and play drums in my bedroom, which was above the living-room. I was very young when I got a toy drum kit like most kids get, only the novelty never wore off. Then they made me a drum kit when I was five — metal poles with drums attached. I'd sit and bang away.

PLAYBOY: What do you remember as the first music to make an impression on you?

COLLINS: Definitely the Beatles. I used to stand in front of a mirror with a tennis racquet pretending to be John Lennon. Still do. As soon as I heard the Beatles, I went out and bought each album as it came out. There was other music in the house — my sister was listening to Tommy Steele, who was sort of the English James Dean — but the Beatles were really it for me.

I started playing for people from when I was five or six through till I was maybe 14. By the time I was maybe 12 I had a regular drum kit. My father's boat club had these shows every Thursday night. And I used to play drums in the shows accompanying an organist and some singing.

PLAYBOY: There's an image of drummers being the shy ones, sort of in the back hiding behind the drums. Anything to that?

COLLINS: Not in my case. I wasn't shy at all. I was acting at this point as well. My mum had stopped the toy shop and got involved in an agency for kid actors. She sent me to an audition for a production of *Oliver!* and I got a lead role. The headmaster at my grammar school said, "Well done, boy, but you can't do it because your schooling will suffer." So I had to choose between school and a theatrical school and the job. So I left. I did the play for seven months. I got £15 [*$A35*] a week and it led to other auditions. I did some TV plays and a few movies — I was an extra in *A Hard Day's Night,* by the way, though you can never see me, and then in *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang.*

PLAYBOY: At that time, England had the mods and the rockers. Were you one or the other?

COLLINS: I was a mod. That meant we listened to the Who and Motown music and we wore our hair a certain way and wore mod clothes. I did all that, though I never had the motorcycle and I didn't like beating up rockers. I've only had about four fights in my life.

PLAYBOY: So during this time in theatrical school, when you were acting, were you still drumming?

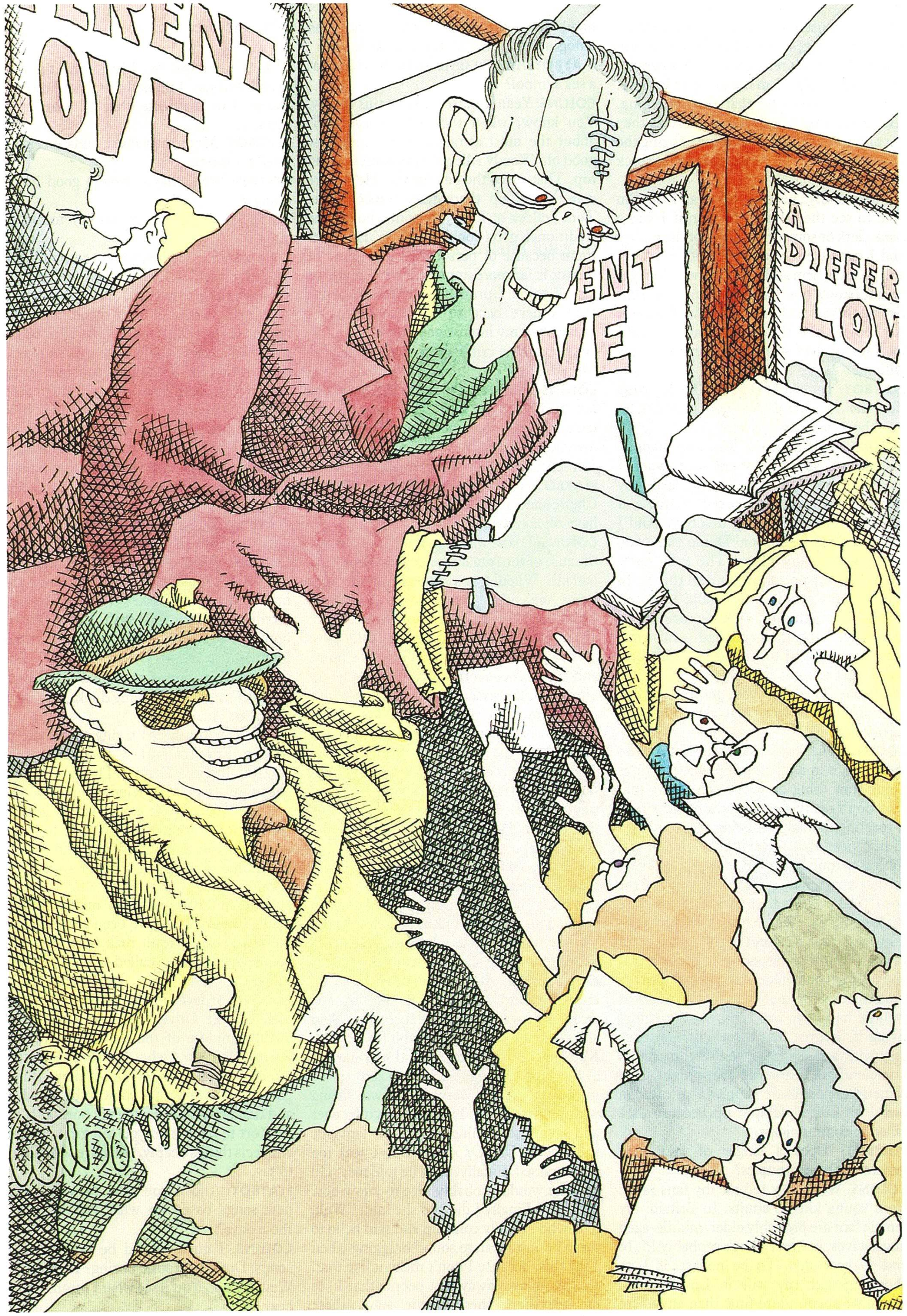
COLLINS: I was in a school band called The Real Thing. My ex-wife was one of the singers in the band. So I did this alongside the acting. I finally took the exams after school to give me credentials for a job and I passed only three. I'm a bright person but I didn't take it very seriously. When I was studying, *Younger Than Yesterday* by the Byrds was out; I was interested in that scene, not the exams. We were precocious theatrical students. Didn't have time for exams. It was then that I decided to stop acting as well and just become a drummer. My mum and dad were very annoyed with me when I stopped acting; my mum kept getting acting calls for me and I kept saying no. My dad was angry because he had been very proud to show me off to his friends as being an actor in the West End and there was this bad press about rock groups and drugs and orgies. As if that's where I was headed. . . It's a shame to me, because he never saw me successful at this — music. He died before any of it started. What a shame. . . all those times I was upstairs playing the drums or listening to records, he'd just come home from work and we'd pass in the stairway or something. It wasn't like there was a lack of interest, but that was just the way we did it. He'd go off to watch television and I'd be upstairs. Anyway, the point was that I wish he could have seen that I didn't become a drug maniac or anything. That the music led somewhere. That it was okay that I quit acting.

PLAYBOY: Although at first it wasn't.

COLLINS: Yeah, I was in a number of unsuccessful bands. Finally I read an ad for an audition for a drummer for Genesis. This was 1970. About '73 or so I remet Andrea, my girlfriend from school, and we got married. Peter left in '74 or so. I was divorced in '78. Genesis has been the constant now for 16 years.

PLAYBOY: You and Andrea had two children before you broke up; you've obviously written about that period in your life.

COLLINS: Yes. *Please Don't Ask* on the album *Duke* was written about that time: "Please don't ask me how I feel, I feel fine/Oh I cry a bit, don't sleep too good, but I'm fine. . ." That one. "I know that the kids are well, you're a mother to the world/ But I miss my boy/I hope he's good as



"What can I say, kid? I never thought you'd make it out of horror movies!"

gold. . ." I used to look at Simon when he was very young, sound asleep in his cot, and think, He doesn't realise what is happening. He doesn't realise I'm not going to be here. I got more upset by that than anything. Thank God they understand more as they get older. After the initial pride of being the one who's been jilted, the thing that stuck was the kids.

Fortunately, because of what I do I'm able to see them far more than if I was a bank clerk or something. I've got the money and I can take as much time off as I want and go visit them and I'm very, very lucky. I mean, I know how hard it has been like this. Seeing them even less would have killed me. And now I think the world of my kids and I look forward to summers when they stay with me.

PLAYBOY: You wrote *Doesn't Anybody Stay Together Anymore?* Are you planning to give the song a new answer?

COLLINS: You know, I was very happily married to Jill, my present wife, when I wrote it, but I had been divorced, my manager was getting divorced, a couple of good friends were getting divorced. And I thought, What's going on? Doesn't anybody stay together any more? The song came from that. It's one of the hardest things. In the old days people were bound together, manacled together by Victorian principles. You stayed together and had a mistress. That has changed to: If this doesn't work, let's forget about it and try again.

PLAYBOY: Then do you get bitter over relationships, so you don't make the same mistake again?

COLLINS: The key is communicating. So many times in a relationship, one person is doing something or saying something that they don't really mean and the other person is reacting to that. It is being able to say, "I didn't mean that." Having the guts to say, "I was wrong." People move farther and farther apart and — bang! — you cut the cord. The point is to get wiser. People are very complex. We get so hurt, so self-absorbed, that we don't even see the other person. But it comes down to the fact that you only get one life, unless you get into the other theories on that one, and you might as well be happy as you can be while you're living it. I agree that there's no reason to stay with a marriage if you're going to go home and get beaten up every night. And sometimes people are happier apart. But an awful lot of people split up because they failed to communicate.

PLAYBOY: Does a singer of your, ah, generation have groupies?

COLLINS: Well, they tell me my fans range from young kids to adults. In Britain, my female fans are probably older, middle-aged housewives; in America, it's probably 15, 16 and 17-year-olds. To be honest, if I go shopping with my wife in Los Angeles, where we spend more time than anywhere else in America, mothers, girls of 16 and everything in between will come up. I've had 16-year-olds come up and ask me for an autograph for their mothers. I like it fine.

PLAYBOY: Are you surprised to be viewed as a sex symbol?

COLLINS: Yeah, but, see, I have this theory. You know, when they have those polls about the most attractive men, somehow good old Woody Allen always comes out on top. That saves the day for me. He's more consistently up there than someone like Tom Selleck or Don Johnson, who are the traditional good-looking chaps. He beats them because of personality. His sense of humor is far more important than anything else. I think I probably tend to do better than others because of my personality rather than my intense good looks.

PLAYBOY: One critic wrote that you looked like a dad.

COLLINS: Somehow I'm called that a lot. I'm not sure how to take it. I wear baggy trousers and sometimes the waist is up to my chest. That must look like a dad. Also, I'm sensible, I suppose, like dad.

PLAYBOY: Two of your admirers are Prince Charles and Lady Diana. What is it like to have royal fans?

COLLINS: Diana was first a fan of my music because of the romantic side, you know, the ballads. When I saw her one of the first times, she said, "I love *Separate Lives*," and I told her I'd send her a copy. She told me she already had one. Once I actually gave them a complete set of the Genesis albums and the next concert I played she came up afterwards and asked, "Why didn't you play more from *A Trick Of The Tail?*" I mean, she actually had *listened* to the things and remembers the songs we hadn't played. Anyway, she is a very, very attractive lady, far more attractive in person than in photographs. And he comes off as a really decent man. He really tries his best, I think, a good chap.

PLAYBOY: You have a lot of other celebrity fans. Go ahead and name drop.

COLLINS: Shall I? All right. Jack Nicholson showed up at a show in Los Angeles. And it was the same night as a Lakers game. Tom Selleck has come and paid scalpers $100 for tickets. When Audrey Hepburn came up and introduced herself to me at the Academy Awards I was like speechless. And she asked me for my autograph for her son. Kathleen Turner came up and said she was a big fan. Michael Caine asked to be introduced to me. Meryl Streep was sitting with Jessica Lange. I thought of going over and saying something about how fantastic she was in *Out Of Africa* but I was too embarrassed. Finally, my wife told me, "Go on. She would probably love to know how you felt." Finally I did and she said, "Well, look who's finally come up and said hello to me." I don't mean to sound bragging when I say this, because I don't mean it like that. I'm just blown away that people that I see on television, these movie stars, these people I admire, come to see *me*!

PLAYBOY: And you haven't come to terms with the fact that you are a superstar as well?

COLLINS: Not one bit. I just don't think of myself as a star. I think this is what I do for a living. I'm fortunate that I make ends meet. . .

PLAYBOY: More than make ends meet, we would imagine.

COLLINS: Well, that I make a good living doing it.

PLAYBOY: What *has* the money meant to you?

COLLINS: If I ever really want something, I say to myself, "I've worked for this. I should be able to have it." I used to save and save and save and not spend anything because I feared that when I was 50 or 60 I'd need the money. I still have that in me. It used to be that I wouldn't consider going with Eric to shop and buy a suit that cost a thousand pounds. Now, once in a blue moon I might do it. But we still try to live on a budget. Jill draws X amount of money at the beginning of each week and that money lasts until the beginning of the following week.

PLAYBOY: But if she runs out, she can go back to the well, can't she?

COLLINS: Yeah. But at the beginning of every week I ask her, "Did you draw the money out this week?" I mean, boring, terribly boring normal stuff. But in fact we both have rather modest tastes. Even our hobbies are relatively inexpensive. She collects ladies' compacts and Bakelite dishes; I collect tin toys and flying ducks. My car is five years old.

Eric Clapton keeps trying to get me to buy a Ferrari but I wouldn't feel comfortable in a Ferrari. The car I've got goes fine. It's an old friend to me. So the main thing about the money is that it gives me comfort to think that if I were to lose a leg tomorrow I wouldn't have to worry. Meantime, I'm no big spender — it's just not my style.

PLAYBOY: Rock'n'roll was once a young man's game, but you've been called one of the few genuine adult rock stars. How do you react to being called such a terrible thing?

COLLINS: At least it isn't calling me uglier than George Orwell. It makes me sound awfully middle of the road, though, like Barry Manilow, who has been in this interview half a dozen times now. But I guess the point is that you can be an adult and that doesn't mean you are boring. It's a comfort to know that you can grow up and still feels things deeply, still have something to say.

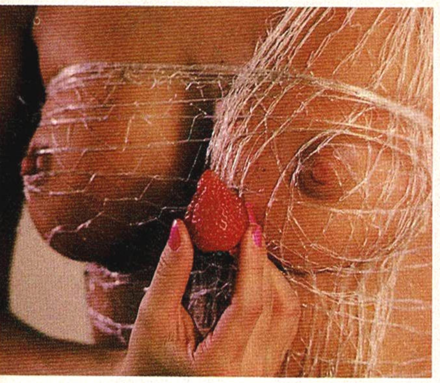
PLAYBOY: And if you were to write some new songs based on what you're feeling these days?

COLLINS: I guess they'd be pretty happy songs. Does that sound boring? Hmmm. . . Well, it's not. You'll see what I mean. You'll hear.

Our lovely Marie Cartland longs to lead a colorful life.

PRETTILY PINK

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL ANCHER



Blonde and beautiful Marie Cartland hates cold weather, drab clothes and dull people. "I'm happiest when I'm surrounded by lots and lots of color," she explains. "I love summer because it means I can wear bright clothes, put on a vibrant lipstick, really stand out in a crowd. I get depressed in winter because people shuffle around in layers of clothes and no one seems to smile. If I had my way, it would be summer all year long!" Marie has taken her love of color a few steps further by enrolling at a technical college course in design. "I hope to be a graphic artist one day," she says. "I would like to design posters — big, bold splashes of color with lots of interesting lines." At the moment she's working on several design projects and admits her inner-city flat is piled with pots of paint and half-finished bits and pieces of artwork. "It's a real mess," she sighs. "But I know exactly where everything is!"

Marie says her ideal man would look something like Rob Lowe, have a sense of humor like Dudley Moore, a set of muscles to put Sylvester Stallone to shame, and a Paul Hogan-style larrikin streak. "As you can imagine," she giggles, "I haven't found him yet. Seriously, though, a man has to be tender and kind and he should be tuned into a woman's needs. That's where a lot of men fall down. They make no attempt to understand females. Women are different, you know." Excuse us, Marie, we've noticed. Truly we have!

SLOW·BURN

Gareth Powell traces the lore and legend of fine cigars.

IF YOU HAVE ever seen the opera *Carmen* you will remember that part of it is set inside a cigar factory. There, the young and lovely Carmen rolls cigars all day with great and tender care when she is not having it away with the licentious Spanish soldiery and singing at the top of her voice to tell the world all about it. Her method of rolling cigars is, for those of us with that sort of mind, downright sexy.

This is how she does it. She takes the filler leaf, and with her skirt well hiked up out of the way, tenderly massages the leaf in a rolling motion up and down on her inner thigh until it is a soft, smooth and slightly moist cylinder.

Then she adds the outer leaf and rolls it gently but firmly from just above her knee to within a hairsbreadth of the promised land. She rolls it until the cigar is as firm, as brown and as attractive as, well, the inside of Carmen's thighs.

And that, in truth, is how the traditional cigar has always been made. More expensive than machinery, but infinitely more romantic.

If you have ever smoked one of these sybaritic wonders you may have noticed that sometimes it tasted a trifle salty. Which may have been the sweet sweat drying out. You say you noticed a faint tang, a gentle aroma of something else?

Ah, but a gentleman would not go into that. Some things are better not discussed. Better left to the imagination.

I was taught never to worry whether I left the band on a cigar or took it off. A cigar, it is true, looks aesthetically more pleasing without a band, but tearing it off might damage the outer leaf.There was no rule.(I was eventually to find out there were no rules about cigars except

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

to enjoy the damn things, but that came later.)

I was taught always to light my cigar with a match and not a cigarette lighter. True then, but not now. In those days lighters were fuelled with petrol and that affected the taste of the cigar, especially if you used a flaring bonfire of a Zippo. Now lighters are powered with butane gas which imparts no odor.

I learned that squeezing a cigar near my ear to see if it would crackle was a mug's game, the mark of the idiot beginner. Most cigars crackle if you do that to them. Which indicates nothing, proves less. If you want to check if the cigar is properly made, then by all means gently caress it along its length (as if it were Carmen's thighs) to see there are no lumps or soft places. I have never experienced a bad cigar from any of the major importers but I presume there has to be a first time.

The one neat trick for assessing a quality cigar is to look at the veins on the wrapper leaf. These should run, in a general sense, from tip to tip. If they run across the cigar you have got an el cheapo special.

I was taught that the color of the leaf wrapper had nothing to do with the strength of the smoke. Some cigars with the palest of wrappers — called Claro in the trade — are as strong and as nicotine-filled as the raw American 10 cent cigar which was known, with no affection, as the stagecoach stogie.

I also learned a great truth.

If you are a harassed, pressured individual who imitates a one-legged man in an arse-kicking contest, then a cigar is a great pacifier. It is quite impossible to smoke a good cigar all the way through and still remain stressed, tensed up, fraught.

Cigars are not for the frantic puffer.

Cigar smoking is a calm, contemplative ritual which cannot be hurried.

There is a school of thought which suggests the Germans lost World War II and the Allies won it because Hitler didn't smoke a pipe or a cigar, while Roosevelt smoked a pipe, Churchill smoked cigars and Stalin was frequently portrayed with a monster of a pipe in which it could be assumed he smoked party deviationists.

While I was being taught about cigars I bought a fine leather cigar case that would hold precisely five full Coronas, which I was told were as many as a gentleman should smoke in a day. More would be vulgar gluttony. I have never smoked more than two in the day because I find two bring satisfaction and satiation.

You say that Winston Churchill smoked 10 a day? So he did, but never more than a few puffs from each. And if you do not believe me, try to recall a photograph of Churchill with a cigar smoked nearly to the bitter end in his mouth. There are none.

It was at this time that I ran into the only controversy that bedevils the serious cigar fancier.

Do you bite the end off, cut it with a cigar cutter, slash it with a sharp pen knife or insert a pointed match into its innards? There were supporters for each school of thought, but I eventually worked it out. The biters were messy, discount them. The matchstick pokers may appear to be precise and scientific but the very action of pushing in the matchstick crushes and compresses the tobacco and leads, on occasion, to an uneven smoke.

Cutting the end of the cigar with a proper cutter or a very sharp penknife is the only way to go. And the cut should be a V shape into the end of the cigar, not a round flat cut which, like circumcision, has nothing to recommend it.

I lean toward the use of a cigar cutter simply because my hands cannot be depended on to make a clean and accurate cut.

Cigars come in a wide range of qualities and an even wider range of prices. At the top are cigars made with Havana leaf from Cuba. (At the very top are cigars made solely from Vuelto Abajo leaf from Cuba. Such monuments to smoking pleasure will not come your way often. In my lifetime I have smoked only seven of these exquisites.) You will hear arguments from almost every tobacco-producing country in the world that their cigar tobacco is as good as or better than Cuban. Nonsense. Castro has the game by the balls and used to show his own great good sense by smoking Havana cigars and no others. This is not to say that excellent cigars do not come from other countries, with The Philippines being a nearby and splendid example. They produce great cigars. But they are not Havanas.

> *If you want to check if a cigar is properly made, then by all means gently caress it along its length (as if it were Carmen's thighs).*

With many cigars you will find the filling, which is made from broken leaves, comes from Jamaica and the outside wrapper, which is grown in the shade to preserve its fragile beauty, from Havana. Top cigars are rolled by hand. In some countries the warm romanticism of the inside of the thigh technique has been modernised to rolling them on a flat table. Be damned to that. I am not suggesting you embargo all cigars that have not been thigh rolled, but it is a thought that has crossed my mind. Is nothing sacred? Must all traces of old craftsmanship disappear? Are flat tables truly preferable to the inside of thighs?

Color grading in cigars is almost an art form. Start at the top with Claro which is the lightest. Then comes Colorado Claro which is medium; Colorado is dark, and Colorado Maduro is as dark as the Prince of Hell's waistcoat.

In sizes you have Churchill's monster favorite at the top, the Double Corona. Then coming down in size you have Lonsdale, Corona Grande, Corona, Petit Corona, Tres Petit Corona and Half Corona, and then smaller numbers with curious names like "whiffs".

Once you have made decisions as to shade and size you still have shape to consider. Perfecto has a pointed head and tapering sides, panatalla is long and straight with a smallish diameter. Decisions, decisions, decisions.

When I was a young lad the story that was foisted on me by my teachers was that smoking was brought to the old world from the new — from America to Europe — by Sir Walter Raleigh, Nutty Walt. Which is true, although one of the sailors with Columbus, Rodrigo de Jerez, was probably the first European to smoke and was done over by the Inquisition for this "devilish" habit. Quite right too.

Smoking substances other than tobacco has been around probably since the Stone Age. Pliny the Elder referred to the Romans smoking pipes, the Scythians of south-east Europe smoked hemp seed and the Pythians used to roll one and have a few drags before making prophecies. It is not, in any way, a modern affliction.

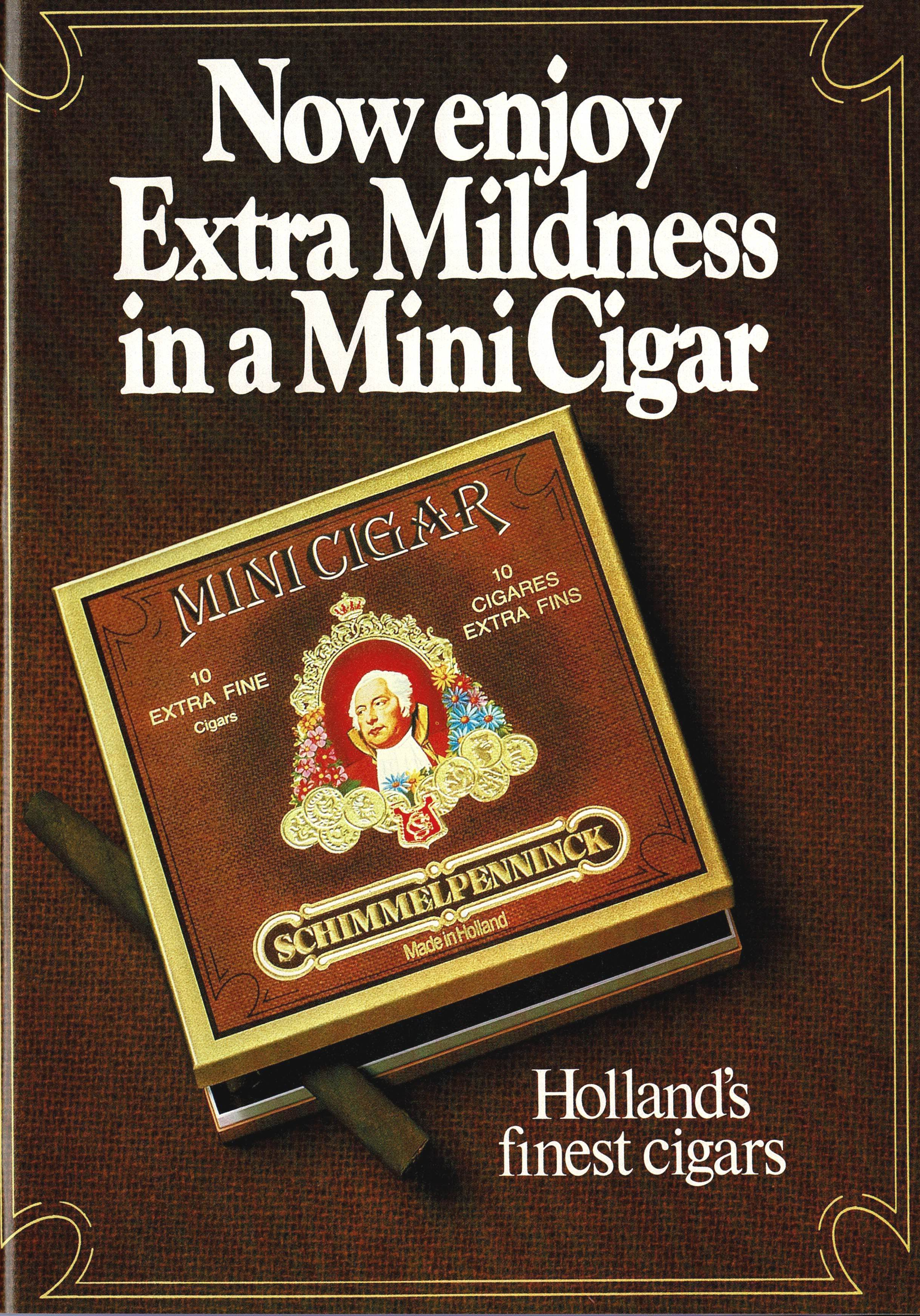
If, like everyone else, you complain bitterly about the horrendously high cost of smoking nowadays, be comforted with the thought that when it started it was even more expensive. For many centuries it was kept almost totally in the realms of pleasures for the landed gentry.

The anti-smoking lobby was well to the fore from day one. Ben Jonson let fly with, "It's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers: there were four died out of one house, last week, with the taking of it, and two more the bell went for, yesternight."

King James banned it and wrote a splendid polemic denouncing its evils. But despite all this it has lived on.

Cigar smoking is a quiet, almost onanistic, pleasure. If you say it is bad for me I will agree with you. Who could argue? Also bad for me are fast women, fast cars, slow racehorses, red meat, whisky, brandy and anything else you can think of which makes life pleasurable.

Before you cast the first stone, dwell on the words of the novelist J.B. Priestley, "I have only to be given one of those enormous and very expensive cigars and I immediately find myself turning into a different person. I feel rich, powerful and sensual rather than cynical, one who looks with narrowed eyes at the poor virtuous fools of this world." My sentiments exactly.



FIRST DATES (continued from page 42)

> *I looked in her eyes: she was the kind of girl who loved the smell of Aramis in the morning.*

for the words. “I think the biggest problem is trying to come to terms with the *Ms* Ethic we learned in the ’70s, and the *Mrs* Ethic that our mothers taught us when we were growing up. If you’re too strong and independent it scares guys off, and if you play it the other way, they think you’re too needy.”

She drank from her glass. “I suppose it all comes down to one question: Do you want the house with the garden in suburbia, or the big office in the city?”

I looked at her through the candles. “Is that your dream, or your nightmare?”

She lowered her eyes to the tablecloth. “There’s a conflict in every female heart,” she said. “Between good and evil, an executive position and children. . .” She stared out the window. “And good does not always win. They say you can have it all, but nobody told us how to do it.”

I sympathised with her. “The basic problem is that anybody born after 1945 is screwed,” I said, and she laughed.

“What’s your dream and nightmare?” she asked.

I put my fork down. “I picture a massive French restaurant. The size of an aircraft carrier. I walk in with a date, and the maitre d’ looks at me, looks at a thousand empty tables and says, ‘I’m sorry, but there’s a 40-minute wait’.”

“Would you like coffee?” the waiter asked.

“Yes, thank you,” she said, and then excused herself. “I’ll be right back. I have to go to the ladies room.”

As she walked away I couldn’t quite remember what Jerry had told me about why women habitually visit the restaurant bathroom in twos — although I did recall something that went, “Cover me while I make a break for the stalls. . .”

But at that moment, I did remember what he’d told me about waiters.

As you sit down to your first dinner together, he’d warned, observe carefully how your date treats the waiter.

Does she sneer, “Get me this, bring me that.”

Does she wince at the way the waiter places dishes on the table and nit-pick unimportant details?

Does she treat the waiter like a slave? And when the bill comes, is she immediately distrustful, questioning every item?

Yes, keep a very close eye on the way she treats the waiter on the first date. Because that is exactly the way she is going to be treating you in six months.

* * *

“Your bill, sir.”

She reached across the table for it, but I got there first.

I took the bill. I took her hand.

“I’ll take you home,” I told her, and the two of us walked into the balmy night.

“What a beautiful evening,” she said, pulling close.

Yes, I thought. Maybe it was time to think about a relationship. How to tell if it would work?

First, you’re not upset about missing *Neighbors*. You both love the way Springsteen sings about the working class, but think there’s something a little strange about people who go to his concerts in limousines.

Your shoes seem to fit better.

You order chicken, but don’t realise until halfway through the meal that you’re eating veal.

Instead of thinking about “getting laid” you start thinking about “making love”.

* * *

In the cool, inky blackness of post-midnight Sydney, I quietly slipped the car on to the highway, easing into the darkened stream of asphalt, letting the current pull me along as I drifted into the night.

As my date, and the lights of the city slowly receded behind me, I turned down my radio, and. . .

Saturday.

Shit.

It was Saturday, and I was still single.

But then, maybe not.

Before I went on the date, I only wanted it to be over. And now that it was over, I only wished it had never ended.

She was not insane.

I was not crazy.

“I hope I can see you again,” I said in the pale yellow light outside her door.

“That would be nice,” she sighed, and I looked in her eyes: she was the kind of girl who loved the smell of Aramis in the morning.

Kissing her softly on the cheek, I walked down the stairs and started my car.

And now, as I drove home on the highway, our final words kept coming back: “Someday this dating is going to be over,” I told her.

Yes.

Someday this dating is going to be over.

CREATING THE WRONG IMPRESSION

How to make sure your first date is your last:

For Women:

1. Describe, in great detail, the problems with your ovaries, your diet, your thighs, and your mother.
2. Leave a copy of *Bride* on your coffee table.
3. Say things like, “I love Lamborghinis,” especially if your date is driving a Suzuki Hatch.
4. Put on your make-up at the table. (Yes, the natural look is in — tons of it.)
5. Say hello to 36 other men in the restaurant.
6. Sneer, and complain if he holds a door open for you. (This is *always* an attractive way to let him know you’re an independent woman.)
7. Describe everyone you’ve ever gone out with as being either crazy or insane. (Don’t worry. Never in a million years will anyone begin to suspect that maybe your behavior played a part in these matters.)
8. Bring a friend.

For Men:

1. Have your secretary call and say you’re going to be 20 minutes late. (It’s always a wise idea to let her know just how important you are.)
2. Within five minutes of meeting, impress her by revealing exactly how much money you make. (Be subtle. Walk in the kitchen and say “Oh! I see you use Wesson oil. Did I tell you about my oil rig tax shelters?”)
3. Point out every attractive woman who walks into the restaurant.
4. Casually mention that your last girlfriend was a model.
5. And that she appeared on the cover of last month’s *Vogue*.
6. And then remark, “But I’m not into looks any more.”
7. Let her know how sensitive yet experienced you are by complaining about how many strange beds you’ve found yourself in during the past six weeks.
8. Forget your money, be overdrawn on your credit cards, and announce, “You get this one. I’ll get the next.”

GOING IN STYLE

When it comes to having a great time, Teri Petersen does it her way.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON

One of the first things we noticed about the divine Teri Petersen (that is, once we'd shifted our attention from those bewitching brown eyes) was the way she dresses. Yes, that's right, clothes. Miss Petersen has an uncanny knack of looking just as incredibly sexy when she's fully dressed as when she's deliciously naked. Her wardrobe is stylish and unconventional. Tops are low-cut, skirts are short and pants are, well, terrifically tight. "I really do enjoy creating my own fashions," says Teri. "I like looking somewhat bizarre, because I don't really care what people think. I like to get into fads."

RICHARD FEGLEY

Teri then deftly changes the subject to men. "What kind of guys do I like?" she muses. "I like a guy who knows how to handle himself but isn't too pushy. I like guys who know how to be romantic and I like being treated like a lady." And sex? "Sex, for me, anyway, is almost an artistic expression created by two people," she replies promptly. "Of course, it helps if you're in love. So far, I've been in love three times — once at 15, once at 18 and once at 20." She tells us she never expected nude modelling to be such hard work. "I don't actually know what I expected," says Teri. "All I know is I love being photographed because it really gives me a chance to let myself go. Being shot in the nude was exciting. I enjoyed expressing myself to the camera." Teri goes on to admit she was terribly shy when she was younger. Now, at 27, Teri is calm, confident, delightfully uninhibited and coping with life in style.

MORE VEHICLE,
MORE VALUE.
NISSAN
PATROL
Patrol L28 Hardtop with power steering, limited slip rear differential, AM/FM stereo cassette, driver's suspension seat and luxury cloth trim, all standard. Optional wide wheels pack available at extra cost.

6 CYLINDER PATROL WINS.

6 Cylinder Patrol wins over 4 Cylinder Pajero, Bundera, and Jackaroo on power, equipment and price!

You'll be pushing uphill to beat a new Patrol for power and value. Take the petrol engine '86 Patrol Hardtop as an example.

In the standard model, Patrol beats the Pajero SWB and the Jackaroo SWB on list price. In the higher spec GL model, Patrol wins out again over Pajero Sports and LandCruiser's Bundera Deluxe (Jackaroo doesn't have a GL competitor.)

Patrol's story is more than just price. You're getting one heck of a vehicle for your money with Nissan Patrol.

Like every classic vehicle, Patrol has kept on improving in every way. When it comes to heavy duty, off-road sixes, Nissan Patrol has become the yardstick for the competition. Patrol recently won a "4x4 Australia" magazine 4-way comparison with LandCruiser, Land Rover 110, and the Ford Bronco hands down.

That's how far Patrol has come!

If it's more vehicle and more value you want, jump into a Patrol.

* Price comparisons correct at June 30 1986.

COME ALIVE, COME AND DRIVE
NISSAN
KNOW-HOW

AA43

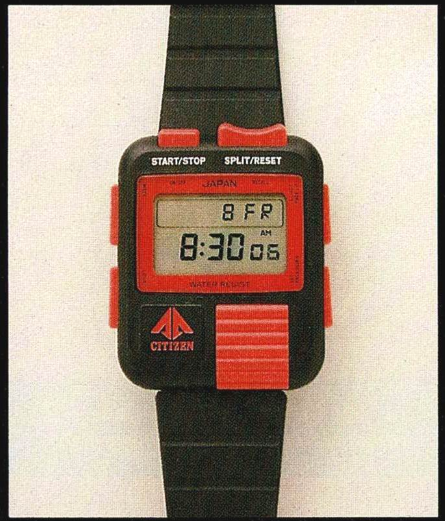
NISSAN

N E W · F A C E S

Welcome to the watch revolution. Funky or fashionable, costly or cheap, today's watches come in myriad shapes, sizes and styles. And here's Australian PLAYBOY*'s new-season selection of good-time watches for men on the move.*

Fashion by Vitek

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TERRY SCHWARTZ


START/STOP
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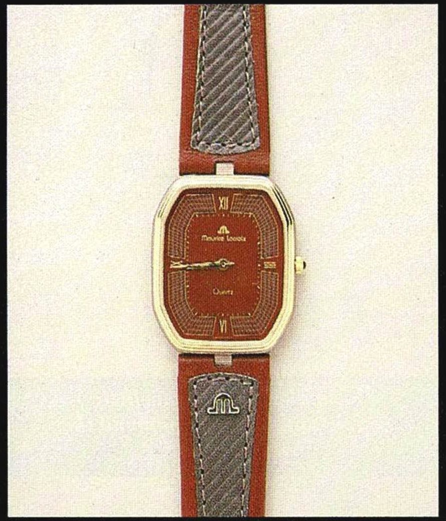
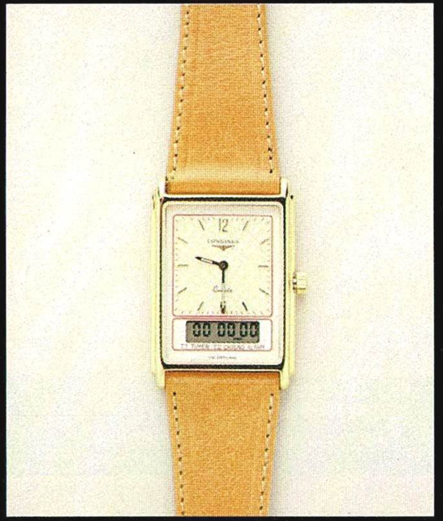
CITIZEN

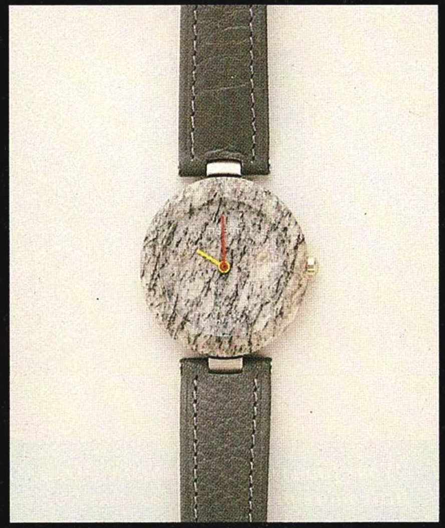
"A run? Not after a night like that. Just run the bath for me, honey."



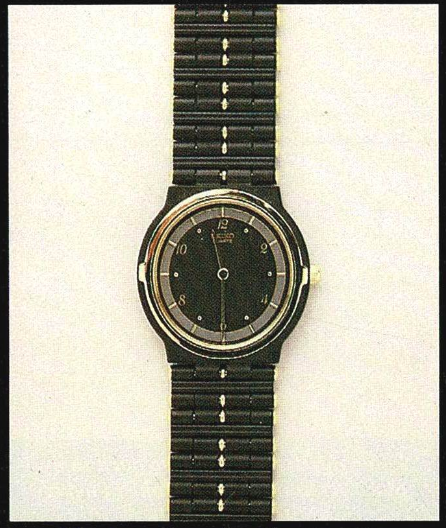
"Ah, that's better. Black coffee, please. And gallons of it."



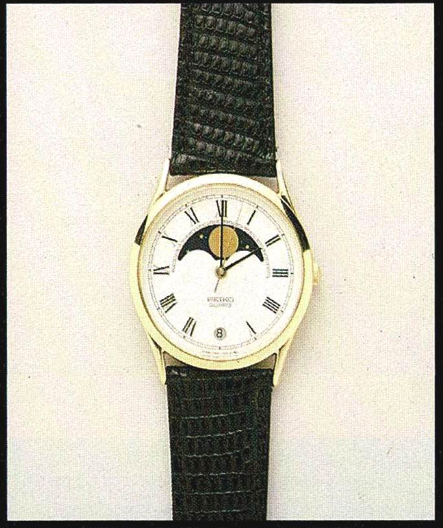
"Sorry, boss. The traffic was terrible. Took me two hours to get in."



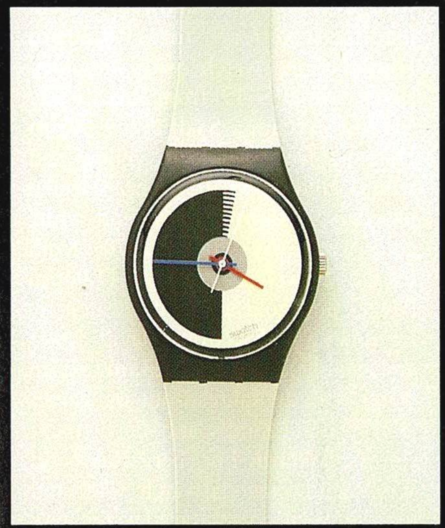
"Think I'll rock over to advertising and chat up that new secretary."



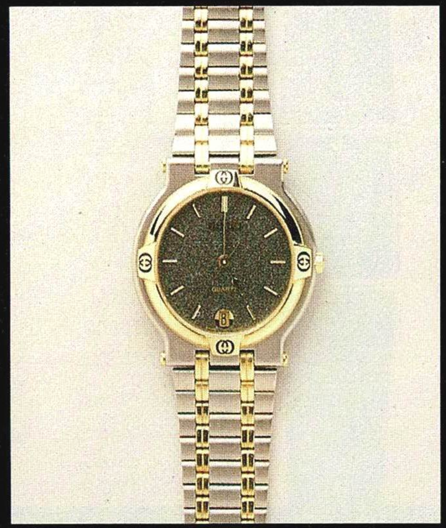
"Hi there, boss. Just been tossing around some ideas with the creative lads."



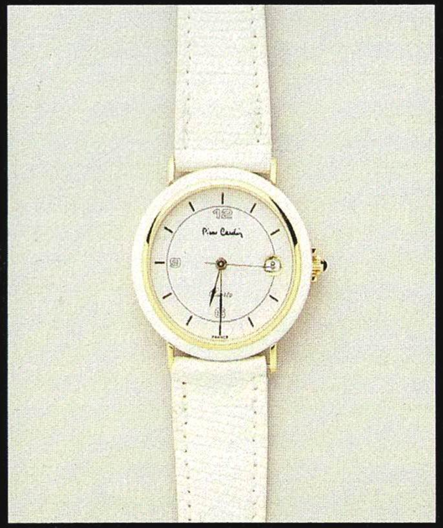
"I'm glad I chose this little restaurant. How about another bottle of chardonnay?"



"Better get back to work. Hell of a day. Been in since the crack of dawn."

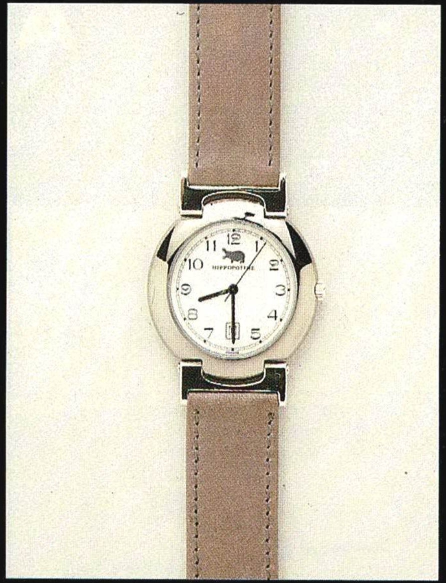


"Have that report on your desk first thing tomorrow morning, boss. I'll be up all night."

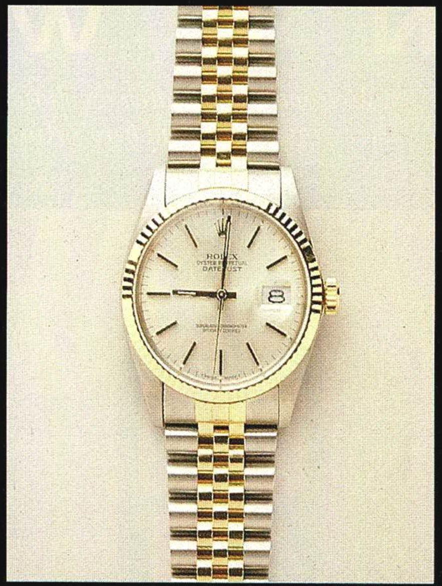


"Jeez, is that the time? Just one for the road, mate. Got a big date tonight."

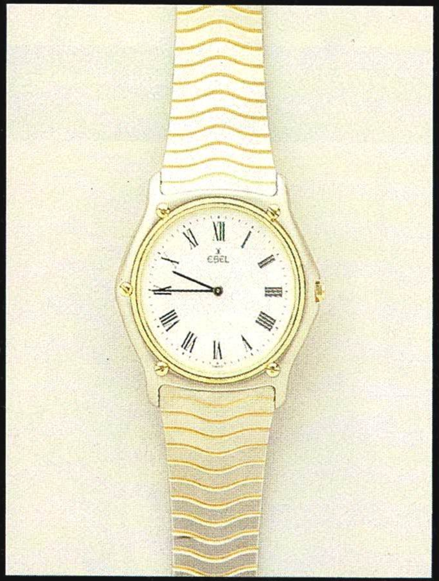
"You look absolutely terrific. Here, let me help you with your coat."



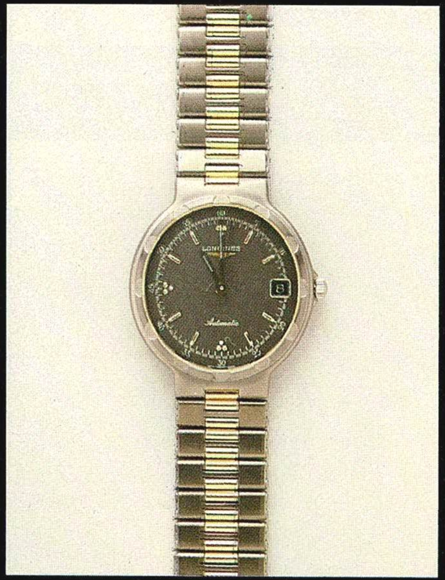
"I'm glad I chose this little restaurant. I can recommend the chardonnay."



"How about we go somewhere romantic and listen to some music?"



"No, of course I don't mind if you request some more Barry Manilow."

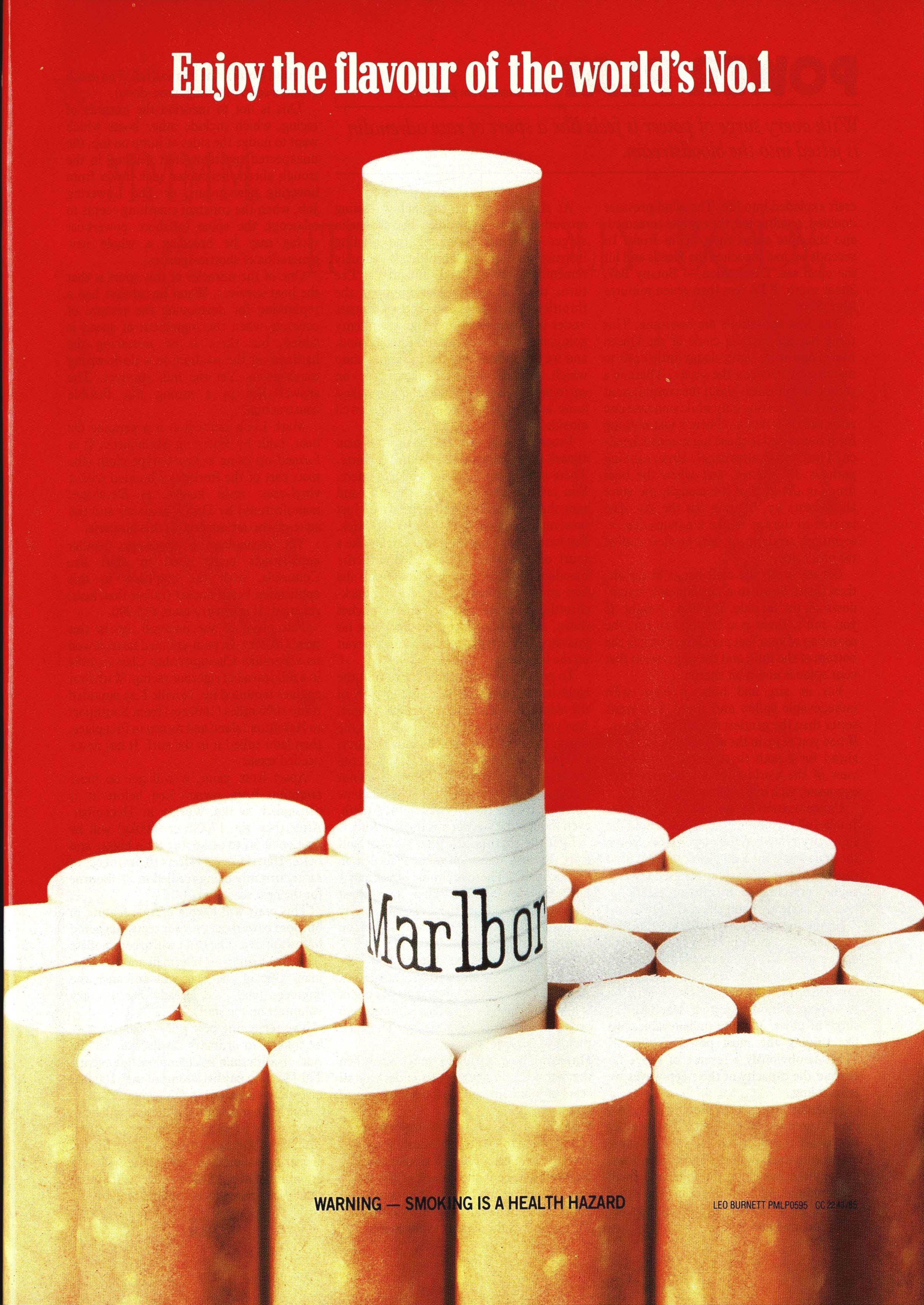


"Look, darling, shall we go back to my place? It must be the smoke in here. Splitting headache."

"Your fingertips are fantastic. Mmn, little more pressure on the temples."

Previous page: **8.30am** Sports Jogger digital watch by Citizen ($100) from leading jewellers. **8.45am** Maurice Lacroix quartz watch with mineral crystal face and gold plating ($350) from selected jewellers. **9.30am** Split read-out watch featuring digital and analog by Longines ($499) from Proud's and Angus and Coote. **10.00am** The Rock Watch by Tissot ($195) from department stores and jewellers. **11.30am** Hardlex crystal watch by Seiko Quartz ($470) from Angus and Coote. **2.00pm** Lunar Calendar watch by Seiko Quartz ($260) from leading jewellers. **3.45pm** New design from Swatch's summer '86 range ($35) available from department stores and jewellers. **5.00pm** Rolled gold Gucci watch ($900) from Angus and Coote. **6.30pm** Pierre Cardin's quartz watch ($315) from jewellery stores and accessory boutiques. This page: **8.00pm** Gold-plated Edox watch with crocodile skin band ($275) from leading jewellery stores. **8.30pm** Hippopotime watch with moulded silver casing ($345) from Rox in The Strand Arcade, Sydney. **9.00pm** Datejust from Rolex in yellow and white gold ($3870) from selected jewellers. **9.45pm** Yellow and white gold watch by Ebel ($1970) from leading jewellery stores. **11.00pm** Pewter and gold automatic watch by Longines ($1555) from David Jones and leading jewellers. **12.23am** Citizen watch with digital read-out and games ($90) from Proud's and department stores. **2.00am** For her, Raymond Weil's gold octagonal watch ($700) and for him, Weil's black-faced watch with diamond ($499), both from leading jewellers.

"Yes, it was wonderful. No, I don't think you're cheap. Let me sleep, honey. Big day tomorrow."


Enjoy the flavour of the world's No.1
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LEO BURNETT PMLP0595 CC 22.[illegible]

POWER PLAY

(continued from page 78)

With every surge of power it feels like a spurt of raw adrenalin is jetted into the bloodstream.

craft exploded into life. The wind pressure doubled, quadrupled, the engines screamed, and the nose stood right up in front. In seconds we had breached the Heads and hit the open sea. Destination — Botany Bay, 20km south. ETA less than seven minutes later. Shit!

The first sensations are awesome. This thing has the turning circle of the Queen Mary, and is no light, dodgy little craft to manoeuvre between the waves. There is a certain helplessness about the commitment involved in steering only while someone else rams the throttle flat. There's just nothing for it but to tackle those big greenies head-on. The swell is surprisingly large, running perhaps 3-4 metres, and when the boat drops in the guts of the trough, the wave ahead rears up, blotting out the sky. The joyride to the top is like a moonrocket — seemingly straight-up, with no view at all of the other side.

Off the crest, the craft hangs in the air, then floats down to a cushion-soft touch-down on the far side. If you do it right. If you don't, there is a jarring crunch, the sensation of your feet punching a hole in the bottom of the hull, and the impression that your spine is now a bit shorter.

For its size and bulk, it leaps with unbelievable agility and speed, and lands softer than the gentlest aircraft touchdown. When you're up in the air, peering earnestly ahead for a path through the rollers, the view of the world is of a giant upturned egg-crate, each one a personal adventure.

Concentration on the tiller is enormous. It takes all my physical strength to hold the thing straight when the power is on. When the craft leaps, the load yields and you need care not to turn against the released force. A slight correction is usually necessary on take-off, a steady hand on touch-down.

Beside me, Lee is working the throttles malevolently: shoving them hard forward up the waveface, easing them off the crest, throttling back on the touchdown, ramming forward again. The boat gets into a rhythm of leaping, landing, surging, leaping. The surge of power is quite unbelievable, just like driving the most powerful racecar. There is obviously a reserve of shove far beyond the capacity of the steep waves we are tackling.

Near the entrance to Botany Bay, less than 10 minutes later, we get it flat-throttle, Lee trims the boat flat by shifting some ballast into the bow-tanks and I steer down through the moorings, dolphins and small anchored fishing boats like some kid at the controls of a pinball parlor video game. Clear run, no kills!

At the end of the channel we swing around and ease to an idle. The adrenalin surges over me, swamping the briefing instructions on the throttle. I vaguely remember "timing" and "lift-off" as Lee turns the craft seaward and I open the throttles. This time I have the throttles under my own hand and I give it plenty going out. There is a ramrod force behind, and we are shoved into the incoming chop which pounds the hull like a car on corrugations. But it just cuts the water like a knife and we are soon in the huge swell outside.

I soon discover that it is the throttle-man aboard these things who gets the real buzz. There is no room for sleight-of-hand here. You just have to grab those throttles and ram them forward up the waveface. Just how much and for how long is the trick. But with every surge of power it feels like a spurt of raw adrenalin is jetted into the bloodstream. The boat just zooms up the face and spears into the air. As you back-throttle, it hangs mid-air, then crunches down, soft or hard, depending on how far you thrust over the top and what lies in wait on the far side.

To get the rhythm, you have to find the right landing place. Just on the far side of the leaping wave is too slow, and too short. And you will get the boat nose-down for the run at the next face, which could by dicy. On the upward face of the next wave is too far, and you will have a jolting landing if not a huge greencap over the bow. Somehow you have to find the soft spot in the trough, even though the view of it is totally blind.

I get the rhythm just past Malabar and start to use most of the throttle on "launchpad". There are some sensations I have experienced in risking it in most danger sports, but there is absolutely nothing like this. It is about the best buzz on water or earth.

About 90 percent of the ride is silk-smooth. This has a lulling effect. Dangerous. The sea finds its own way to snap you out of it — an irregular wave pattern, an extra high crest, a bonus wave in the trough. There are plenty of hazards. . .

Hazard One is getting too much air. When that happens, the aircraft carrier deck ahead rears straight up and falls back on top of you.

Hazard Two is a twister. When you screw it on a wave top or try to sideslide up and over, you can get a 100mph tumble-wash.

Hazard Three is the hazard of the heavy hand. Punch it too hard in the trough and you go straight in (not over) the wave ahead. This produces the sinking syndrome.

Hazard Four is the trip and fall. Too much grunt, a centre landing, nose-down.

This is not to mention the hazards of racing, which include other boats which want to nudge the sides or jump on top, the unexpected spectator craft nestling in the trough ahead, helicopter suck-down from hovering news-teams, or The Lowering Job, when the constant smashing seems to telescope the spine (offshore powerboat racing may be breeding a whole new generation of shortie-sporties).

One of the miracles of this sport is that the boat survives. Water has always had a reputation for developing the texture of concrete when the ingredient of speed is added, but there is no mistaking the hardness of the medium in a do-it-wrong touch-down. Yet the hull survives. The answer lies in a strong but flexible construction.

Mark Lee's multi-hull is a genuine Oz boat, built by Harris in Melbourne. It is formed up using a Kevlar-type cloth (the matt part of the fibreglass) bonded with a vinyl-ester resin known as Derakane, manufactured by Dow Chemicals and the state-of-the-art material in this business.

The technology is space-age, similar applications being used in craft like Columbia, with the emphasis in this application being impact (rather than heat) resistant. It is worth a mere $15,000.

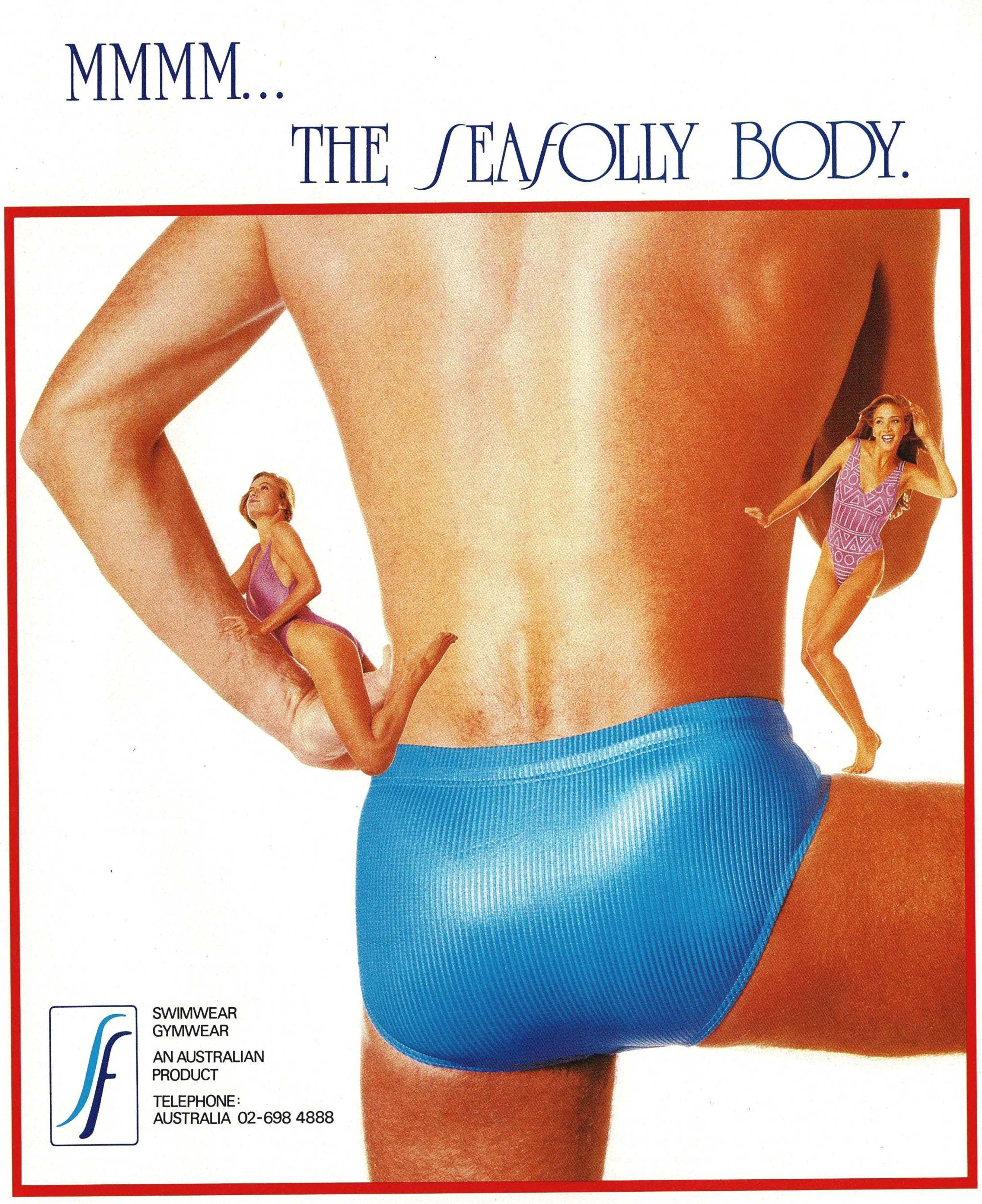
Fair proof of the material lies in this boat's history. In twin-engined form, it won its Australian Championship Class in 1984 in a full season of rigorous racing. With four engines mounted up, Neville Kay pounded it the 1000 miles (1600km) from Southport to Hamilton Island and return in first place, then later rolled it in the surf. It has never needed repair.

Apart from paint, it will get no more attention from owner Lee before it is consigned to the Worlds in December. After that, the 1700lb-er (800kg) will be auctioned off to make way for a bigger and better Harris Cat — 34 feet (10.5m) of ocean racer currently being readied in Melbourne for the next season.

This craft will have a unique feature in offshore powerboats — four seats, staggered in rows of two. The front will accommodate the usual loonies — tillerman and throttle-man. One of the rear will ensconce the engineer (and Lee already has a crazy volunteer on the staff).

The remaining pew will — wait for it — be sold to an ordinary thrillseeker for the ride-of-a-lifetime in championship events. The idea is to pay back some of the $100,000 investment involved in this gadget.

Lee has not disclosed if the seat will be in the shape of a dunny or if pants evacuation equipment will be supplied, but for the joy of scaring yourself shitless, there will be a premium of about $500 per event. If you're game. The queue forms behind me.



THE FALL GUYS

(continued from page 59)

> *“If you relate why you keep on screwing to why you keep on jumping, it’s pretty similar.”*

practically blazing with excitement at the memory. Plan it! Plan it. . . perfectly! *That* plugs the damn leaks!

But what about when the leaks *aren’t* plugged? What about when somebody makes one too many mistakes? Given the incredible risks involved, is it really surprising that most people call base-jumpers crazy?

Williams likes that. In fact, although the crew disclaim the tag, they seem to like it too; in a funny way, it’s an acknowledgement that they’re up to something way beyond the abilities of Joe Average. “It is crazy, relative to the normal person’s activities. I don’t ridicule anyone who claims that we are foolhardy,” says Williams, grinning. “It’s just that they’ve indicated to me that they don’t know what the sport is about.”

After all, it isn’t just one mistake which leads to your downfall. Says Sparkes: “There’s a certain margin for error. There’ve been people who’ve made mistakes jumping off bridges and buildings and towers, but they’ve got away with it because there’s a certain point up to which you can make mistakes.”

Tim McCormack is a good example. He’s a very experienced skydiver who, among other jumps, was a part of the 15-person Westgate shot. When McCormack went off, his gear failed to get the main chute out behind him. Now, a water landing gives you a little more margin for error than a pavement, but McCormack was headed straight down, head first, with a good chance of a broken neck, when his skydiver’s reflexes saved him. With a split-second’s falling time left, he did a half-somersault and hit the water legs down. His chute opened just as he blew a hole in the Yarra, and he got away with slight leg injuries. Perfect! An ideal illustration of how a good base-jumper, tuned and ready, can stack the odds in his favor.

And it’s not as if they want to put anyone else at risk. “One day it’s gonna happen that they will have to put rescue workers at risk to save someone who’s tried a base-jump, and that’s going to be a shame,” says Williams. “Because there’s no *need* for it.”

It’s not like the road toll, for instance. Sparkes drags out his biking career to prove the point. “I *fear* little men in hats who drive cars. I’ve had enough of motor cycling. I’ve realised after 24 bike accidents it’s time to call it quits before I crack my spine open. I fear that I’ll be hurt one day through someone else’s fault.” The last accident he had was incredible in its timing. Both he and his sister were involved in the big Westgate jump, and the next afternoon he called his mother to tell her it was okay. “She said, ‘I’ve read the paper, I’ve seen it all, I bet you took Karen with you, you could have killed her, you could have killed yourself.’ And she went through it all. . . The only thing I could say in the end was, ‘Look, Mum, it’s safer to jump off the bridge than it is to ride a motor cycle.’ And I’m not bullshitting: that was Monday afternoon; on the Tuesday this leg was nearly off, thanks to someone coming through a stop sign, and it will never fully recover.” He shakes his head.

Not everyone in parachuting agrees with this reasoning. For a couple of years now, the Australian Parachuting Federation (APF) has been in a quandary over what to do about the base-jumpers in its midst. Although most will admit some base-jumps can be done in relative safety, in the past the APF has distanced itself from the base-jumping fraternity. But incidents such as the Rialto crash have hardly endeared basers to the police or the public, and the APF is getting more worried about the spin-off of bad publicity on to the main body of the sport. Section 7 of the APF’s constitution provides for disciplining people who “bring the sport into disrepute”; that has already been used against the Centrepoint Tower jumper. But the APF is wary of sparking a full-scale confrontation. As Mike Weiringa says: “They’d have too much trouble on their hands — base-jumping just adds an extra spectrum to the sport, I think.”

All very well — but the boys *still keep going to funerals.* That is what separates base-jumping from the sporting norm, even from sport parachuting itself; every few months you pull out the suit and head off to reminisce over yet another close friend who has pushed things a bit too far.

The last one to go was John Raymond Foster. At 39, and with a 19-year, 3000-jump career behind him, Ray Foster had done all there is to do in parachuting. Almost all, that is. When he saw the picture the boys brought back from Frenchman’s Cap, he was round-eyed in awe. Four months later he was dead, killed going off the surreal heights of Trollvegen in his first-ever base-jumping attempt. The boys got together and held a wake, as they do for most of their dead. “It’s a damn shame,” recalls Williams. “There’s so many people walking around who *could* be dead rather than Ray.” But the attitude of the base-jumpers is clear, concise, horrifying in its elliptical reasoning. They aren’t so much shocked or surprised, as interested to know exactly *how it happened.*

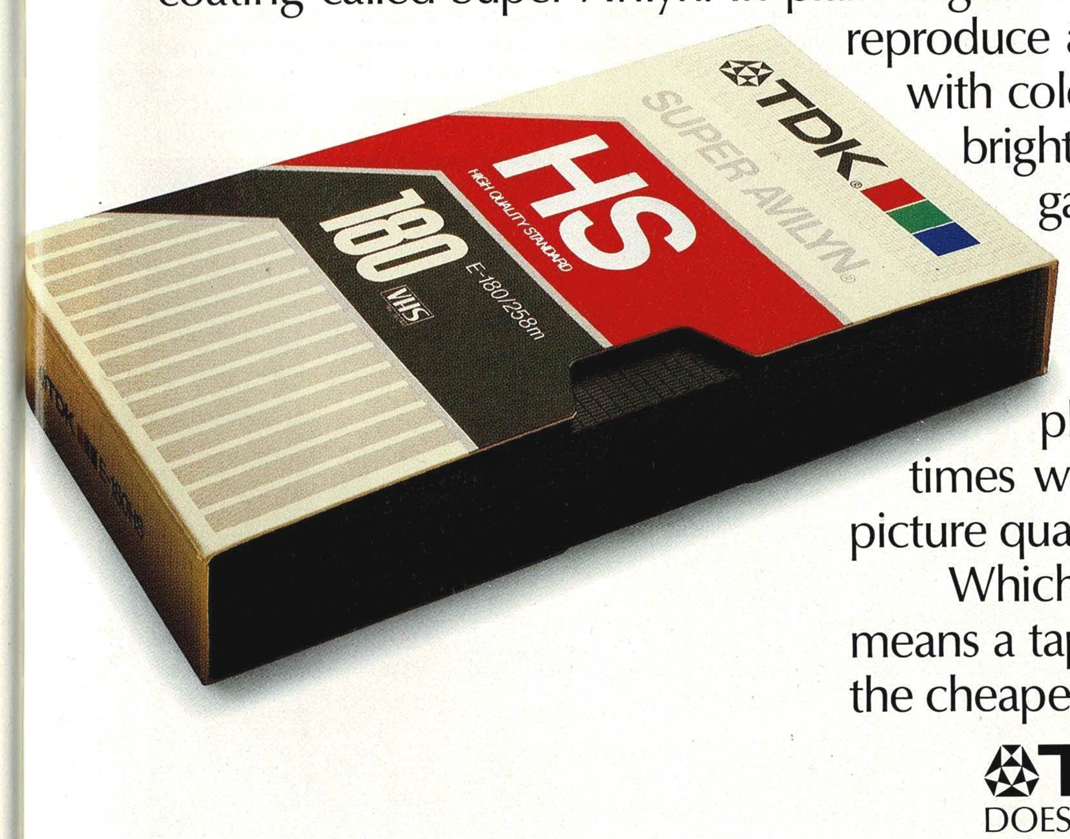
Right now, says Williams, base-jumping is something like sport parachuting in the early days — not many participants, equipment and techniques still developing, high accident rate — and they can use all the information they can get. The more information available on how to do a base-jump correctly, the more leaks you can plug, and death is something that doesn’t happen when you plug all the leaks, right? When they heard Foster had gone off the cliff head first, like Ettema, they were nodding sagely: a bad launch like that impedes the chute’s opening sequence, more often than not spinning you back into the cliff before the long fall to the bottom. Just a silly mistake, probably due to nerves. The two had violated base-jumping’s first principle: *Don’t jump until you’re ready!* The boys weren’t springing *that* leak.

Do the deaths dissuade them at all? On the contrary, says Williams: “I went away from Ray Foster’s wake even more determined to do more, if I can. I think most of us did.” Right now they’re beginning to plan an assault on the scary knife-edge of Ball’s Pyramid near Lord Howe Island, which promises to be even more of a ball-breaker than the Cap.

They *must* be crazy — and yet some people can see the point in what they do. Like Harry, the climber who showed them into the Frenchman’s Cap area. Harry has free-climbed the sheer face of the Cap, an idea that scares the hell out of even the base-jumpers. And Harry didn’t say they were mad. “He understood, he knows, because he’s faced danger,” stresses Mike Timewell. “He’s faced the same sort of challenges. But his skill is his back-up, just like a base-jumper. Really, fear is a lack of knowledge. Once you have the knowledge, the fear dissipates. So once you have experience in such things, then you understand what other people do in life, whether it be speedway driving, mountain climbing or base-jumping.”

Timewell will go further, to compare base-jumping with sex in its thickly addictive qualities. “Base-jumping and sex, it’s pretty hard to describe the feelings. But if you relate why you keep on screwing to why you keep on jumping, it’s pretty similar.”

Well, similar or not, cops or not, APF rulings or not, death of their mates or not, the boys aren’t about to stop it now. It’s just too damn *good.* Simon Wyatt sums it up perfectly. Mike Weiringa has this videotape of Wyatt driving along to a block of Housing Commission flats where they do test drops with parachutes attached to dead weights, to experiment with openings and new packing systems. Simon is driving along thinking about the whole deal, when he suddenly blurts it out. “I wish I had cancer,” he blurts. “*Incurable* cancer. . . I’d jump off *anything.*”



The big problem with cheap videotapes lies in the quality of the coating on the tape.

Or rather the lack of quality.

After some use the coating can start to deteriorate.

The result; the picture breaks up, the audio breaks down, and you have to fork out for a new tape.

WHY CHEAP VIDEOTAPES ARE A LOT MORE EXPENSIVE THAN TDK VIDEOTAPES.

TDK videotapes, on the other hand, boast a remarkable tape coating called Super Avilyn. In plain English what it does is to reproduce a razor sharp picture, with colours that are naturally bright; not washed out or garish.

It also means a tape so durable you can record and playback hundreds of times without any loss of picture quality.

Which in the long run means a tape that costs less than the cheapest tape you can buy.

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HD PRO
180

Lintas TDK 3032

ROMANCE

(continued from page 55)

The sun rises three hours later than you'd expect. Romantic lingerings abound.

nodding your head more slowly; it's like being on a drug whose deliciousness has yet to be encapsulated. The only drug you ought to consider taking, however, is something called Diamox, a mild diuretic recommended to me by an American doctor who studied climbers in Nepal, and what it does is make you hyperventilate a bit (thus bringing in extra oxygen) to prevent headaches, pounding heart, etc. In any case, you won't feel like jumping around even if you're in the best of health, which you should be to think of going there in the first place. (Hypertensives, people with weak hearts, et al — consult thy physician before thy travel agent.)

ALTITUDE, CONT. Another odd thing you'll notice: any plastic containers you may bring will have a sucked-in look, as though they've been squeezed on arrival by the pressure of the altitude, and will make a gasping sound on release. Not only do shampoo bottles open with a pop akin to a Foster's, but toothpaste can't wait to get out of its tube, water boils at a different temperature, alcohol goes to the head faster, candles burn with a stranger heat — all stuff designed to add to the unreality of the place and heighten your sense of romance. One oddity bears watching, however: the change in your companion's menstrual cycles. As stewardesses can attest, prolonged altitude can throw the body's cycles off, something you ought to be aware of if you start to feel lightheaded enough to try the rhythm method.

ABOUT THAT LOUNGING IN BED DURING A DUST STORM ETC. We *said* you had to be a bit bizarre. But because Tibet is on the same time zone as its political leader, Beijing, 5000 kays to the east, the sun rises three hours later than you'd expect. Romantic lingerings abound.

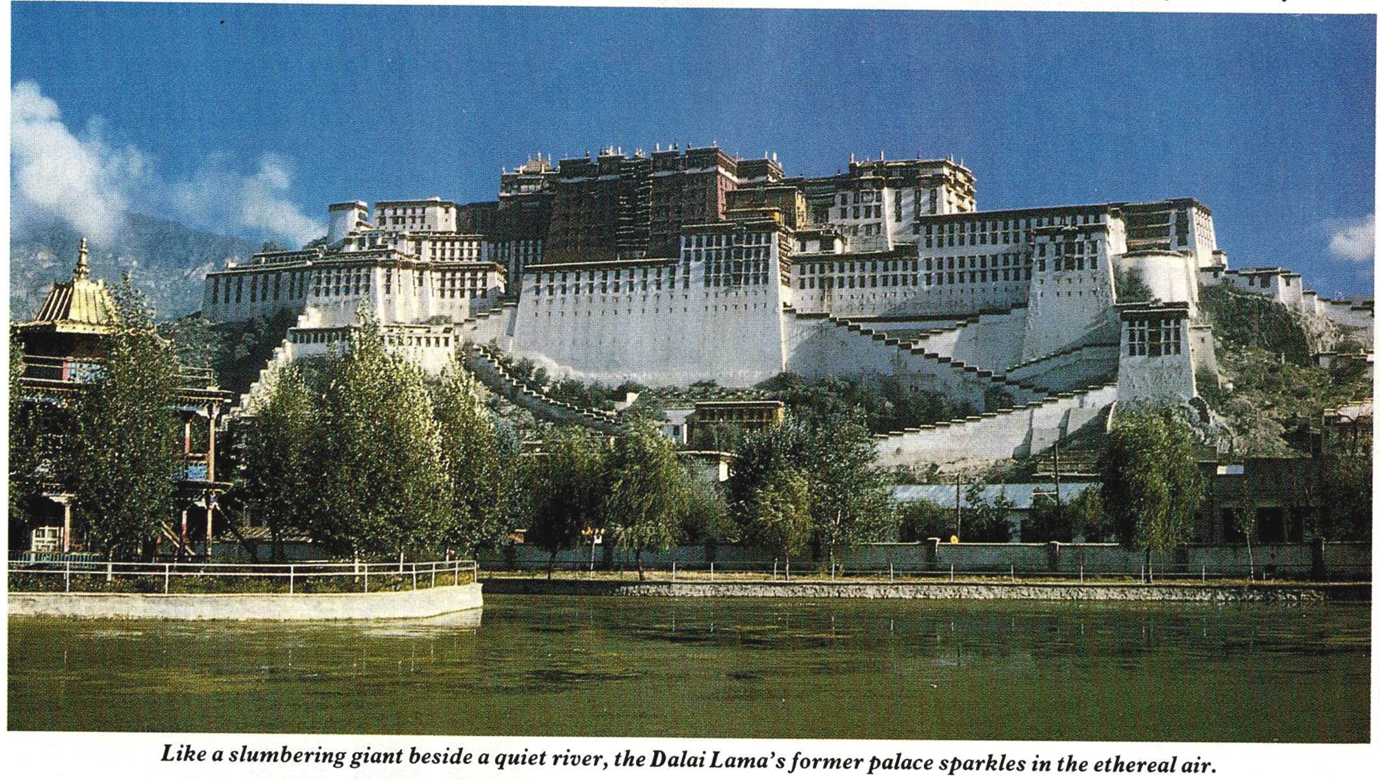
WHERE TO DO ALL THIS. The new Lhasa Hotel (around $50 a night) is as tacky as everything else put up by the Chinese who, despite their natural sense of aesthetics at home, tend to have little regard for the native nuances of any place they occupy. The orange plastic phones and brown velvet bedspreads may be worth it, however, for the sight of a lama (monk) in ancient saffron robes striding across the marble foyer. You can rent bicycles at two days' notice, which is a good way to get around Lhasa, but the fact that more than 10 minutes' notice is necessary is a testament to the inefficiency of the 18-year-olds who seem to run the place.

The centrally located Snowlands Hotel (dirt cheap at around $3 a night, and you get what you pay for) is an option, featuring hippies meditating in the sunlight and gently rough-housing in the courtyard. Okay if you don't mind dormitory-style sleeping, good-natured water balloon fights, and the possibility of bad-natured Tibetan lice.

Best bet, though, is the Lhasa Guest House ($24 a night) a few miles outside of town in an army compound, but loaded with sparrows, ringed by mountains, and within sight of the Potala (the Dalai Lama's former digs, a 1000-room palace) sparkling like a gold jewel in the ethereal air. The hot water and electricity are questionable, but it's definitely the place to be if you want to feel Graham Greene-ish sipping barley beer by candlelight.

FOOD. The above-mentioned guest house will make up a picnic lunch, if requested, consisting of thick-slabbed bread, wind-blown yak meat (which tastes not unlike beef jerky but chewier), and a tin of mandarin oranges. This is probably the only fruit you'll see up there, since almost all food has to be imported overland from Chengdu, a two-week drive away by truck convoy (which consists of 10 trucks, two carrying nothing but petrol so the others can make the crossing). There's no way you and your paramor can prepare for the food of Tibet — expect to lose two kilos apiece per week; you'll just have to experience the lovely way it redesigns your bodies.

DRINK. Yak butter tea is a fairly nauseous brew, featuring rancid butter churned through weak tea. As for *chung* (intoxicants), the barley beer is not bad; the reason Tibetans stick out their tongues for greeting is not due to this drink, which in any case they take in moderation, but because poisoners of yore would taste their poison themselves, turning their tongues black — it's to prove they mean you no harm. For a true intoxicant get your hands on the Chinese toasting drink *moutai*: your lips will be numbed, your nostrils offended (it smells like the inside of a tyre), but your cerebellum will tingle with delight. (Don't make eye contact with your host if you don't



Like a slumbering giant beside a quiet river, the Dalai Lama's former palace sparkles in the ethereal air.

COURTESY INTER-PACIFIC TOURS INTERNATIONAL

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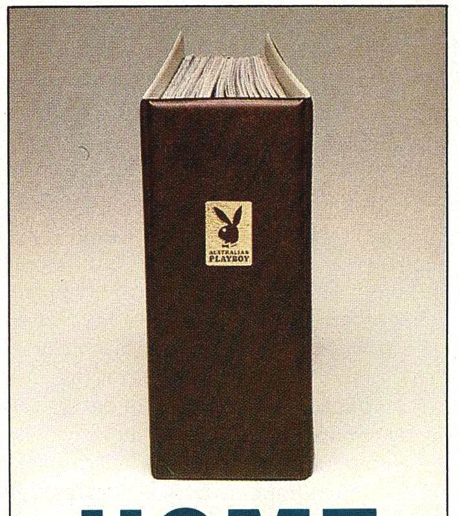

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want to tango; as in many cultures, you'll be expected to drain your glass and upturn it to show how well you've done.) In any case, go easy on the *chung*. Hangover symptoms are like ours, times four. The sober truth is you really won't need strong stuff; you're so blissed-out from the altitude that hot water seems nearly as luscious and full-tasting as a liqueur, and you may find one of the headiest dates of your life will take place under those shooting stars with only a glass of water to lubricate the social machinery.

YAK JOKES. Alright, yak it up right now. Get it out of your system. Not only is this beast of burden prized for its meat, but also its dung is used for fuel, its hide to make boats, and its butter to burn in homage at all the monasteries, as well as in the creation of pastel-colored sculptures. With so much riding on him, you can imagine how many puns he gives rise to when you and your chosen get yak-happy.

POLITICAL QUESTIONS. The Vice-President of Tibet, puckering his Chinese lips in a kiss to drink his yak butter tea, told me there are no more political prisoners, they've all been set free. Well, the stories of the atrocities perpetuated on Tibetans by the Red Guards during the Cultural Revolution are too heart-stopping to go into here. Suffice to say that as recently as the 20th anniversary of the "liberation" in September last year, more than 30 people were allegedly arrested for putting up a protest banner. The official word is the Chinese government "expects" the Dalai Lama to return from his self-imposed exile in India and would give him a position in the Central Committee if he recognised the unity of China and Tibet, but that is open to many interpretations. Unfortunately it's not a hot idea, especially on a romantic holiday, to ask too many questions and risk the ill-will of your hosts.

WESTERNERS. You'd think, in such terrain, Westerners would hang together, but — funny thing, this — they all seem to resent each other's presence in so magical and forbidden a place. And with tourism expected to double next year and the year after, starting from a mere seven a day in 1984, they (we) are getting harder to avoid.

OTHER THINGS TO AVOID. Steer clear of Chinese Government-sponsored tours of homes, in which you may meet the puppet painter of the Potala, one of the only Tibetans who will tell you how enjoyable it is to be occupied, and one of the only ones not to give you a warm, honest gaze. (If you're lucky you may actually see money change hands — a touching tribute to the primitive state of their corruption: in Australia he'd be on retainer.) Try, also, to avoid the decidedly unromantic smell of yak butter that tends to cling to clothes like a fart in a crowded lift.

SICKNESS. The final thing to avoid. You're about as far as you can get from mum's home-made chicken soup cure. But if you do come down with something, your sense of adventure may see you through if you admit yourself to the Tibetan Hospital in Lhasa. There, with a human skull in a basin of water and the sight of serene old Buddhists having stitches removed without anaesthesia, you'll receive tar-like venom from a plant to kill the poison from your bug bite, or whatever ails you. As your paramor swoons, you may even avail yourself of the traditional Tibetan medicines, including herb pills, yak secretions and the like.

TO BRING. Your favorite medicines from home, obviously: you're not going to find them there. Sunscreen, hat, chapstick — all to protect you from that massive temperature change between sunlight and shade. Torch to light up the treasures in the Potala (lighting of museum pieces has yet to reach the Himalayas), and earplugs if the sound of air horns from the Chinese may bother you (the occupiers seem to believe that honking will physically remove yak carts from the path of their trucks — quite a departure from the scene of 35 years ago, when the gentle Tibetans allowed no vehicles to disturb the sanctity of the earth's crust).

> *Lie her down with a lingering caress, soothe her with a soft touch. If conditions persist, go forth under the stars with that bottle of Dom Perignon.*

Pictures of the Dalai Lama make good gifts (the closest the proud Tibetans come to begging is to clamor for a picture of their god-king), as do needles (Buddhist pilgrims stick them in holy fabrics because "needle" in Tibetan is the same word as "faithful" to Buddha).

TO BUY. Curled-toe boots with bells, ornamental daggers, silver saddles, home-made jewellery. Bite the turquoise to check it's not plastic. A better flea market than the one in Lhasa is the one in Shigatse, 10 hours away, skirting mountains, fording rivers. But that entails getting there, and. . .

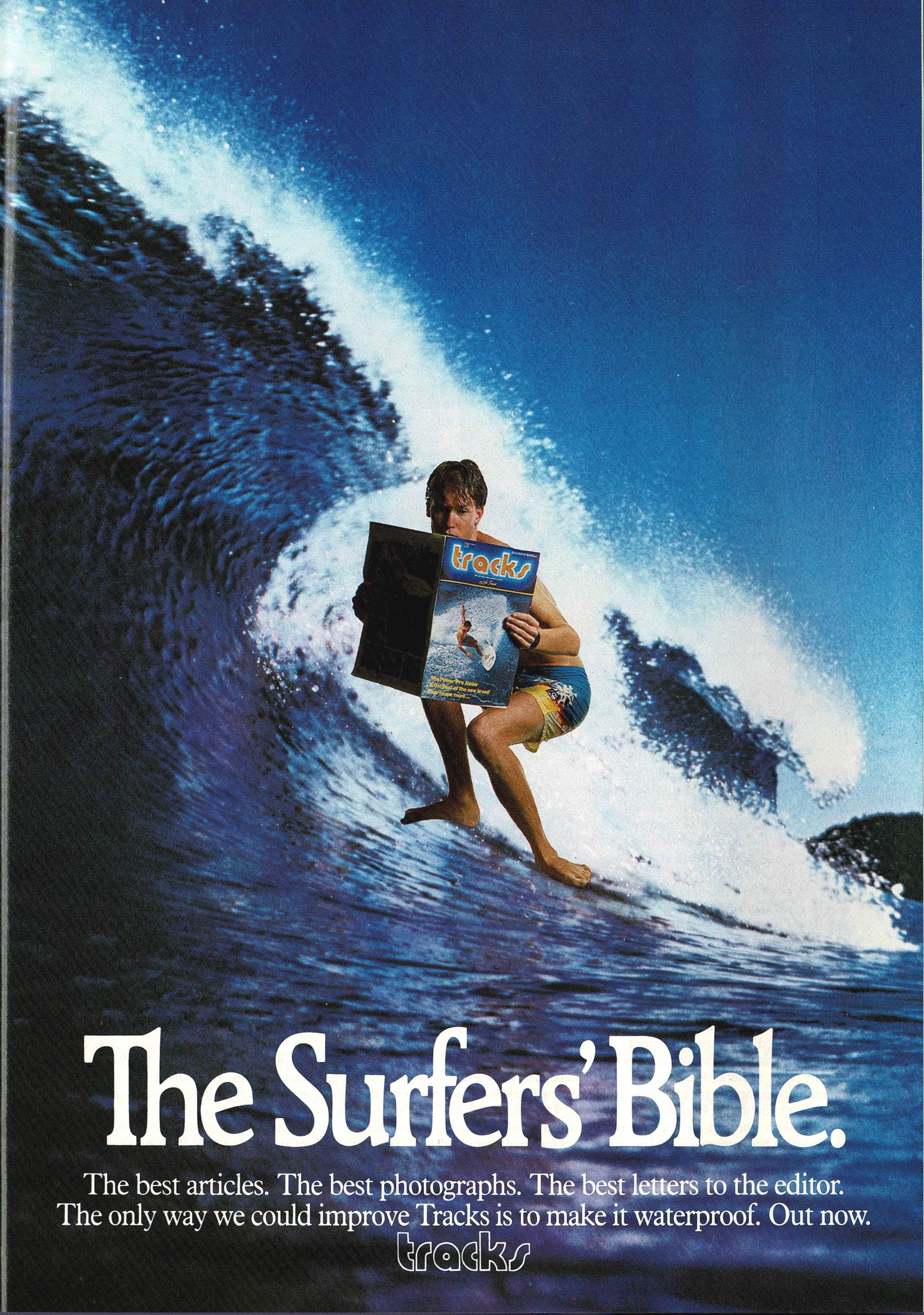
BREAKING GROUND IS HARD TO DO. Between the temples and the landscape, there's enough to do around Lhasa to keep both of you busy for a week, but if you want to go further afield, don't expect to hitch-hike. (Some poor souls do, but then you hear stories about them stranded for a month at some God-forsaken dirt crossroads near the Gobi Desert.) Better to contact the China National Tourist Office about hiring a four-wheel-drive van — though, be warned, any overland voyage you take will involve eating lots of dust and riding lots of bumps, which can be quite romantic in its own way, but only to the point of. . .

RUPTURE ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD. A delicate issue, but bumps beg the question. No guide to romance would be complete if it failed to mention this hazard brought about by the roads, or mule paths, to be more descriptive. Except that on a mule you can ride with the rhythm. In a four-wheel-drive Mitsubishi there's no anticipating the ruts, wash-outs, and boulders that stand between you and your destination and make you bounce all over kingdom come. Actually, it's not so much rupture you'll encounter as a condition known as epididymitis, an inflammation of the epididymis due to knocking around — well-known to truck-drivers in Alice Springs. What to do? Bring a jockstrap, also a down jacket, not so much for the cold as to use as a shock absorber between your legs, and be sure to soak in a warm bath at the first sign of aches and pains. As veterans know, nothing douses a romance so fast as this, except one thing. . .

CHEATING ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD. Did you stroll under those shooting stars with another, you cad? (It's not the first time the Pleiades have witnessed the fickleness of human nature.) But if after misusing those reawakened sensual powers of yours, you find your beloved is disaffected, there is one thing to be said for cheating here as opposed to cheating anywhere else: you have a built-in excuse, your personal gift from this sacred land. "Whew, that was unlike me," you can say, tapping your head, "must have been the altitude."

WHICH BRINGS UP THE QUESTION OF ALTITUDE SICKNESS. She has every right. But maybe it's just an extreme case of jealousy. The symptoms are not dissimilar: flushed face, tingling in soles of feet, bloodshot eyes. Remedy entails lots of bed rest — now, this instant. Lie her down with a lingering caress, soothe her with a soft touch. If conditions persist, go forth together under the stars with that bottle of Dom Perignon you've squired from sea level. Listen to the Milky Way, spreading itself wide open in an arc from horizon to horizon. Do what comes naturally, breathing evenly to minimise cardiac strain: simple necking requires gasping breaks, your heart beating like a schoolboy's. And now for a physics lesson under the stars. Remember how your shampoo bottle went *pff!* when opened, like the bottle of Dom you've got your hands on? I'm here to testify that the same law of physics applies to more intimate phenomena, and requires application of the same care. Hold on, contents under pressure. Grasp firmly, gently nudge forth, then. . . Flaming thunderbolt of wisdom! Popping one's cork is never, ever so good as it is at 15,000 feet.

Thereafter, if ever you run into your ex-wife at the *chung* shop, tip your hat to her, while sticking out your tongue hello. She'll get the message. The message is that you've been as close to heaven as you get on this planet.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SEX

Leading sexologist Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

Our sex life is in tatters, which causes frustration and anxiety that spill over into all aspects of our lives. I am 36 and married to a woman I love very much. We have three children. In 10 years of marriage my wife and I have never enjoyed a totally fulfilling sexual relationship. There have, however, been sparks of hope in years gone by.

I suffer from premature ejaculation and my wife needs a good, long lovemaking session, which isn't too much to ask. I want nothing more than to be able to satisfy her. As an adolescent I had what I believe at the time was a problem with masturbation while at a catholic boarding school. I was a virgin on marrying at 26.

Apart from some infrequent exceptions, I cannot have intercourse for more than three or four minutes before I ejaculate in unspectacular fashion. In other words it is a frustrating fizzer. The exceptions referred to in previous years were when I had some self-esteem, confidence and alcohol in the system. But even alcohol won't block out the lack of confidence now. Mind you, in the past 12 months we have only attempted intercourse about three times.

I have seen two counsellors over the past four years. These people were suggested to me by doctors and I left both of them because in each case they suggested solving the problem by relaxation, which involved my wife and me undertaking relaxation techniques. My wife found these exercises frustrating for her because she was brought up to a plateau, then left without fulfilment. She also believed these exercises were aimed at a physical problem, whereas mine appears to be emotionally based, as shown by the alcohol treatment a few years ago.

So whatever I try I have to manage on my own. I would dearly like some help and would be grateful if you could suggest some reading material or counselling that might benefit.

— C.L., NSW.

I am surprised to hear that the counsellors you saw recommended relaxation. I'm not sure if you misinterpreted the advice you were given. Normally the program used for treating premature ejaculation involves teaching the man to identify the sensations associated with impending orgasm. He must learn to bring himself right up to that stage and then stop (usually with the aid of the "squeeze technique" where pressure is applied to the penis, just below the head or glans).

Essentially, this is a retraining program designed to teach the man to tune in to what's happening inside his body rather than allowing himself to become anxious about ejaculating too soon. It's a very effective program, provided it's taught by someone experienced in the area. I'll refer you to an appropriate person.

What really surprised me was that your counsellors didn't appear to advise you on how to make sure your wife was not left unfulfilled. It is essential when you are trying to overcome such a problem your practice or homework sessions are kept separate from other lovemaking sessions deliberately designed to satisfy your partner.

Often intercourse will be banned by the therapist while the couple is working through exercises designed to help with a sexual problem. It is important that you don't continually test yourself to see if you are getting better. Every time you try to have sex when you haven't learnt to control ejaculation you are setting yourself up for further disappointment and failure.

But this does *not* mean you can't satisfy your partner — touching her clitoris or vagina — whatever method you prefer. This advice holds true for any man with a sexual problem: make sure you find some means of keeping your partner happy which does not depend on getting an erection or controlling ejaculation. Once you know you can do this it will relieve a lot of the pressure and anxiety contributing to your problem.

One final point: although the methods used to treat many sexual problems are based on exercises involving physical techniques, that doesn't mean they fail to deal with emotional aspects of the problem. A correctly administered treatment program will involve a great deal of discussion between the therapist and clients and between the couple about the emotional issues contributing to the problem. Many of the exercises are specifically designed to help you learn to identify and resolve these emotional issues.

I am in my mid-thirties, have been married for nearly 10 years and have two beautiful children. I love my wife and family very much and enjoy spending my time with them. I'm not one for going to pubs or discos, when I could be home with my family. My wife and I enjoy a reasonable sex life. I enjoy my job, I work very hard at it, and I hold a senior and responsible position. I have a religious upbringing and go to church on the odd occasion. To look at me, you would think I was a very successful pillar of society.

But that's where it ends. I have had a problem for a number of years — since I was 18 in fact. I have this constant desire to cruise the streets looking for prostitutes. Some years ago, I gave up the street girls, but still get a desire to look them over occasionally. I go only to the better massage parlors. Obviously, this is an expensive habit, but fortunately I have the income to support it. However, as I get older, I am beginning to realise there will be more demands on my income, such as school fees, and my spending habits are getting to the point where, if I am not careful, I will blow all my money on loose women. I hate to think how much better off I would be if I hadn't wasted all that money over the years. So far, my spending habits and my sexual preferences have not caused a problem with my marriage, but there have been a number of close calls recently. Fortunately, I have been able to talk my way out of these difficult situations, but one day soon I'm sure I will come unstuck in a big way. I could lose everything I've worked so hard for.

— S.B., Vic.

I have discussed your problem with one of my colleagues, a psychiatrist who has treated a number of men in your situation. He has found that sometimes the compulsion to visit prostitutes is related to a man's inability to have sex with someone he loves and respects. This is more likely to occur in men who have been brought up to regard sex as wicked or sinful. They often have great difficulty in overcoming their feelings of guilt even within the context of marriage and find true sexual release only by paying for sex with a stranger. It is more common for this type of ambivalence to strike "pillars of society" — men, often with a religious background, who place great value on respectability. Sex is basically pretty

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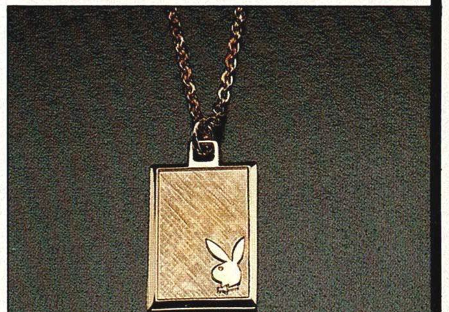

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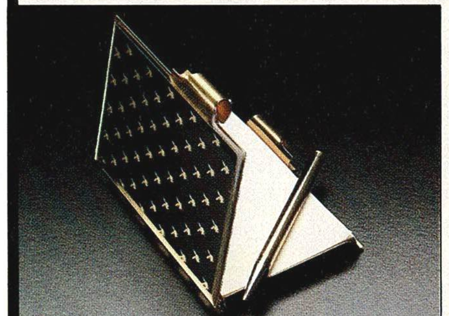

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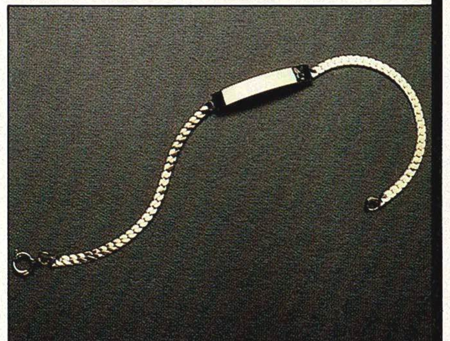

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earthy stuff and men who get locked into madonna/whore type of thinking about women often have trouble establishing an uninhibited relationship with their wives. You haven't told me much about your marriage other than the fact you enjoy a "reasonable sex life". It may be that the "reasonable" sex life leaves you dissatisifed, particularly if your encounters with prostitutes include a far greater range of exotic sexual activities. I wonder whether it would be possible for you to look more carefully at your relationship with your wife. Perhaps she is rather inhibited *because* of your attitudes or at least the way you present them. I can't imagine having much fun with a pillar of society — in normal life you do sound rather formidable! Perhaps she would like a more adventurous sex life too but is afraid of suggesting anything new.

I would suggest you consult someone in Melbourne who can help you sort through these issues. There may be some quite different reasons for your obsession with prostitutes and I do feel you need professional help to try to pin these down. With any sort of sexual compulsion, it is possible to break the addiction with appropriate therapy. I would suggest you visit a behavioral therapist who could work with you controlling the problem (if you write again to me, I can make an appropriate referral). You are right in thinking you are placing your marriage (and your bank balance) in jeopardy while you pursue this compulsion, but you can be helped.

GOOD NEWS FOR HERPES SUFFERERS

The first effective treatment for genital herpes is now available in Australia.

Zovirax is the brand name for acyclovir, the drug which over the past few years has been shown through extensive overseas clinical trials to reduce the length, severity and frequency of attacks of genital herpes. Zovirax has been available overseas for some years but has only just been released on the Australian market by the Wellcome pharmaceutical company.

Zovirax in intravenous form has been used for the treatment of a range of more severe herpes infections in Australian hospitals for the past two years. The newly released Zovirax tablets are designed to be used during an attack, when the herpes virus is active. The tablets are taken as soon as the itching or tingling which heralds an attack is felt. For people suffering very frequent attacks of genital herpes, Zovirax tablets can be given daily and this usually results in less frequent attacks.

One study involved 1000 genital herpes sufferers at more than 100 medical centres. The subjects were given Zovirax tablets over four to six months. In more than 95 percent of the cases, Zovirax reduced the frequency of attacks of the virus without any significant side-effects.

Zovirax tablets are available on prescription. A course of treatment will involve

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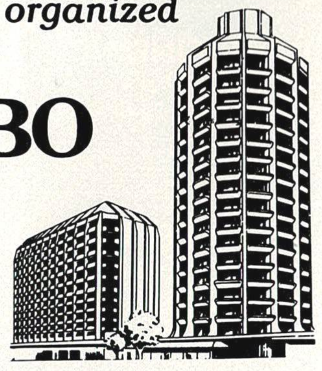

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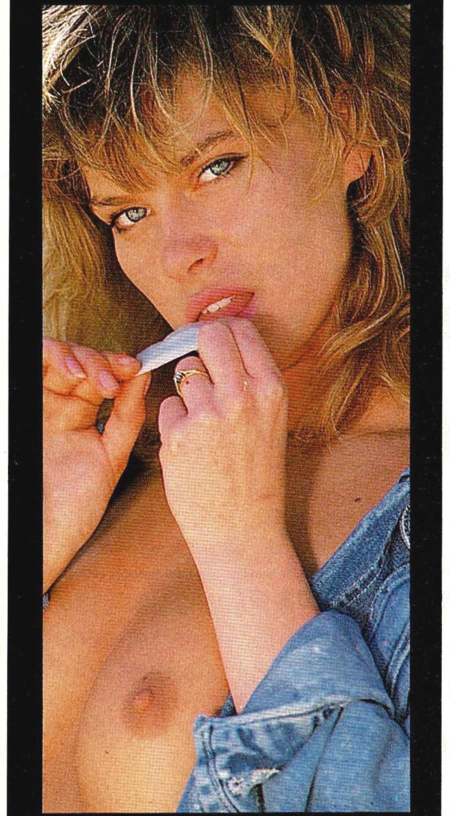

FOREIGN EXCHANGE DEALERS: THE WHIZ-KID MONEY MOVERS WHO BUY AND SELL MILLIONS.

SEX IN THE CINEMA: ALL THE SIZZLING SCENES FROM THE SILVER SCREEN.

THE ART OF BEING JOE COOL: HOW TO HANG LOOSE AND GO WITH THE FLOW.

taking five tablets a day for either five or 10 days depending on the severity of the attack — total cost around $12 per day.

This is an important new development as it is hoped Zovirax will be the first of a whole new generation of anti-viral drugs leading to similar breakthroughs in the treatment of other viral diseases. But most of all, it's great news for Australian herpes sufferers. It won't kill off the virus but it may go a long way to minimising the havoc the herpes virus can wreak on the personal lives of its victims.

WHAT A YAWN

It's been common to compare the experience of having an orgasm with a sneeze. . . you know it's coming, then there's the build-up, the last minute tension and then ah-choo! It's all over and you feel better.

I've always thought that particular analogy sells orgasms considerably short but still. . . The latest orgasm story concerns not sneezes but yawns. Canadian research has found one particular anti-depressant drug had a most unusual side-effect on four patients, who had an orgasm every time they yawned. Three went for full-blown orgasms while the fourth merely suffered "irresistible sexual urges". Too good to be true? Maybe. One of the four commented that the result of the tablets was such an intense sense of exhaustion that he had to lie down for 10 to 15 minutes ater each yawn!

DOWN UNDER

It's called *Down Under*, an eminently suitable title for a video movie designed to teach women about the intimate parts of their bodies. Currently being distributed by Film Australia, the video movie is one of the first Australian films to delve into such subjects as women's sexuality, anatomy and reproduction. The film was commissioned by the Family Planning Association and was specifically designed to appeal to women from a wide range of backgrounds and cultures. Women from different migrant communities were interviewed on the film, talking about their experiences in learning about their bodies, their embarrassment, and the difficulty they have in obtaining accurate information about many aspects of their personal health care.

Particularly exciting, from the educator's point of view, is the fact that the film is available in 10 languages — Italian, Greek, Spanish, Vietnamese, Cantonese, Turkish, Arabic, Serbian, Croatian and English. I can't tell you the number of times I've been contacted by doctors, social workers and counsellors who are attempting to explain these delicate matters to women who can't speak English. We can only hope it does end up available for hire through video stores.

The film was produced and directed by Sabina Wynn, with delightful animation by Pamela Lofts. It uses a light-hearted, quite entertaining approach to present information which is all pretty basic. So for men and women seeking an introduction to women's bodies, it's a good place to start. But be warned: it won't exactly help you find your way around. The diagrams of anatomy are extremely fuzzy — no doubt deliberately vague so as not to offend delicate sensibilities. It is a shame they couldn't have been clearer. . . As is usual in such matters, to avoid offending a few, the majority is denied accurate, clear information.

MISUNDERSTANDING SEXUALITY

But talking of fuzzy, the *Down Under* diagrams are clear compared to the perfectly dreadful blobs which pop up in Derek Llewellyn-Jones's latest venture, a combined video/book package called *Understanding Sexuality*.

Professor Llewellyn-Jones, a longtime friend and colleague of mine, is one of the great Australian sex and health educators. Entertaining and articulate, he is well-known for his television appearances and more particularly as author of the excellent book *Everywoman* and many other titles. He is hardly a squeamish man and over many years has battled with his book publishers to try to persuade them to include clear, comprehensive diagrams and photographs to accompany his interesting texts.

This leaves me wondering how he was persuaded to allow the producers of this video to use such unhelpful, vague and fuzzy figures to accompany his talks on sex anatomy and reproduction. He talks about clitorises and penises and all you can see is a bit of fluff somewhere between the legs.

Even worse is that at least half of this film designed for teenagers shows Llewellyn-Jones reading rather pompous text from an autocue, interspersed with rather stilted conversations with a group of very attractive young kids artistically arranged on cushions on the floor of the studio next to him. It's boring, and devoid of the charm and naturalness for which Llewellyn-Jones is famous.

Video is the ideal medium for sex education as it should allow children to have access to the explicit, accurate information they need (and to watch it in private without feeling they have to pretend they know it all in front of other kids). It is perfect for showing things — accurate diagrams or preferably photographs of anatomy, of lovemaking — for letting people *see* what happens. Unfortunately the *Understanding Sexuality* video makes no attempt to exploit these aspects. It tells, rather than shows.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.

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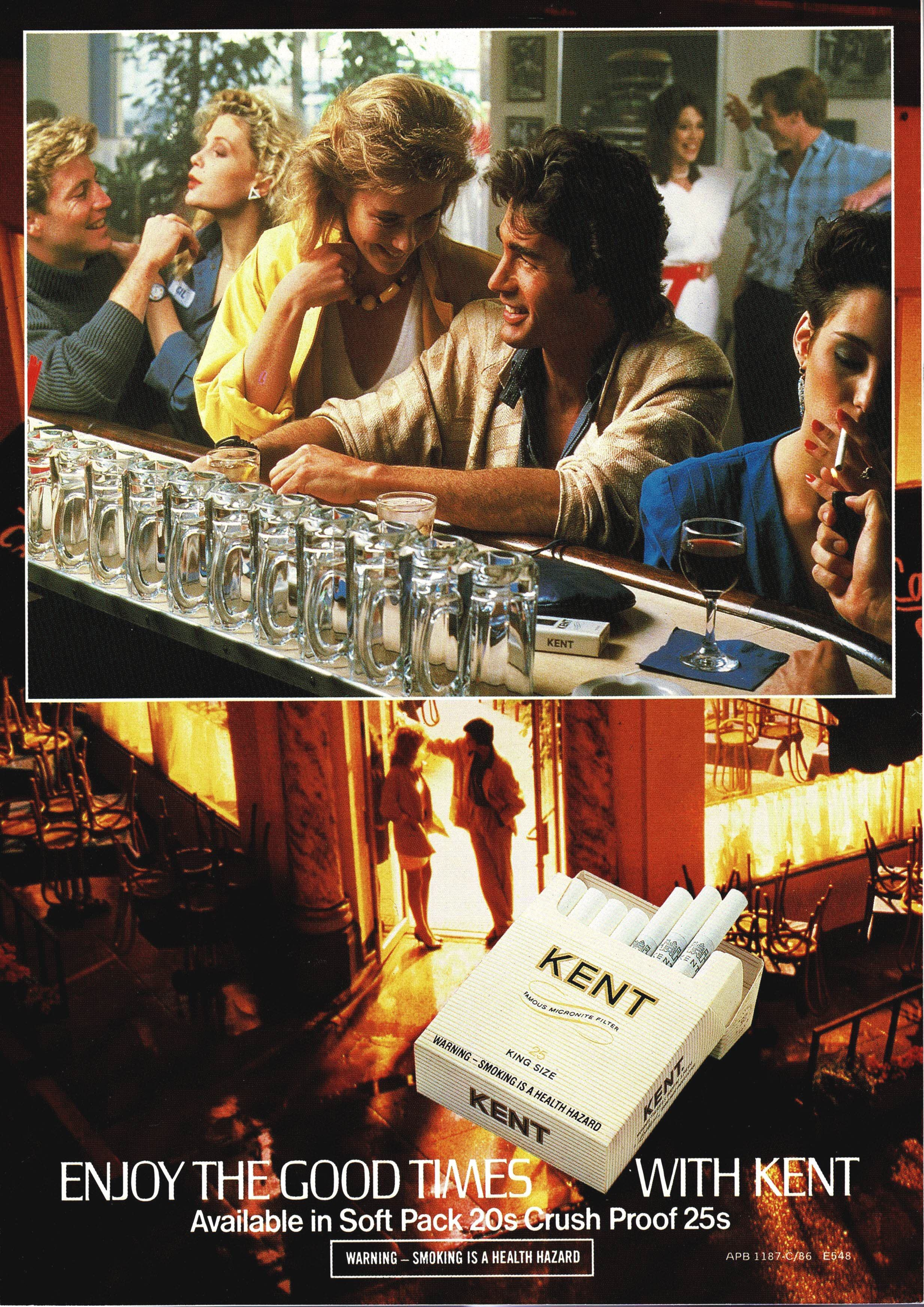
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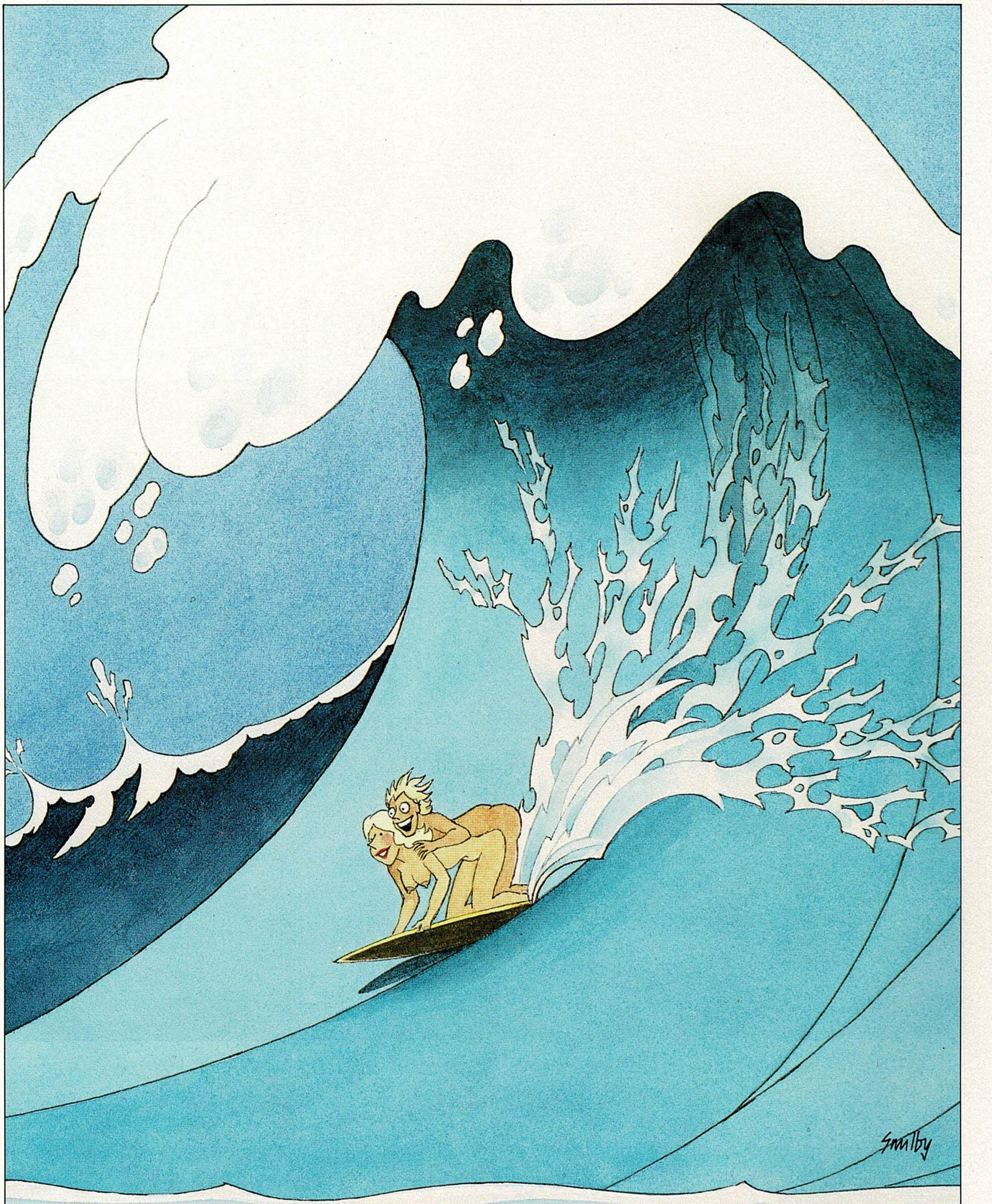
Alternative photos from the more explicit NSW/VIC version

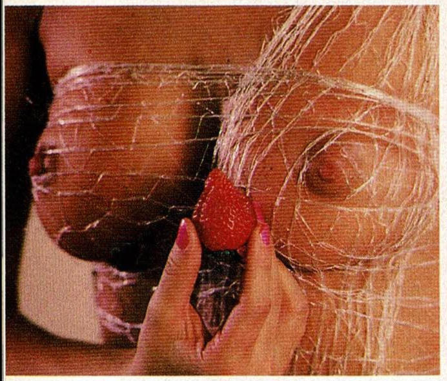
The pictorial at pages 99-103 was replaced entirely.



"*In about four seconds — the ultimate experience.*"

Claudia Muller was so nervous about her appearance as a Playmate that she trembled throughout the photographic shoot. "I was so scared that my body wouldn't be good enough," she admits. "I have some good points but, well, there are some bad things, too! I was very apprehensive about how I'd look in the magazine. Now I'm delighted." Claudia, you're delighted? Imagine how the readers feel! Because, in the long run, as you can see, Claudia's fears were totally unfounded.

Claudia is 21 and, although she says she's not ready to settle down yet, she's on the lookout for a special man, a lifetime companion who'll share her love of classical music, swimming, skiing, ice skating and romantic holidays. "I haven't even come close to finding him yet," she laughs. "Sometimes I think I'd be better off settling for the man in the moon." Well, Claudia, we can assure you our down-to-earth Australian PLAYBOY readers will be only too happy to apply for the role. Right, chaps?



Blonde and beautiful Marie Cartland hates cold weather, drab clothes and dull people. "I'm happiest when I'm surrounded by lots and lots of color," she explains. "I love summer because it means I can wear bright clothes, put on a vibrant lipstick, really stand out in a crowd. I get depressed in winter because people shuffle around in layers of clothes and no one seems to smile. If I had my way, it would be summer all year long!" Marie has taken her love of color a few steps further by enrolling at a technical college course in design. "I hope to be a graphic artist one day," she says. "I would like to design posters — big, bold splashes of color with lots of interesting lines." At the moment she's working on several design projects and admits her inner-city flat is piled with pots of paint and half-finished bits and pieces of artwork. "It's a real mess," she sighs. "But I know exactly where everything is!"

Marie says her ideal man would look something like Rob Lowe, have a sense of humor like Dudley Moore, a set of muscles to put Sylvester Stallone to shame, and a Paul Hogan-style larrikin streak. “As you can imagine,” she giggles, “I haven’t found him yet. Seriously, though, a man has to be tender and kind and he should be tuned into a woman’s needs. That’s where a lot of men fall down. They make no attempt to understand females. Women are different, you know.” Excuse us, Marie, we’ve noticed. Truly we have!

FRISKY BUSINESS

Meet Marcia Dornelles. She says it takes hot sun and cool surf to really get her going.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY J.R. DURAN

Dark-haired Marcia Dornelles has piercing green eyes, permanently pouting lips, and the sort of firm brown body that makes grown men weep. "Guys tell me I look sexy," she shrugs. "But I can't see it. I guess I have a sort of sultry appearance. I'm not your average blonde-headed beach girl, that's for sure." She may not look like a golden Gidget, but Marcia spends all her free time at a beach near her home. "No, you can't say which one," she laughs. "The best part of going to that beach is I'm usually alone and I'd like to keep it that way!" She loves to skinnydip and sunbake. "I guess I should take better care of my skin," she sighs. "I'm always lying in the sun but I have an olive complexion and I never burn. The sun doesn't make me feel tired. In fact, it makes me downright frisky!"

SEX

Leading sexologist Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

Last April I read in your column, with some envy, of the 16-year-old lad who is a premature ejaculator. My problem is the opposite and I don't know how to cure it. I am 22 and have been masturbating on average five times every week since I was 18. Now I have a girlfriend whom I think the world of and she wants me to ejaculate into her, but nothing will squirt out even after an hour or two of foreplay. My method of masturbation is to rub my lubricated penis with my hand while it is squeezed tightly between my legs. This gives a pleasing result when I ejaculate. Do I have the deadened senses syndrome the girl who used a vibrator spoke of in Australian PLAYBOY, *February 1986? Is it possible to burn yourself out from masturbating as often as I do?*

— N.C., NSW.

Although masturbation is not harmful in itself, there are certain patterns of masturbation which can make it difficult for men and women to respond during normal lovemaking. Your pattern of squeezing your penis between your legs involves applying a very specific form of stimulation which is quite different from the sensations you experience during intercourse. The fact that you have apparently always used the same pattern of stimulation means you may well have conditioned yourself to respond only to that type of stimulation. What you have to do now is to undo all that conditioning by teaching yourself to respond to varied forms of stimulation. I suggest you set yourself a program involving self-stimulation where you start off by getting yourself in the mood — reading sexy books, looking at magazines, and then experiment touching your penis, using a lubricant, exploring new sensations. You must approach this exercise in a relaxed fashion, not aiming to reach an intense orgasm but trying to focus on the sensations you *are* experiencing rather than constantly comparing them to what you are used to. Experiment with different methods of playing with your penis, moving it between your hands, using different speeds and pressures. You should avoid the type of firm pressure you have used in the past. At first, it won't feel as nice and you will probably find you don't reach a climax. Just stop when you feel you aren't getting any pleasure and start again another day.

You will find this type of exercise described in Bernie Zilbergeld's book *Men And Sex* (Fontana, 1978) plus some other masturbation exercises in *Any Man Can* by Dr William Hartman and Marilyn Fithian. Don't worry about masturbating too often — many males of your age masturbate more than five times a week. And don't feel guilty about your method of masturbating — it's not really so unusual, but it just isn't a good idea to fall into a pattern of using such a technique. Incidentally, there are many other masturbation techniques which can also cause problems — men who use very rapid vigorous stroking sometimes have difficulty climaxing with their partners. The same applies to men and women who masturbate without touching themselves, by rubbing against a pillow or a bed. So, women, if you're noticing your man is hard to handle, get him to masturbate in front of you. Perhaps you will find he has developed a very specific masturbation habit, in which case you can either learn to handle him in the same way, or help him learn to respond through more varied types of stimulation.

My problem is my penis curves a great deal to the left and I don't know if I can have sexual intercourse. I have masturbated quite a lot since I was 16 (I am now 20) and feel this could be one of the causes. My penis when erect only stands about 10cm and is quite embarrassing. I have never had intercourse and girls that I do meet can't understand why I will not have sex with them. One of the reasons I don't is because I think I will not be able to get it up. I am quite good looking and have just met a really nice girl and I am scared because I know she will want sex soon and I need your advice on what to do.

— B.D., NT.

Masturbation cannot cause penises to curve in funny directions nor does it stop penises from growing nor any of the other disasters it is blamed for. Masturbation cannot cause you any harm, and may even be good for you. (Helps you go to sleep at night, perhaps even keeps you off the streets and out of the beds of disreputable women. It *has* its uses.) Your bent penis is probably the result of something called Peyronies disease. Not much is known about what causes Peyronies but it involves plagues of tissue being deposited in the spongy bodies of the penis. These plagues block the normal blood flow to one side of the penis forcing it to bend in the other direction when erect. The good news is that most men with Peyronies do notice some improvement after a year or so. I suggest you do go and talk to someone about it. It may be that the curve isn't as bad as you think (most penises do naturally bend to one side or the other) but if it is Peyronies disease and doesn't improve of its own accord, there may be some treatment you could try. There have been numerous attempts made to treat the disease over the years but none have been enormously successful. Still, sex research is always producing new approaches so it's well worth investigating the latest treatment. I also feel you would benefit from counselling regarding your future relationships with women, and particularly your concern about penis size.

For almost two and a half years now I've had hundreds of tiny bumps (similar to "goose bumps") scattered over my penis and scrotum (but not the head). I don't know how they got there. I'm 17 and still a virgin and am very embarrassed about them. I've been waiting for them to go, but they just won't. I am too embarrassed to see a doctor so the name of any suitable ointment or whatever from a chemist, or any other treatment, would be greatly appreciated.

— S.C., NSW.

The tiny little bumps you describe are sebaceous glands, small mucus-secreting glands designed to nourish the skin. They are perfectly normal. Many people have them in various parts of the body: on the face, on the back and they are particularly common on the scrotum and on the shaft of the penis (in women they often appear around the nipples). If you have suddenly noticed them, they probably became more obvious as a result of the hormonal changes which took place during puberty and may well settle down once you reach your twenties. But rest assured, all men do have sebaceous glands — it's just that they are more obvious in some men than others. You certainly don't need to worry about them;

they are not a sign of any sort of disease or medical problem.

In your advice column I noticed that even now after seven years of Australian PLAYBOY *men are still really neurotic about the size of their penis. I would just like to let a few of them know that they should worry about QUALITY, not QUANTITY. One of the best (and I mean* the best*) lovers I ever had the good fortune to meet was all of 10cm when fully erect. I'm glad I've never had the misfortune to meet a man with such a silly hang-up.*

— Q.S., W.A.

I hope your letter will reassure some of the troubled readers who write to me about such "silly hang-ups". It constantly surprises me just how many men do have these concerns, even men who know they are extremely competent and much appreciated lovers. Sometimes I despair of ever meeting a male who's comfortable with the way he is made. So come on, guys, cheer me up. Those of you who aren't concerned about penis size, write to me to reassure me!

DANGEROUS PRACTICE

Masturbation may not cause blindness or hair on the palms but some other sexual practices can be hazardous. The latest warning comes from the *American Journal of Medicine* concerning the risks of performing oral sex on a pregnant woman. While the normal licking and tongue caresses won't do any harm, the journal warns that the man must at all costs avoid blowing air into the women's vagina. During pregnancy, the hole *(os)* in the cervix widens in preparation for the birth. This means it is possible for air (or water) forced into the vagina to find its way through the cervix into the womb. It can then enter the woman's blood stream, causing difficulty in breathing and even death.

The journal article reported 15 such cases in the USA. Thirteen of the women and all but one of the unborn babies died. The good news is that these 15 were the only known cases. However, the authors of the report feel that doctors should point out the danger when giving advice to pregnant women. As they say, "Even though air embolism in this setting is rare, the potential tragedy of its occurrence is obvious."

GOOD NEWS FOR HERPES SUFFERERS

The first effective treatment for genital herpes is now available in Australia.

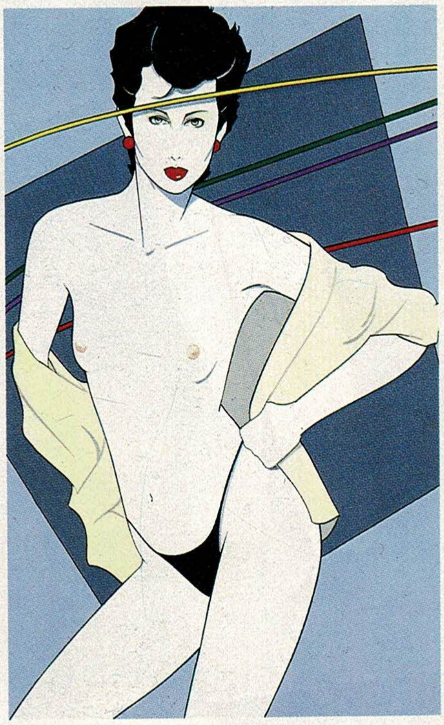
Zovirax is the brand name for acyclovir, the drug which over the past few years has been shown through extensive overseas clinical trials to reduce the length, severity and frequency of attacks of genital herpes. Zovirax has been available overseas for some years but has only just been released on the Australian market by the Wellcome pharmaceutical company.

Zovirax in intravenous form has been used for the treatment of a range of more severe herpes infections in Australian hospitals for the past two years. The newly released Zovirax tablets are designed to be used during an attack, when the herpes virus is active. The tablets are taken as soon as the itching or tingling which heralds an attack is felt. For people suffering very frequent attacks of genital herpes, Zovirax tablets can be given daily and this usually results in less frequent attacks.

One study involved 1000 genital herpes sufferers at more than 100 medical centres. The subjects were given Zovirax tablets over four to six months. In more than 95 percent of the cases, Zovirax reduced the frequency of attacks of the virus without any significant side-effects.

Zovirax tablets are available on prescription. A course of treatment will involve taking five tablets a day for either five or 10 days depending on the severity of the attack — total cost around $12 per day.

This is an important new development as it is hoped Zovirax will be the first of a whole new generation of anti-viral drugs leading to similar breakthroughs in the treatment of other viral diseases. But most of all, it's great news for Australian herpes sufferers. It won't kill off the virus but it may go a long way to minimising the havoc the herpes virus can wreak on the personal lives of its victims.



WHAT A YAWN

It's been common to compare the experience of having an orgasm with a sneeze. . . you know it's coming, then there's the build-up, the last minute tension and then ah-choo! It's all over and you feel better.

I've always thought that particular analogy sells orgasms considerably short but still. . . The latest orgasm story concerns not sneezes but yawns. Canadian research has found one particular anti-depressant drug had a most unusual side-effect on four patients, who had an orgasm every time they yawned. Three went for full-blown orgasms while the fourth merely suffered "irresistible sexual urges". Too good to be true? Maybe. One of the four commented that the result of the tablets was such an intense sense of exhaustion that he had to lie down for 10 to 15 minutes after each yawn!

THE SPOT THICKENS

Germaine Greer referred to the 1970s as an era of "veritable clitoromania". It all started when, following extensive tests with a small probe, Masters and Johnson dismissed the vagina as insensitive and urged men and women to seek out the clitoris and lavish it with attention. The word spread; the clitoris became all-important. The vagina dropped into the background.

But by the end of the decade the vagina was gaining ground. First came the discovery of the G-spot, an erogenous zone on the front (anterior) wall which researchers claimed held the key to vaginal orgasm for many women. (Vaginal orgasm? Yes, Masters and Johnson had argued it didn't exist, that there was only one kind of orgasm and the clitoris was always at the heart of the action.) Well, all that is changing. Read on.

G-spot researchers Perry and Whipple had based their discovery mainly on anecdotal evidence — reports from women who had discovered the spot for themselves plus some tentative explorations by gynaecologists. The difficulty with searching for the G-spot is it's not good enough just to look into the vagina — there's nothing to see — nor to poke gently with a probe. The G-spot responds only to firm stroking, by a finger or a penis, and hence most researchers have not been comfortable pursuing such investigations.

But now a professor of sexology at Caldas School of Medicine in Manizales, Colombia, has bit the bullet. Using 27 women, mainly prostitutes who claimed to be "coitally experienced", he explored the vagina using digital stimulation and found the vaginal walls were literally covered with erogenous zones. Most of the women were found to have areas of erotic sensitivity not only on the front wall (74 percent) but, in 85 percent of the women, on the back (posterior) wall as well.

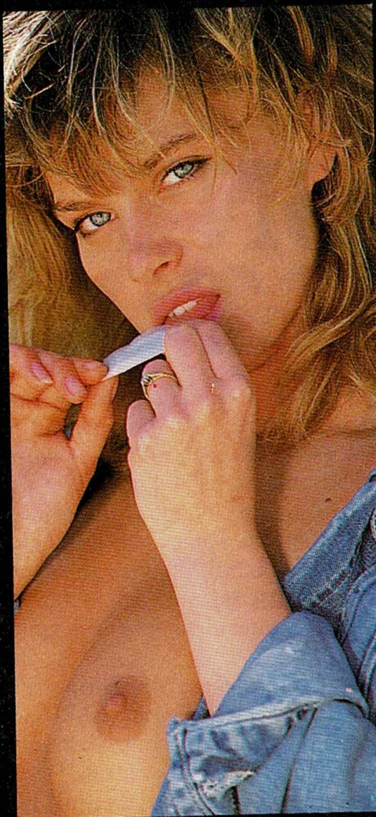
In a recent journal article, Professor Algate describes how he inserted his lubricated index and/or middle fingers into the subject's vagina and proceeded to "systematically friction both vaginal walls, applying a moderate to strong rhythmic pressure at an angle to the wall, going from the lower to the upper half of the vagina, starting at the posterior wall".

The women had to indicate which areas

NEXT MONTH

WHAT WOMEN WANT: A FUN-PACKED GUIDE TO FESTIVE BUYING. TIP: NO POODLES OR PRESSURE COOKERS.

CORAL VIEWING: MEET OUR TROPICAL TEMPTRESS, LOVELY **CORAL HAMPSTEAD.**



FOREIGN EXCHANGE DEALERS: THE WHIZ-KID MONEY MOVERS WHO BUY AND SELL MILLIONS.

SEX IN THE CINEMA: ALL THE SIZZLING SCENES FROM THE SILVER SCREEN.

THE ART OF BEING JOE COOL: HOW TO HANG LOOSE AND GO WITH THE FLOW.

were most sensitive: "When a region of increasing erotic sensitivity was found, increasingly stronger pressure was applied until either the subject reached orgasm or the examiner's fatigue made him stop stimulation," stated the report.

The frictioning was enough to bring most (24) of the women to orgasm. Algate found many of the women who reached orgasm in that way had never before climaxed through vaginal stimulation and did not normally climax during intercourse. The research lends support to the increasing body of evidence showing that many women do climax through vaginal stimulation and that for many women orgasms experienced in this way (vaginal orgasms) do feel different from those experienced through direct clitoral stimulation.

So the message is: now that the clitoris has had its share of attention, perhaps it's time we all took a second look at the vagina to see what hidden treasures, what secret erogenous zones, could be dwelling in its depths. Why not try a spot of frictioning — deft fingers can provide delightful sensations which could elude even the most skilful of penises.

DOWN UNDER

It's called *Down Under*, an eminently suitable title for a video movie designed to teach women about the intimate parts of their bodies. Currently being distributed by Film Australia, the video movie is one of the first Australian films to delve into such subjects as women's sexuality, anatomy and reproduction. The film was commissioned by the Family Planning Association and was specifically designed to appeal to women from a wide range of backgrounds and cultures. Women from different migrant communities were interviewed on the film, talking about their experiences in learning about their bodies, their embarrassment, and the difficulty they have in obtaining accurate information about many aspects of their personal health care.

Particularly exciting, from the educator's point of view, is the fact that the film is available in 10 languages — Italian, Greek, Spanish, Vietnamese, Cantonese, Turkish, Arabic, Serbian, Croatian and English. I can't tell you the number of times I've been contacted by doctors, social workers and counsellors who are attempting to explain these delicate matters to women who can't speak English. We can only hope it does end up available for hire through video stores.

The film was produced and directed by Sabina Wynn, with delightful animation by Pamela Lofts. It uses a light-hearted, quite entertaining approach to present information which is all pretty basic. So for men and women seeking an introduction to women's bodies, it's a good place to start. But be warned: it won't exactly help you find your way around. The diagrams of anatomy are extremely fuzzy — no doubt deliberately vague so as not to offend delicate sensibilities. It is a shame they couldn't have been clearer. . . As is usual in such matters, to avoid offending a few, the majority is denied accurate, clear information.

MISUNDERSTANDING SEXUALITY

But talking of fuzzy, the *Down Under* diagrams are clear compared to the perfectly dreadful blobs which pop up in Derek Llewellyn-Jones's latest venture, a combined video/book package called *Understanding Sexuality*.

Professor Llewellyn-Jones, a longtime friend and colleague of mine, is one of the great Australian sex and health educators. Entertaining and articulate, he is well-known for his television appearances and more particularly as author of the excellent book *Everywoman* and many other titles. He is hardly a squeamish man and over many years has battled with his book publishers to try to persuade them to include clear, comprehensive diagrams and photographs to accompany his interesting texts.

This leaves me wondering how he was persuaded to allow the producers of this video to use such unhelpful, vague and fuzzy figures to accompany his talks on sex anatomy and reproduction. He talks about clitorises and penises and all you can see is a bit of fluff somewhere between the legs.

Even worse is that at least half of this film designed for teenagers shows Llewellyn-Jones reading rather pompous text from an autocue, interspersed with rather stilted conversations with a group of very attractive young kids artistically arranged on cushions on the floor of the studio next to him. It's boring, and devoid of the charm and naturalness for which Llewellyn-Jones is famous.

I really can't imagine any teenager brought up on fast action and visual entertainment bothering to sit through the film. It's a great pity that the production company, Video Books, didn't make a greater effort to produce a visually entertaining accompaniment for what is one of the better sex education books available for adolescents.

Video is the ideal medium for sex education as it should allow children to have access to the explicit, accurate information they need (and to watch it in private without feeling they have to pretend they know it all in front of other kids). It is perfect for showing things — accurate diagrams or preferably photographs of anatomy, of lovemaking — for letting people *see* what happens. Unfortunately the *Understanding Sexuality* video tells, rather than shows.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.